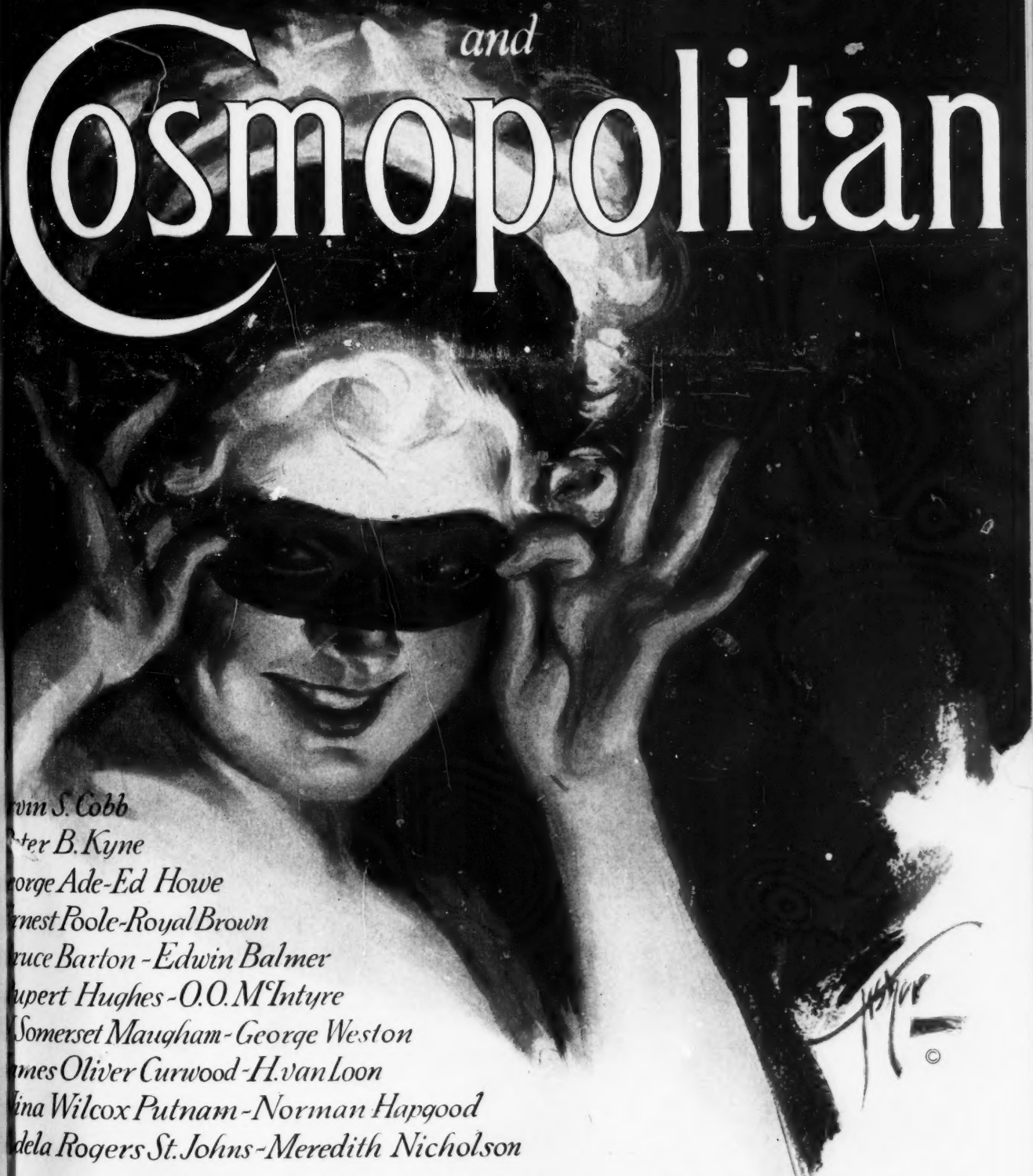


# Hearst's International and Cosmopolitan



Erwin S. Cobb

Peter B. Kyne

George Ade - Ed Howe

Ernest Poole - Royal Brown

Bruce Barton - Edwin Balmer

Dupert Hughes - O.O. McIntyre

Somerset Maugham - George Weston

James Oliver Curwood - H. van Loon

Lina Wilcox Putnam - Norman Hapgood

Idella Rogers St. Johns - Meredith Nicholson

*A New Novel, More Thrilling Than "The Bat."*  
by **Mary Roberts Rinehart**



© 1976 by The J&W Company, Inc.

A

T

enough  
of the  
every  
doubt  
on so  
there.

On  
Frederic  
from  
Wash  
had k  
in life

He  
boy o  
rest o  
always  
the p  
house  
perfect

At  
that s  
For h  
offeri  
the s  
of tu  
mem  
I spo



# Hearst's INTERNATIONAL *Combined with* COSMOPOLITAN

MARCH  
1925



*A Meeting  
in Paris  
with a*

*By  
Ray Long*

## *Ghost from My Boyhood*

THERE'S a legend that if you sit long enough at one of the sidewalk tables in front of the Café de la Paix, in Paris, you will see everyone you ever have known. This, no doubt, is an exaggeration, but it is a fact that on several of the occasions when I have sat there, I have seen some one I know.

Once Channing Pollock strolled along, once Frederick Collins, another time a merchant from my old home town; once Richard Washburn Child. And once it was a man I had known as a boy, and about whose journey in life I had often wondered.

He was a model boy, this fellow; *the* model boy of Indianapolis. The mothers of all the rest of us held him up as an example: he was always polite and clean and neat, he practised at the piano, he helped his mother about the house; he was so absolutely and unnaturally perfect that we boys hated him cordially.

At first I did not recognize him in the figure that shuffled up to my table. And no wonder. For here was an unkempt, blear-eyed individual, offering the filthy post-cards that are sold on the streets of Paris. As he turned away a trick of tugging at the lobe of his ear took my memory back through the years. On a chance I spoke his name.

He turned. "I thought I recognized you," he said; "but I didn't think you'd *know* me, even if you recognized me."

I offered him a chair. He declined it, said he was busy, hurried away before I could ask the questions I wanted to ask and he so evidently didn't want to hear. I got answers to some of my questions from a waiter—that the shell of the man who had been the boy I knew was sodden with drugs, but that fifteen years ago it housed a debonair American who tried to become a boulevardier—and failed, as most Americans who make that attempt do fail.

Of course, I have a theory of the connection between his so-perfect yesterday and his tragic today. Mischief and laziness seem to be natural parts of boyhood. They are safety valves to the reservoirs of energy and ambition that are to be used in maturity. And if you choke those valves you invite an explosion.

In other words, I believe not only that boys will be boys, but that boys *should* be boys. Which may sound somewhat immoral to some mothers but probably will be echoed by most fathers. And would have been corroborated by that man, I believe, if only he had taken that chair and answered the questions I so longed to ask.

# The Outline of Love

The Ancient Pliocenic Gent  
To win his Lady-love's Consent  
Employed a Rude Resourcefulness  
The Second day she answered  
**"YES".**

NOTE— THE LADIES HAVE  
ALWAYS BEEN INCLINED  
TO LISTEN TO REASON

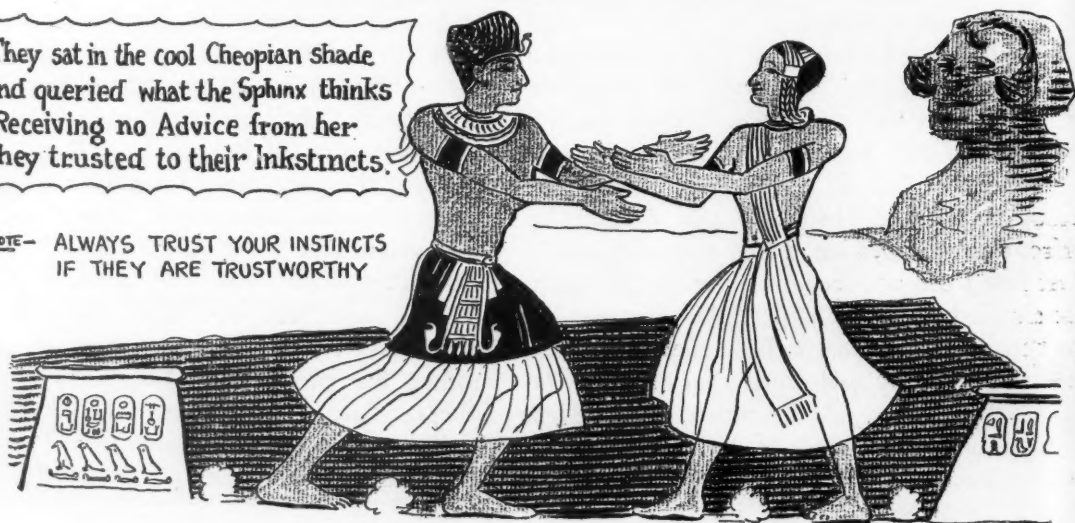


Long engagements, I abhor  
Announcement cards I waive  
I seize my Lady by the Hair  
And drag her to my Cave.

NOTE— THIS WAS BEFORE THE  
DAYS OF BOBBED HAIR.

They sat in the cool Cheopian shade  
And queried what the Sphinx thinks  
Receiving no Advice from her  
They trusted to their Inkstrincts.

NOTE— ALWAYS TRUST YOUR INSTINCTS  
IF THEY ARE TRUSTWORTHY

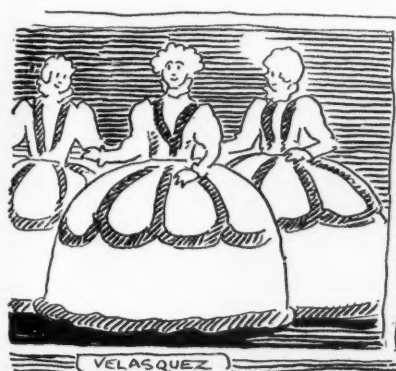


# Verses and Pictures by John T. McCutcheon

[Inspiration from St. Valentine]

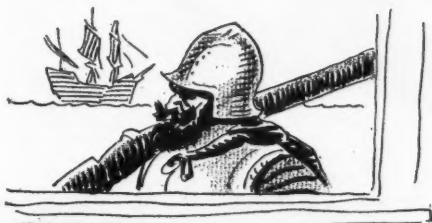
The DOGE of Venice was erratic  
He fell in Love with the Adriatic  
His wooing prospered, so I've read  
Gimme a ring someday, she said

NOTE- SHE WORKED HIM  
FOR A RING  
EVERY YEAR



I love to gaze upon the Garb  
Portrayed by old Velasquez  
And think of what a lovely place  
To park your Liquor Flask-es.

NOTE- THERE'S MANY  
A SLIP TWIXT  
THE COP AND  
THE HIP.



Miles Standish was a Warrior Man  
Fair phrases used to bore him  
When he would wed, he sent a Friend  
To do his wooing for him.

NOTE- MILES DIED AN OLD BACHELOR.

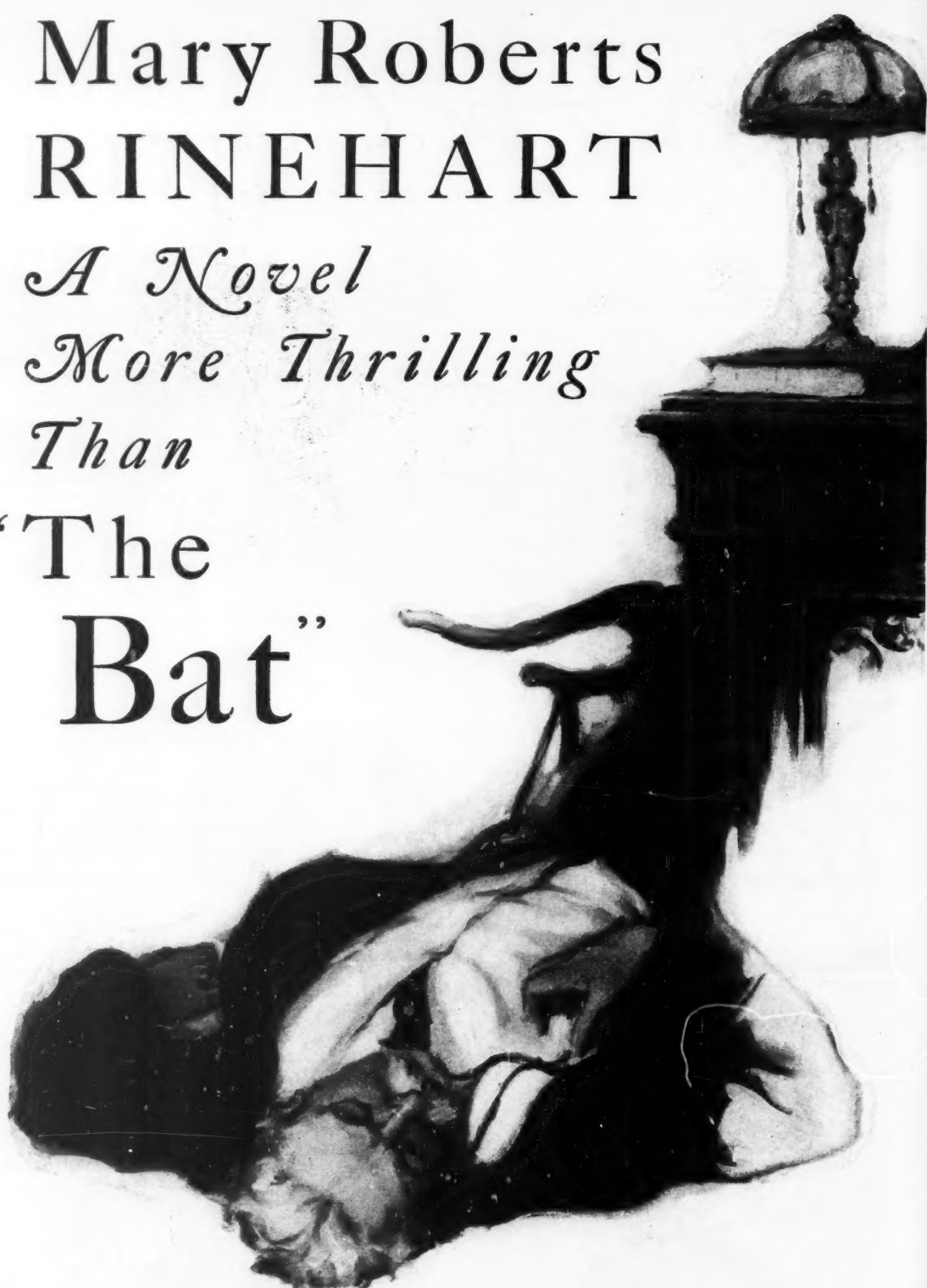




By Mary Roberts  
RINEHART

*A Novel  
More Thrilling  
Than*

"The  
Bat"



*Introduction to the Journal of William A. Porter, A.B., M.A., Ph.D., Litt. D., etc.*

A

FEW weeks ago, at a dinner, a discussion arose as to the unfinished dramas recorded in the daily press. The argument was, if I remember correctly, that they give us the beginnings of many stories, and the endings of as many more. But that what followed those beginnings, or preceded those endings, was seldom or never told.

It was Pettingill, of all persons, who turned attention to me. "Take that curious case of yours, Porter," he said. "Not yours,

JUNE 30, 1924

of course, but near your summer place two years ago. What ever happened there? Grace and I used to sit up all night to see who would get the morning paper first; then—it quit on us. That's all. Quit on us." He surveyed the table with an aggrieved air.

Helena Lear glanced across at me maliciously.

"Do tell us, Willie," she said. She is the only person in the world who calls me Willie. "And give us all the horrible details. You know, I have always had a sneaking belief that you did the things yourself!"

Under cover of the laugh that went up, I glanced at my wife. She was sitting erect and unsmiling, her face drained of all its color, staring across the flowers and candles into the



*Illustrations by*  
W. D. Stevens

*When Annie Cochran  
found Uncle Horace  
next morning, the red  
lamp was still burning.*

# The RED LAMP

semi-darkness above the buffet. As though she saw something. I saw little Pettingill watching her unobtrusively, and following her eyes to that space over the buffet behind me, but I did not turn around. Possibly it was only the memories aroused by that frivolous conversation which made me feel, for a moment, that there was a cold wind eddying behind my back . . .

It occurred to me then that many people throughout the country had been intensely interested in our Oakville drama, and had been left with that same irritating sense of non-completion. But not only that. At least three of the women had heard me make that absurd statement of mine, relative to the circle enclosing a triangle. There were more than Helena Lear, undoubtedly, who had remembered it when, early in July, the newspapers had announced the finding of that diabolical symbol along with the bodies of the slain sheep.

It seemed to me that it might be a duty I owed to myself as well as to the University, to clarify the matter; to complete the incomplete; to present to them the entire story with its

amazing climax, and in effect to say to them and to the world at large:

"This is what happened. As you see, the problem is solved, and here is your answer. But do not blame me if here and there is found an unknown factor in the equation; an  $x$  we do not know what to do with, but without which there would have been no solution. I can show you the  $x$ . I have used it. But I cannot explain it."

As will be seen, I have used that portion of my Journal extending from June 16, 1922, to September 10 of the same year. Before that period, and after it, it is merely the day by day record of an uneventful life. Rather fully detailed, since like Pepys I have used it as a reservoir into which to pour much of that residue which remains in a man's mind over and above the little he gives out each day. Rather more fully detailed, too, since I keep it in shorthand, an accomplishment acquired in my student days, and used not to insure the privacy of the diary itself, although I believe my dear wife so believes, but to enable me, frankly, to

exercise that taste for writing which exists in all of us whose business is English literature.

And so—this Journal. Much the same as when, under stress of violent excitement or in the peaceful interludes, I went to it as one goes to a friend, secure against betrayal. Here and there I have detailed more fully conversations which have seemed to bear on the mystery; now and again I have rounded a sentence. But in the main it remains as it was, the daily history of that strange series of events which culminated so dramatically on the night of September 10 in the paneled room of the main house at Twin Hollows . . .

Of this house itself, since it figures so largely in the narrative, a few words should be said. The main portion of it, the hall which extends from the terrace toward the sea through to the rear and the drive, the paneled den and the large library in front of it are very old. To this portion, in the seventies, had been added across the hall by some long forgotten builder a dining-room, opposite the library and facing the sea, pantries, kitchen, laundry, and beyond the laundry a nondescript room originally built as a gun-room and still containing the gun-cases on the walls.

In later years the gun-room, still so called, had fallen from its previous dignity and served divers purposes. In my Uncle Horace's time old Thomas, the gardener, used it on occasion as a potting room. And on wet days washing was hung up in it to dry. But it remained the "gun-room," and by that name figures in this narrative.

In the rebuilding considerable judgment has been shown, and the broad white structure, with its colonial columns to the roof, makes a handsome appearance from the bay. It stands on a slight rise, facing the water, and its lawn extends to the edge of the salt marsh which divides it from the sea.

This is Twin Hollows. A place restful and beautiful to the eye; a gentleman's home, with its larkspurs and zinnias, its roses and its sun-dial, its broad terrace, its great sheltered porch and its old paneling. Some lovely woman should sweep down its wide polished staircase, or armed with basket and shears, should cut roses in the garden with its sun-dial—that sun-dial where I stood the night the bell clanged. But it stands idle. It will, so long as I live, always stand idle . . .

Of my Uncle Horace, who figures largely in the Journal, a few words are necessary. He was born in 1848, and graduated from



**C.** Poor little Edith, so frankly in love! She insisted

this University with the class of '70. He had died suddenly in June of the year before the Journal takes up the narrative, presumably of cardiac asthma, from which he had long suffered. A gentleman and a scholar, an essential solitary, there had been no real intimacy between us. Once in a while I passed a weekend in the country with him, and until the summer of the narrative, my chief memory of him had been of a rather small and truculent elderly gentleman, with the dry sharp cough of the heart sufferer, pacing the terrace beneath my window at night in the endless search of the asthmatic for air, and smoking for relief some particularly obnoxious brand of herbal cigaret.

Until the summer of the narrative . . .

Ever since I have been considering making public my Journal, I have been asking myself this question, as one which will undoubtedly be asked when the book is published: What

on helping

effect ha  
conviction

Have I  
and that  
a glass, s

I can  
events ha  
profound  
weird exp  
where th  
bewilder  
change in

The tr  
human c  
the univ  
dangero





on helping Halliday unback and handled his brushes caressingly.

effect have the events of that summer had on my previous convictions?

Have I changed? Do I now believe that death is but a veil, and that through that veil we may now and then, as through a glass, see darkly?

I can only answer that as time has gone on I find those events have exerted no permanent effect whatever. I am still profoundly agnostic. My wife and I have emerged from our weird experience, I imagine, as one emerges from a séance room where the phenomena have been particularly puzzling; that is, bewildered and half convinced for the moment, but without any change in our fundamental incredulity.

The truth is that if these things be, they are too great for our human comprehension; the revolution demanded in our ideas of the universe is too basic. And, as the *Journal* will show, too dangerous. "All houses in which men have lived and suffered

and died are haunted houses," I have written somewhere in the *Journal*. And if thoughts are entities, which may impress themselves on their surroundings, perhaps this is true.

But dare I go further? Restate my conviction at the time that the solution of our crimes had been facilitated by assistance from some unseen source? And that, having achieved its purpose, this force forthwith departed from us? I do not know.

The *x* remains unsolved.

But I admit that more than once, during the recent editing of this *Journal* for publication, I have awakened at night covered with a cold sweat, from dreams in which I am once more standing in the den of the house at Twin Hollows, the red lamp lighted behind me, looking out into the hall at a dim figure standing at the foot of the staircase.

A figure which could not possibly be there. But was there.

(Signed)

William A. Porter

JUNE 16

Commencement Week is over at last, thank heaven, and with no more than the usual casualties. Defeated at the ball game, 9-6. Lear down with ptomaine, result of bad ice-cream somewhere or other. Usual reunions of old boys, with porters staggering under the suitcases, which seem to grow heavier each year.

Nevertheless, the very old 'uns always give me a lump in the throat, and I fancy there was a considerable amount of *globus*

*hystericus* as the class of '70 marched onto the Field on Class Day. Only eight of them this year, Uncle Horace being missing. Poor old boy!

Which reminds me that Jane thought she saw him with the others as they marched in. Wonderful woman, Jane! No imagination ordinarily, meticulous mind and only a faint sense of humor. Yet she drags poor old Horace out of his year-old grave and marches him onto the Field, and then becomes slightly sulky with me when I laugh!

"I told you to bring your glasses, my dear," I said.

"How many men are in that group?" she demanded tensely.

"Eight. And for heaven's sake lower your voice."

"I see nine, William," she said quietly. And when she stood up to take her usual snap-shots of the alumni procession she was trembling.

A curious woman, my wife . . .

So another year is over, and what have I to show for it? A small addition to my account in the savings bank, a volume or two of this uneventful diary, some hundreds of men who perhaps know the Cavalier Poets and perhaps not, and some few who have now an inkling that literature did not begin with Shakespeare.

What have I to look forward to? Three months of uneventful summering, perhaps at Twin Hollows—if Larkin ever gets the estate settled—and then the old round again. Milton and Dryden and Pope. Addison and Swift.

Yet I am not so much discontented as afraid of sinking into a lethargy of smug iconoclasm. It is bad for the soul to cease to expect grapes of a thistle, for the next stage is to be "old and a cynic; a carrion crow"; like the old man in Prince Otto, with rotten eggs the burthen of my song.

Yet what is it that I want? My little rut is comfortable; so long have I lain in it that now my very body has conformed. I fit my easy chair beside my reading lamp; my thumbs are broadened with much holding of books. *I depend on my tea.*

The prospect of my three months' vacation has gone to my head somewhat. And I dare say too that I am much like the solitary water-beetle Jock found on the kitchen floor last night. That is, willing enough to leave my snug spot behind the warm pipes of life until danger threatens, or discomfort, and then all for scurrying back, a-tremble, into unexciting security again.

JUNE 17

AFTER all, security has its points.

I am the object of a certain amount of suspicion today on the part of my household! There is no place in the world, I imagine, for a philosopher with a sense of humor, a new leisure, and an inquiring turn of mind! In fact, I sometimes wonder whether any philosopher belongs in the present day and generation.

These are times of action. Men think and then act; sometimes indeed, they simply act.

But a philosopher, of course, should only think . . . And all this because last night I set Jane's clock forward one hour. Because, forsooth, I had determined to cease casting my eyes out on the world, and to study intensively that small domain of my own which lies behind the drain-pipe!

During some nine months of the year I bring home to Jane from the lecture room the mere husk of a man, exhausted with the endeavor to implant one single thought into a brain where it will germinate. I sink into my easy chair and accept the life of my household. Tea. Dinner. A book. Bed. And this is my life. My existence, rather.

But with the close of the spring term I find a faint life stirring within me.

"Isn't this a new tea?" I will say.

"You have been drinking it all winter," Jane will reply, rather shortly.

It dawns on a man now and then that he knows very little about his wife. He knows, of course, the surface attributes of her mind, her sense of order—Jane is orderly—her thrift, and Jane is thrifty. She has had to be. But it came to me suddenly that I knew very little of Jane, after all.

She is making one of those endless bits of tapestry, which some day she will put on the seat of a chair, and thereafter I shall not be expected to sit in that chair. But it is not a work which requires profound attention. She was working at it at the moment, her head bent, her face impassive.

"What are you thinking about, Jane?" I asked her.

"I really wasn't thinking at all."

I dare say from that I fell to speculating on Jane's mind, and that does not imply a criticism. Rather on the contrary, for Jane has an excellent mental equipment. But I am sometimes aware that she possesses certain qualities I do not possess. For example, it would be impossible for me to imagine, as Jane did, on Class Day, that I saw Uncle Horace, although like all men with defective vision I have optical illusions. But it is equally impossible for me to deny that she did see Uncle Horace, and there has been a subtle change in her since that convinces me of her sincerity.



"We could not very well advertise, 'One house, furnished, rebuted to be haunted.'"

What  
mind a  
hides li  
times a  
I ha  
in my  
propos  
punch-  
that  
But  
entere  
"Oh  
"Cer  
It se  
way in  
nor dic  
eyeing  
"We  
or was  
"I do  
"Do  
my sho  
But  
momen  
it. Or  
under  
seven  
the flo  
"Dro  
on bac  
boy's a  
"I v  
teleph

And  
before  
seven  
(No  
occurs  
wife's  
some  
her, w  
helped  
but it  
pheno  
In t  
easier  
thy.

What then, I considered, is the difference between Jane's mind and my own? She has some curious ability, which she hides like one of the seven deadly sins, and which makes her at times a difficult person with whom to live.

I have already recorded in this Journal that one occasion in my life when at the reunion of my class (1896), some wag proposed mixing all that was left of the various liquors in the punch-bowl and drinking a stirrup-cup out of it, and the fact that I was extremely dizzy on my way home.

But I did not record, I think, the fact that after I had quietly entered the house and got myself to bed, Jane came into my room.

"Oh! So you are back!" she said.

"Certainly I am back, my dear."

It seemed unnecessary to state that neither she nor the doorway in which she stood seemed entirely steady at the moment, nor did I so state. But perhaps it was not necessary, for after eyeing me coldly for a moment, she said:

"Were you supporting the chapel half an hour ago, William, or was it supporting you?"

"I don't know what you are talking about!"

"Don't you?" she observed, and retired quietly, after removing my shoes from the top of my bookcase.

But the humiliating fact remains that I *had* stopped for a moment's rest beside the chapel, and that somehow Jane knew it. Or take again that incident already recorded in this Journal, under the date of June 28 of last year, when she awakened me at seven o'clock and said she had seen Uncle Horace lying dead on the floor of the library at Twin Hollows.

"Dreams," I said drowsily, "are simply wish fulfillments. Go on back to bed, my dear. You were just dreaming. The old boy's all right."

"I wasn't asleep," she said quietly. "And you will have a telephone message soon telling you I was not."

actually found the body at seven in the morning, at once thought of Jane and so flashed the scene to her.

But I admit that this is merely explaining one mystery with another.)

So I was reflecting, as Jane pushed her needle through her tapestry, slow, infinitely plodding and absolutely composed. What portion of Jane, then, wandered out at night and saw me with a death-grip on the chapel wall? Or, with a fine contempt of distance and a house she loathed, went to Twin Hollows and found Uncle Horace on the floor?

Had she true clairvoyance, whatever that may mean? Or was telepathy the answer? She is Scotch, and the Scots sometimes claim what is called "second sight." I know that in her heart she believes she has this curious gift. She was, they say, a queer child, seeing and hearing things unseen and unheard by others. And I know she fears and hates it; it is somehow irreligious to her.

But—has she?

No immediate answer being forthcoming, I went back to my book, and very soon I happened on the following paragraph: "A presumptuous skepticism which rejects facts without examining them to see if they are real, is more blameworthy than an irrational credulity."

It was, in a way, a challenge, but there were no facts to examine. I could believe that Jane is merely a fine recording instrument on which telepathic impressions are recorded, or I could accept that she is able to leave that still lovely but slightly matronly body of hers on occasion and travel on the wings of space. But, because my interest was aroused, I consulted the dictionary on clairvoyance, and found that it was the faculty of being able to perceive objects without the customary use of the senses.

In the simplest possible terms, it was "vision without eyes."

Even then—on so small a base does one's comfort behind the pipe sometimes depend—all would have been well, had not Clara entered with the dish of fruit, which is my method of telling the seasons. The winter orange and banana gradually giving way to the early berries, which mark the spring, and so on. And with that Jane looked at the clock.

That glance was at once my downfall and my triumph. For it occurred to me then to make a simple experiment, and to "examine the facts."

"Jane," I argued, "rises by her bedroom clock every morning, and punctually to the minute. But Jane does not look at the clock. Then, if I set it forward one hour—?"

And set it forward one hour I did, after

Jane was asleep. And at the moment its hands indicated seven-thirty, although it was but half past six, did Jane open her eyes, rise from her bed without so much as a glance toward the clock, and call her household.

So Jane saw her clock without eyes, Clara has been sulky all day, and I am in extreme disfavor.

"Really, William," Jane said with a sigh this afternoon, "you are very difficult in the holidays."

"Difficult?"

"You know perfectly well you turned my clock on."

"Why in the world should I turn your clock on?"

"It is your idea of being funny, I dare say."

"It isn't funny to be awakened an hour too soon, my dear."

But she is suspicious of me, and cold toward me. Thus I suffer the usual lot of the seeker after truth. And Jane, my dear Jane, can see without her eyes. But she cannot understand why I



And so true was this that she had hardly ceased speaking before Annie Cochran called up to tell us she had found him, at seven o'clock, dead on the library floor.

(Note: In preparing these notes for publication one thing occurs to me very strongly, and that is this: it is curious that my wife's vision, or whatever it may be called, did not occur until some hours after the death. If there came some mental call to her, why not when he was *in extremis*? Not only would it have helped us greatly in the mystery which was so soon to develop, but it would have been more true to the usual type of such phenomena.)

In this case, if we are to admit anything but coincidence, it is easier to accept the fact that we are dealing with mental telepathy. In other words, that the servant Annie Cochran, who



turned her clock on, for all her curious ability. Nor, after eating the burned biscuits Clara served tonight, can I.

But if Jane can see without her eyes, if she can perceive objects not visible to those of us who depend on the usual senses, then is one to admit that she saw Uncle Horace, as she said she did, marching at the head of his class procession last Tuesday?

JUNE 18

I FEEL tonight rather like the man who had caught a bull by the tail and dared not let go. And yet I am certain there is a perfectly natural explanation.

The difficulty is that I cannot very well go to Jane about it. If it is what it appears to be, and not a double exposure, it will frighten her. If it is a double exposure, she will wonder at my inquiry, and think I am watching her. She has not, even today, quite forgotten the clock.

But certain things are very curious; she thought she saw Uncle Horace marching onto the Field with his class. So much did this upset her that, when she stood up to take her picture, the camera shook in her hands. Then she takes the picture, and instead of the eight old men of the class of '70 there are nine.

And she knows it. Why else would she hide the print, and pretend that she had mislaid it? It was that fact which made me suspicious.

"I'll look them up for you later, William," she said. "You aren't in a hurry, are you?"

"In the bright lexicon of vacation there is no such word as hurry," I observed, brightly. And she who usually smiles at my feeblest effort turned rather abruptly away.

So Jane had lost her picture. Jane, whose closets are marvels of mathematical exactness, who keeps my clothing so exactly that I can find it in the dark.

And shortly after Jane went out for a walk. Jane who never exercises save about her household. Poor Jane, I feel tonight, is face to face with the inexplicable and hiding it like one of the seven deadly sins.

There are nine men in the picture; there is no getting away from it. And there is no denying, either, a faint difference in the ninth figure, a sort of shadowiness, a lack of definition. Under Jane's reading-glass it gains nothing. The features, owing to the distance, are indistinct, but if one could imagine the ghost of old Horace, in his brocaded dressing-gown and slightly stooped to cough, in that blare of noise, shouting and sunshine, it is there.

Later: I have shown the picture to Lear; and he says it is undoubtedly a case of double exposure.

"What else could it be?" he said, with that peculiar irritation induced in some people by any suggestion of the supernatural. "I don't think she ever took a picture of him in her life."

"Well, somebody has," he said, and handed the print back to me. "If you don't believe me, show it to Cameron. He's a shark on that sort of thing."

(Note: Cameron, Professor of Physics at our University. A member of the Society for Psychical Research, and known, I understand, among the students as "Spooks" Cameron.)

But I have not shown it to Cameron, and I do not intend to. I hardly know the man, for one thing. And for another, Lear is right. The University looks with suspicion on the few among the faculty who have on occasion dabbled with such matters.

"Personally," he said, "I think it's a double exposure. But whether it is or not I'm damned certain of one thing; the less said about it the better."

JUNE 19

CURIOUS, when one begins to think on a subject, how it sometimes comes up in the most unexpected places.

I dropped into the dining-room for tea this afternoon after Jane's bridge party to find Jane looking uncomfortable and an animated conversation on spiritualism going on, with Helena Lear leading it.

"Ah!" she said when she saw me, "here comes our cynic. I suppose you don't believe in automatic writing either?"

"I should," I replied gravely. "I have seen as many as fifty men taking notes while in a trance in my lecture room."

"Nor in spirits?"

"Certainly I do. And in the Smoke of Prophecy, and the Powder of Death."

She looked rather blank, and Jane flushed a trifle.

"What is more," I said, a trifle carried away by the tenseness of the room, perhaps, "I know that if I take a piece of chalk—have you any chalk, Jane?—and draw on the floor here the magic

circle, and a triangle within it, no evil spirits can approach me. Get the chalk, dear; I promise I shall not be disturbed by so much as one demon."

In the laughter that followed, the subject was dropped. But Helena Lear, when she gave me my tea, eyed me with amusement.

"You and your circle!" she said. "Don't you know that half these women more than half believe you?"

"And don't you?"

"You don't believe yourself."

"Still," I said, remembering von Humboldt, "I am not an out and out skeptic. I will admit that Jock there, who is acting as a vacuum cleaner under the table, can hear and see and smell things that I cannot. But I do not therefore believe he communicates with the spirit world."

"But he sees things you don't see. You admit that."

"Certainly. He may see farther into the spectrum than I do."

"Then what does he see?" she said triumphantly.

A fortunate digression enabled me to escape with a whole skin, but I think there was something rather quizzical in her smiling farewell. After all, if Jock does see things I do not, what does he see? I'm blessed if I know.

JUNE 20

JANE KNOWS that I have seen the picture, and that I know it lies behind her refusal to go to Twin Hollows for the summer. When I came back from Larkin's office today, the final papers having been signed, I could see her almost physically bracing herself.

"So it's all set, my dear," I said. "And if we can get Annie Cochran to clean the place a bit—"

"Would you mind so very much," she asked, almost wistfully, "if we don't go there?"

"But it's all settled. Edith is coming back on purpose."

(Note: The "Edith" of the Journal is my niece, who makes her home with us. At this time she was absent on a round of house parties. A very lovely and popular girl, of whom more hereafter.)

"It's too large for us," said Jane. "I need a rest in the summer, not a big house to care for."

And there was a certain definiteness in her statement which ended the conversation. As a result, and following our usual course when there is a difference between us, we have taken refuge in a polite silence all day, the familiar armed neutrality of marriage. An uncomfortable state of affairs, and aggravated by Edith's absence. When she is here her bright talk fills in the gaps, and in the end she forces a *rapprochement*.

Lear has told Cameron about the picture. I met Cameron while taking Jock for his evening walk tonight, and he re-introduced himself to me. After today's repression I fear I was a bit talkative, but he was a good listener.

Evidently he has a certain understanding of Jane's refusal to go to Twin Hollows, although he said very little.

"Houses are curious sometimes," was his comment.

But on the matter of the picture he was frankly interested.

"There is," he said, "a certain weight in the evidence for psychic photography, Mr. Porter. Of course it is absurd to claim that all the curious photographs—and thousands of them come to me—are produced by disincarnate intelligences. But there is something: I don't know just what."

Jane has gone to bed still politely silent, and I am left alone to wrestle with my two problems: where to spend the summer, and why Jane finds the house at Twin Hollows what Cameron describes as curious.

A mild term, that, for Jane's feelings about the house. Actually she hates it. She has had no pride in our acquisition of it; she has even steadfastly refused to bring away from it any of that old American furniture with which old Horace filled it.

Yet she collects early American furniture. I write tonight at an utterly inadequate early American desk, because of this taste of hers! Jock has at this moment curled his long length on the hard seat of Windsor chair because of it! And yet she will have none of Uncle Horace's really fine collection.

Nor is she the type to listen to Annie Cochran's story that the old portion of the house is haunted by the man killed there.

(Note: An old story and not authenticated, of the shooting of a man many years ago as he hid to escape the Excise. As a matter of fact, none of our later experiences in the house bore out this particular tradition at all.)

If she had a distaste for it, it may possibly relate to the occupancy of the house by the Riggs woman before Uncle Horace bought it. But even here I am doubtful, for Mrs. Riggs was

caught  
medium

Edith  
and m  
the ho



*There was a blue light under the bed and my very scalp prickled. It had an eye, a large staring eye.*

caught in most unblushing fraud and entirely discredited as a medium.

JUNE 21

Edith is back. She came in this morning, kissed Jock, Jane and myself, Jock first, demanded an enormous breakfast and all the hot water in the house, and descended gaily a half-hour

later to the table, in her usual aura of bath salts, bath powder and sunshine.

"Well," she said, attacking her melon, "and when do we go to the haunted house?"

"Ask your aunt."

She glanced at me and then shrewdly at Jane.

"Good heavens!" she said. "Don't tell me there's any question about it?"

"It isn't decided yet," Jane said uneasily. "It's a big house, Edith, and——"

"All the more reason for taking it," said Edith.

Then she turned to me.

"You do believe in ghosts, don't (Continued on page 231)

# *This Man Refused to be* **Beaten by FATE**

*By William Slavens McNutt*

**T**HE bravest and most utterly triumphant man I have ever known is George Sinclair Hurst, one of the advertising heads of a soap company in Glastonbury, Connecticut.

George Hurst met the most dreaded human affliction—blindness—and calmly, brainily, methodically fought it until nothing remained of the monster but a mere inconvenience.

The story of that victory is worth while because an understanding of it is equivalent to incalculable reinforcements of ingenuity and courage to anyone in any sort of a hard situation. *You cannot know the truth about George Hurst without knowing that your own problems, big or little, are a fraction of the size you thought them, and knowing, too, that your own courage and potential abilities are infinitely greater than you had ever dreamed.*

The battle began back in 1902, when Hurst was working his way through Yale. A snowball flung in fun struck him between the eyes. It was not a severe blow, but the pain that followed was intense and persisted.

That pain was a dread threat to the young student because sightlessness was a family tendency. No less than six of his ancestors within three generations had suffered complete loss of vision.

Hurst went immediately to a New York specialist and submitted to an examination. The doctor's verdict was the declaration of war. The young man was afflicted with the family ailment, glaucoma.

There was just the bare possibility that treatment might save him. With this dread knowledge and slight hope in his mind, Hurst went back to New Haven to continue his studies and the coincident business of earning a living.

Within two years the last glimmer of hope was gone. Hurst knew then that ultimate sightlessness was inevitable. He estimated that he had left perhaps ten years of gradually decreasing vision. Ten years to prepare for sightlessness! Within that time he had to make his own way in business and get ready for what should come after the curtain fell.

He had at that time one great ally, the example of his great-uncle, an Ulster-born Irishman and an engineer by profession, who was stricken with blindness while engaged, of all things, in building lighthouses on the Mississippi River. This indomitable ancestor had shut his Belfast jaw and gone right on building lighthouses on the Mississippi in spite of his affliction.

George Hurst decided that what had been done could be done again; that he could go into business, develop ability and reputation during the ten years left, and carry on after eyesight went as his ancestor had done before him.

His second and greater ally was a woman, the woman who became Mrs. Hurst in 1907. From then on he had a constant companion in the battle. He speaks of her part in the fight as "the incalculable aid of one who doesn't count the cost."

In 1907, the year of his marriage, he went to work in the advertising department of the J. B. Williams Soap Company in Glastonbury, Connecticut. According to estimate he yet had seven years of sight left him. Seven years to get ready, get ready for a life without eyes.

What do you think you would do under those circumstances? What method of preparation would you pursue? There are certain definite limitations which sightlessness imposes and no magic in Heaven or on earth will remove them. Hurst understood this. He realized that he was not going to be able to win his fight by the mastery of any mechanical trick. He could, and did, daily imagine himself performing his work without eyes. He trained his ears to transmit vocal descriptions correctly to his mind so that when the eyes went he would be the better able to get true mental impressions of things of which he was told. But the real fight was spiritual and had nothing to do with method. Hurst

believed that if he succeeded in losing nothing of himself but his eyesight, he could carry on successfully.

First of all he had to compel himself to believe absolutely and at all times that when it became necessary he could carry on successfully without the use of his eyes. He did this, did it not by any vaudeville trick, but by full employment of the power and will that is common to us all.

Next he had to eliminate and keep constantly out of his consciousness all taint of resentment, despair or fear. He knew, you see, that the presence in his mind of any of these qualities would result ultimately in the loss, to him, of something more than his eyes—the loss of normal courage, normal cheerfulness, normal joy in living, capacity for normal reactions to the problems of business and life that he would have to meet.

He knew that he could not avoid the loss of his eyesight nor escape from certain definite physical limitations which that loss would entail. He believed, however, that by constant courageous exercise of will he could prevent the coincident crippling or impairment of any other faculty of mind, soul or body. Steady in this conviction, he did his daily work and went his way through a gradually dimming world to the thing he knew awaited him.

**T**HE estimate he had made proved too generous. Six years after he went to Glastonbury the curtain fell. Before it dropped, Hurst had a show-down talk with his employers. He told them that he believed he could carry on his job successfully without eyes, but that if he could not he wanted to change and work at something he could do successfully.

Carrying on imperfectly would have involved a loss of self-respect and Hurst was determined still that nothing worth while of himself should depart when his eyes went.

"I believe he can do it," the head of the firm said in a conference that followed Hurst's statement of his case. "I believe Hurst without eyes will do more for us than anyone else I know with eyes."

Shortly thereafter came the end of vision for George Hurst. That was eleven years ago and since that time he has carried on in life and business, not precisely, but practically, as he did before eyesight left him. He is still one of the advertising heads of the J. B. Williams Soap Company. He still creates and criticizes advertising for the firm and wades daily through the normal routine of work that the job imposes. He enjoys working and living in practically, though again not precisely, the way he did prior to the time the curtain fell.

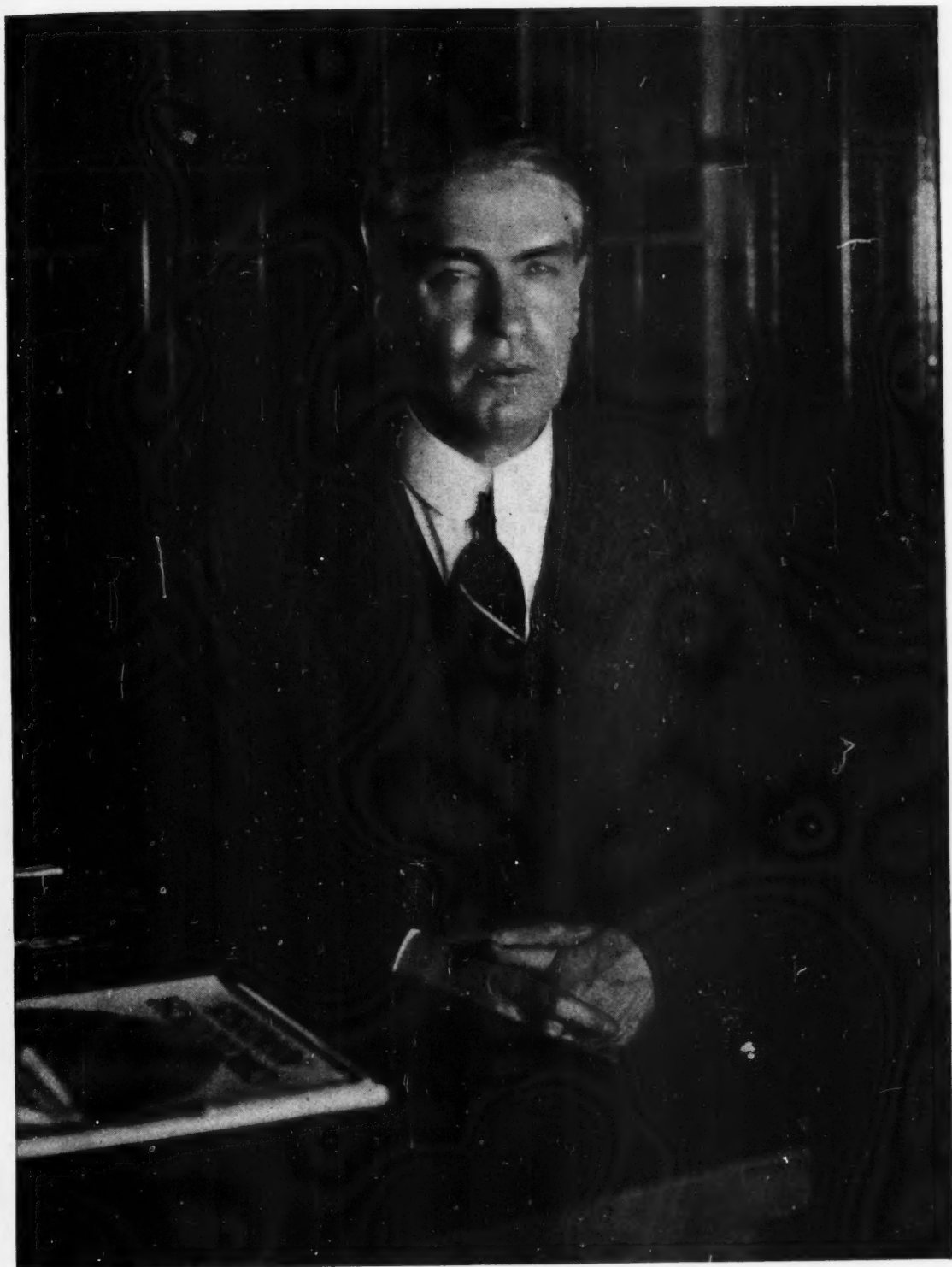
I have said before and I repeat that there is nothing of magic or vaudeville trickery of any sort in his achievement. His mail is read to him. He operates a typewriter himself by the touch system, but of course dictates most of his correspondence. Advertising illustrations are described to him by associates. A little time of listening to a description of an illustration and cross-fire comment on it and he is able to obtain a mental picture of the original by which he can intelligently criticize and suggest.

The criticisms and suggestions are of value because Hurst lost nothing of himself but his eyesight, and his reactions, in consequence, are normal.

Not long since he spoke at a Yale alumni dinner in Hartford. After the dinner a friend discovered that most of those who had heard him had no idea he was sightless. The physical evidence of the fact is as plain in the case of Hurst as with any other man similarly afflicted.

But all the evidence there is is physical and it is astounding how slight a showing it makes against the calmly courageous background of his mental normality.





**G. GEORGE SINCLAIR HURST**, *who creates designs and criticises advertisements without eyesight.*

The one thing about him approaching the uncanny in any way is his ability to picture strangers he meets and guess their ages by the sound of their voices. Talking to a business caller in his office recently, he mentioned some event in the past which his visitor said he did not remember.

"I suppose not," said Hurst. "You were in your cradle then."

"Not exactly in the cradle," the visitor said.

"No," said Hurst, "you were about fourteen when that happened."

"That beats me!" said the visitor. "As a matter of fact I was fourteen at that time. How did you know?"

"The ring of your words," said Hurst. "Words are like shells. When a very young man uses them they sound empty. As he grows older they become gradually filled with his experience, his understanding of what they mean. I can get ages pretty close by the fullness or emptiness of a man's word shell."

George Hurst himself is firmly convinced that he is an average man who has achieved

(Continued on page 122)

By  
Rupert  
Hughes

THE honeymoon had set and it was the gray Monday of workaday reality. The two young men who had emerged from the fragrance of orange blossoms to flowerless office hours were glad to have their brand-new wives come down to lunch with them. Meeting by chance at the same restaurant and being friends, they drifted to the same table and sat together, less because they wanted to than because they were too shy to separate.

They looked into one another's changed eyes like new members of a secret society. Their one mystery remaining was the future, a rugged mountain, a hard climb, a lifelong scramble with footholds uncertain, the path broken and all to make.

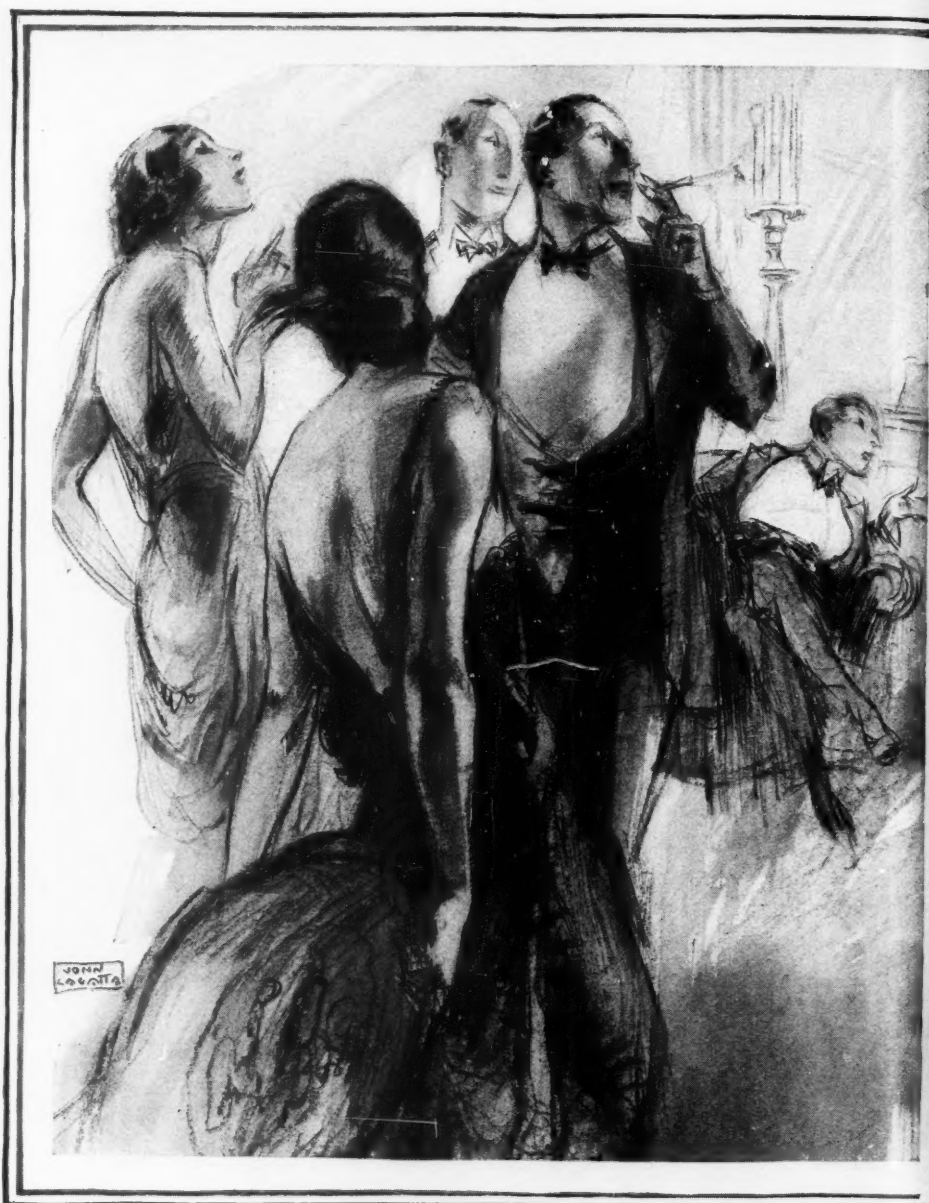
Of course they could not discuss the raptures they had endured, and from sheer embarrassment the girls began to gasp at the prices on the bill of fare.

During their courtships the young men had won prestige by assuming a hang-the-expensive devil-may-carefulness. They atoned for their duets of extravagance by solos of rigid economy.

But now they had no more privacy, no more solitude, no more secrets. And now it did not look so considerate to waste on a meal what might buy a pair of gloves or stockings.

The young wives set the new key and squealed about the price of foods, the burglarious qualities of caterers and the simplicity of their appetites. They tossed off wise saws about putting something by for their old age—it was exquisite to talk about old age at this distance from it. The young business men gazed on their wives with a new sort of adoration. A woman can rarely

28



When Lucius and Laura tried to unbend,

# Mr. Spendthrift

Illustrations by

their men

&

John

resist the flattery of seeing money spent on her, but a man can never resist the thrill of seeing money saved for him.

During the nuptial flight, each husband had suppressed his anguish at seeing the cash gush out, but now it was wonderful for Sam Starling to hear his priceless Phebe say to the wife of Lucius Pelton: "It was simply ghastly the way poor Sam spent money on our trip! I felt like an embezzler, robbing my poor hard-working laddie of his life's blood."

It was wonderful for Lucius Pelton to hear his priceless Laura agree with Sam's wife, and go her one better: "I just couldn't stand it. It was highway robbery. I had to put my foot down or my poor husband would have squandered all his savings."

This em  
we're goin  
thing sensi  
savings acc  
dimes and  
budget and  
is a penny  
Lucius a  
"It's the  
debt is doi  
Sam wen  
"It's the



## *A Story of Who's Got the Money?*

shilling income, sixpence spent, fortune; sixpence income, a shilling spent, poverty.' So Mrs. Starling and I are going in for high thinking and low living, eh, Phebe?"

"Right, Mr. Gellegher!" said Phebe.

They rattled on like a quartet of bankers juggling fractional percentages, till the luncheon had arrived at the last course: the bill. Both men fought for the check and each wife hoped that the other's husband would capture it. When the men compromised on splitting the amount, neither wife could forgive her own husband.

A curious little rivalry had already begun when the couples parted and went to their separate Edens. On the way thither each pair stopped at a toy store and bought a savings bank. When Sam came in for dinner he smiled at the petty coffer and patted it. Then he emptied his pockets of silver and praised the pleasant rattle of the coins as they dropped:

"Sweetest music in the world!"

Unfortunately when the hall-boy ushered in their baggage, Sam had no quarter to tip him or the baggage man with. Sam looked regretfully at the stout little bank and gave each a dollar bill. Phebe wailed at the sight but Sam explained:

"It's always a good investment to tip handsomely at the start, angel o' mine. It keeps the servants on the jump."

Phebe liked him for this. Since a tip is a gift, she could not bear a man who took off a discount for cash.

About the same time the Pelton trunks were coming in. The modest apartment had no hall-boy, but the baggage man lingered so eloquently that Lucius felt in his pocket for a bit of God-speed. He found two dimes and a nickel, and

29

their mental joints were full of rust.

# *& Mr. Tightwad*

John La Gatta

This emboldened Sam Starling to take a serious note: "If we're going to succeed in life we've all got to face this money thing sensibly. My personal angel and I have agreed to start a savings account, keep a little tin bank on the home shelf for spare dimes and quarters, run the little old paradise on a little old budget and never spend a cent before we get it. 'A penny saved is a penny earned,' is our motto."

Lucius and Laura Pelton nodded sagely. Laura said: "It's the only way. A husband who lets his wife run him into debt is doing her no favor."

Sam went on eagerly:

"It's the budget that does it. As old B. Franklin put it, 'A



gave the panting giant one of the dimes. When he had shuffled out Laura commented:

"He didn't even say thank you!"

Lucius, who was inclined to blame himself easily, said: "I really deserve it, my dear. A tip is an insult to a free-born American. It's ruinous to character. And besides, the company pays him for what he did, and I paid the company for delivering the trunks."

He deposited the remaining coins in the stronghold on the mantel. Laura was pleased with the far-away plunk-plunk they made.

The next noon when Phebe started for the heart of town to lunch with Sam, the hall-boy gave her a smile of homage and asked if he might call her a taxi. She had planned to take the subway, but she was one of those who feel obliged to live up to the expectations of servants, and she nodded. The boy swept her into the cab with a homage that warmed the heart of the driver. He talked cheerily overshoulder all the way down-town and Phebe paid him well for his cordiality.

WHEN Laura set out for her noon rendezvous with Lucius, she remembered that he had told her to take a taxicab: it saved money, shoe leather and risk. He was always thinking of her, and she repaid him by taking the subway. She had so far to walk at both ends of her route that she arrived late. This left them only time for a brief snack at a cheap restaurant near the office, so they did not meet the Starlings. But they were not sorry for this and they made a lark of seeing which could eat the less. Crackers and milk made up Lucius's fare. They never agreed with him, but he felt that this was his own fault as he had heard them highly recommended. They sat ill on his stomach all afternoon and a nagging headache occupied a good deal of attention. But it was nothing to the headache Laura enjoyed as a result of the solitary salad she ate. Or so Lucius judged from her vivid descriptions when he reached home.

By the time dinner came they were both miserable, but they persevered in their new policy and their dinner was a triumph of simplicity. They spent a profitable evening laying out a budget. It proved a fascinating topic.

When Sam Starling, the inspirer of budgets, met his own bride that night, he brought home a long face because he had lost an order by a bit of bad luck. Phebe showed what a helpmeet she was by saying:

"I suppose we'll have to go without any dinner at all to make up for it."

But Sam was of a different mind. "Not on your life, angel wings! When I'm blue I want my vittles pretty. We'll have a good dinner and see a good play and I'll get my courage back for a hot fight with misfortune tomorrow."

He forced the protesting Phebe to put on her best bib and tucker and accompany him to a gilded café.

The dinner was a feast and it lifted Sam so high that he kept his wife in gales of laughter at nothing but his high spirits. When it came to theater tickets he telephoned three box-offices in vain. So he called up a speculator and paid double the tariff for two box seats at the reigning success. There were no cheaper seats to be had.

While he and Phebe were rolling down-town in the cascade of automobiles they were laughing at their broken pledges of economy and resolving to be good children on the morrow.

As chance would have it, they were crowded in with a millionaire whom Sam had met at a club. Between the acts they fell into conversation and when Mr. Pennington presented Sam to his wife, Sam had to present the millionaire to his wife, and the wives to each other.

When the comedy was over the Penningtons dragged the Starlings off to supper at the Ritz. They danced and grew famously acquainted.

At last the check was brought up with its shameful face turned to the plate. Sam seized it before Pennington could lay hold of it and though it made him gulp, Sam paid it and added a tip that convinced the waiter of his importance.

They were taken home in the Pennington limousine and were glad that they had rented an apartment with a good front and a gorgeous lobby. Mrs. Pennington asked Phebe to lunch with her at the Colony Club the next day.

Not being a member of the club, Phebe could not pay the check; so she invited Mrs. Pennington and her husband to dine with her and her husband the following week.

When she made her confession to Sam that afternoon she expected him to howl bloody murder. But he patted her and

said: "You and I are cut out of the same cloth, cherub cheeks. When a rich man gives me a luncheon, I retort with a dinner. As long as our money lasts, let's hold up our end. When it's gone, we'll hide in the woods."

Phebe hugged him. There was a quality about him that she found adorable. "We're a pair of criminals," she said, "and we'll end up in the poor-house."

He clenched her to his bosom and sang: "Ah poor-a house were paradise with thou!"

Since they were out on the road to bankruptcy it seemed foolish to put on the brakes. They might as well coast. So on the day before the Pennington dinner Sam called on Auguste, the maître d'hôtel of the costliest tavern in town, and prefaced his remarks with a bill which he folded small and pressed into the ever-ready palm. People sometimes did that to the master in order to conceal the fact that the bill was of the smallest amount printed; but something in Sam's manner convinced Auguste that Sam was concealing generosity instead of parsimony, and when he had the opportunity to examine it his suspicions were confirmed: it was a double X. In any case, Auguste took as much interest in the composition of the meal as if it were a sonnet for an anthology.

The dinner was concise but artistic; every line was a gem and the lines rhymed magically. The Penningtons, being rich, were not afraid of praise, and being used to simple foods they reveled in the feast as if they were newsboys at a Salvation Army Christmas dinner.

Sam and Phebe learned how grateful a millionaire is when somebody does something for him instead of expecting him to do everything for everybody.

Not to flinch the conclusion, Sam praised the waiter and left him a fitting token for the grace and graciousness of the service. With this money the waiter bought himself a new pair of shoes for his weary feet and whenever Sam appeared in the restaurant he was greeted as royalty. Sam was sane enough to accept this tribute as rather fraternal than financial, and that no bounder flinging twice as much on the plate as if it were a crust for a dog could ever win the peculiar benediction that conscientious waiters confer on people who regard a good restaurant as a temple and its staff as priests.

But virtue has its mornings-after as well as vice, and Sam was so strapped that he borrowed Phebe's last dime to get him to the office. There he put up a poor mouth about being a bridegroom and got an advance on commissions he had not earned.

As for Phebe, she spent the whole forenoon jouncing the inverted savings bank in vain, then fished in its depths with a hairpin till she finally burglarized the dollar and thirty-five cents that Sam had poured into it so glibly. This got her to the office, and Sam, seeing how miserable she was over her theft from the savings bank, bought her a gorgeous luncheon with his premature wealth. The two young crooks agreed that whatever might be their ultimate fate they were at present the happiest and luckiest couple alive. They cherished a sneaking hope that a world good enough to bring them together would take care of them in their efforts to enjoy the best it could furnish.

THAT night Sam came home to find grisly news awaiting him. Phebe cried aloud: "What on earth do you suppose has happened? You'll never guess! Never! Those awful Penningtons have invited us to their country home for the week-end!"

Sam beat his brow with his hand and gasped: "My God! They'll be our ruin!—uttah, uttah ruin!"

A distant observer might have assumed that the young couple had discovered small-pox in their midst, from the violence of Phebe's dismay. "What are we going to do? What are we going to do?"

"Go, of course, my archangel!" said Sam. "We're becoming nothing more nor less than a pair of wet-nurses to a couple of abandoned millionaires." After a silence in which he chased through his brain all possible borrowers, he asked: "Oh! by the way, has my seraph anything to wear?"

"There's a bit of my trousseau left."

"But how to raise the cash? There's railroad fare, tips for the servants. And then, of course, we'll have to return their hostility. We really can't afford it. We simply must begin that economy gag of ours before it's everlastingly too late, my angelette. We simply gotter decline."

Phebe nodded and Sam felt so proud of their magnificent denial that he felt he had done enough for virtue. As soon as a man has conquered a thing and bragged about it, he is ready to relinquish it. And so the infatuated Starlings had no sooner

taken the  
cherub, I  
"I sup  
"Never  
In this  
porary re  
Starlings  
country h  
land. Th  
could affo



**C.** "I say, old man," said the millionaire, "could you lend me two dollars so that I can pay my cab?"

taken the pledge not to go than Sam was saying: "After all, cherub, I suppose we've got to go."

"I suppose so. But never again."

"Never again—oh, never again!"

In this world of delusion, wickedness often seems to win a temporary reward, a devil's bribe to further indulgence. And the Starlings had, or thought they had, a perfect festival at the country home, a warm revel in a beautiful house in a beautiful land. The Penningtons spent their money for their comfort, and could afford a luxurious simplicity. Their home was as big, as

roomy, as soothing as a great armchair. The servants were cordial and the guests at ease.

They included a famous banker or two, a statesman, a poet who talked excellent prose and never mentioned his own verses, and a painter who raved over Phebe without provoking Sam's jealousy. They made a picnic of motoring about the country and raiding various country houses where splendor ministered to delight, and Sam and Phebe were treated as members of one great happy family. Though some of the financial giants of New York were lolling about, Sam foolishly (Continued on page 142)



**C**To Rose Wilder Lane, author of "Peaks of Fhala," marriage is the great paradox.

**F**OR many years I have been waiting for some one else to write this article. I am not the only woman who knows the truth about marriage and about a career; too many thousands of us have tried both. Yet we allow the W. L. Georges to be authorities about us, and the A. S. M. Hutchinsons to be judges; we let them talk on and on, never saying what we know.

Some one should end this silence, but no one else has done so. I can at least speak with sincerity, and my other qualifications are in the following facts: Sex: feminine. Age: thirty-eight. Occupation: writer. Homes: San Francisco, Missouri, and Paris. Experience: one marriage, one divorce, one career.

I add that I am a happy person. The point I wish to make clear is that I am happy, that my life has given me happiness and many other riches, so that no selfish consideration could make me wish it to be different; but if I could live it over again, I would make it different.

This apparent contradiction needs explaining. If only my own life were concerned, the explanation would not be worth the effort. But my life has been typical. It has been directly influenced by all the tendencies in American society which—let us admit this at once—have destroyed marriage, in the sense that our mothers knew it.

When I was a girl, only twenty years ago, it was still taken for granted that all girls who could do so would marry. In the small Middle Western town where I lived there still existed that now extinct creature, the old maid. Old maids were unfortunate women to whom no one had ever proposed. (It was not

# If *By Rose* *I Could* OVER *I am Successful, Happy and* *Were an Old-Fashioned*

necessary to ask, "Proposed what?" Marriage was understood.) At about the age of twenty-four, the old maid's tortured vanity began to create an imaginary early romance, an atmosphere of sorrow to shield her somewhat from the stabs of cruel smiles. I recall two of these elderly maids who unexpectedly put on mourning for young men who had died, thus revealing a secret engagement which no one had suspected. Except possibly the young man? The kind-hearted gave the girls the benefit of that doubt.

Kind-hearted editors, too, printed articles in which we were urged to pity, rather than ridicule, the old maid. In these articles the old maid's tragedy and her virtues were described, and readers were urged to reverence her life of self-sacrifice for the children of her happier sisters.

Naturally, I did not intend to be an old maid. True, I often said that I did. But I said this because—without quite knowing it—I was facing with bravado a growing fear. I was not popular with the boys. I was not good-looking or well dressed, I had no skill in the advance-and-retreat tactics which most girls knew as a girl knows how to swim, and most unconquerable handicap of all, to my elders I was "unusual." At the age of three I had learned to read, and though my well-wishers did their best to discourage my passion for books, I persisted in devouring them.

An aunt of mine was also a "blue-stocking"; she had known Doctor Anna Howard Shaw and Mrs. Bloomer. She had not married until she was thirty-five! She had been one of the early victims to man's terror of the intellectual woman.

Yet, though I realized this dimly, I could not overcome my hunger for books. When I was seventeen, not one young man had actually asked me to marry him, though two had almost done so, and I did not discourage a possible public belief that they had.

Another change which was affecting America became for me a personal problem. As soon as the young men of my town reached marriageable age, those who had courage and ambition went to the cities.

In my mother's girlhood the young men who were left would still have been eligible, but now there were two reasons why I would not have married any of them, in addition to the fact that I was not asked. One reason was that I was courageous and ambitious myself, and these men were not.

The other reason was the high cost of living. It was an age of riotous expenditure; no one could say what the world was coming to. Telephones were everywhere; the shirt-waist and the straight-front corset had ushered in an era when women's fashions were changing every year; the milliner's best hats bore the outrageous price of five dollars; everyone who was anybody had a bicycle. There was no blinking the fact that these young men were in no position to marry and maintain a household on any such scale as that.



**C**I know now that wifehood and motherhood would have made me a finer woman.



# Wilder Lane

## *Live My Life*

### AGAIN

#### *Divorced—but I Wish I*

#### *Wife and Mother*

I did not understand, of course, these forces that were shaping my life. But these were the reasons why I became an independent, self-supporting young woman in Kansas City. For the same reasons, at the same time, tens of thousands of girls like myself, in every American city, were tasting the same intoxication. We were "bachelor girls."

The controversies that raged about us! The comic supplements reveled in us; sermons were preached about us; learned men discussed us. We were thought to be unfeminine, to be aping men; we were warned that men might tolerate us, might even be amused by us, but that when they came to marry they would choose the sweet home-girl. By becoming unsexed, we were told, we were losing all the truly satisfying values of womanhood. Yet we persisted in our blind course.

Some radicals defended us. But as I recall it, no one spoke the truth about us. This truth was that if we had been able to marry we would not have been bachelor girls. There was another truth about us which we did not realize. We still wished to marry—we did marry, some years later than our mothers—but we had tasted independence; under our wish to marry was the new wish to be free. Our independence had taught us the delights of a selfish life. We had learned, as our mothers in their fathers' and husbands' families had never learned, the use of the personal pronoun, first person, *singular*.

Carefully written on the fly-leaf of one of my mother's school books, in ink that has faded now, is this couplet:

Curved is the line of beauty,  
Straight is the line of duty.

Duty was no part of my own independent youth, and when I married, the idea of the "dutiful wife" was as far from my thoughts as it is from the current thought of today. I married for love. Cynics say that love is an illusion. It is, of course. But it is no more of an illusion than any other idea that is colored by emotion. Our ideas of foreign travel, of Greenwich Village or how we will look in a new hat are illusions, until we encounter the commonplace reality of these things. Another illusion does no one any harm, and romantic love has its values, even when they prove to be insubstantial. But marriage is a solidly real affair, and needs a solid basis.

How quaint it sounds today!

I speak for multitudes of American women when I say that my marriage ended because the idea of duty which prevailed in my mother's generation was not mine. It was not a happy marriage, but many thousands of women have spent their lives in marriages more unhappy. Such women are sustained by something that I lacked. Catholic women find it in their religion; others, fifty years ago, found it in that sense of moral duty and social obligation which does not prevail today. Their Bibles told them that love suffereth long, and is kind. Now



**Q.** *We bachelor girls did not expect to find duty and long-suffering in marriage.*

no one likes to suffer. But when suffering is accepted as part of loving, love does not so easily die of it, and when it does, the grave cannot be deserted.

We bachelor girls did not expect to find in marriage duty and long-suffering; we married for happiness. We made that free choice which even then was beginning to be pointed out as the advantage of the independent girl. The idea of marriage as woman's destiny, as her place in family and state, had been lost.

We were happy with our work and our freedom. We thought we would be even happier, married. We were not. So we went back to the happiness we had known before we married. It was as simple as that.

It becomes so simple, however, only after years give a perspective upon those old miserable days. I did not end my marriage lightly; I did it as I might have committed suicide, in a desperation whose real cause I did not know. I simply wanted to be happy, more than I wanted anything else. I did not know this; I thought I would never be happy again.

There was a woman much older than I who urged me not to leave my husband. I would be "a divorced woman," she said. The phrase was then only beginning to lose the meaning of shame which it quite lost a few years later. But I was one of the young radicals of that day, who seem so old-fashioned now. I felt that I dealt with realities.

Emotion was my reality; the marriage ceremony had been merely a legalization of a relation founded on emotion. Now that love had been killed, divorce was an empty formality. My friend herself was unhappily married. She was brilliant, and (Continued on page 178)



**Q.** *I ended my marriage because I wanted most of all to be happy.*

By BRUCE BARTON

# *There Are Only Two Reasons Why I'd Want to be a MILLIONAIRE*

A UNITED STATES SENATOR was talking and he is very famous. Thousands of voters would walk as far for him as for a Camel, and they grip his hand as though he had the skin you love to touch. On this day he was in a mood of gloomy self-revelation.

"I sometimes think I've been a fool," he said. "I want to be President and I have about as much chance as you have." (This was neither flattering nor true. The fact is that he has less chance than I, because he has tried and been licked, whereas I have never even tried.) "I'm facing the fight of my life for reelection to the Senate," he continued. "It will take every dollar I have in the world. If I lose I'll have to start all over again, sixty years old and penniless, to build up a law practise. Take it from me, the political game isn't worth the candle."

Our second speaker is a successful business man who stands looking out of his office window at the wet pavements below. His doctor has just ordered him away for a year and given him a list of things he may eat. The list consists principally of spinach.

"A good joke, isn't it!" exclaims the man, but there is no laughter in his voice. "You work and work and win first prize, and when you untie the strings and open the package you find a jug of water and a bunch of spinach!"

The reason for printing these two dismal stories in a magazine of love and laughter is because they have a moral, namely—that the world would be considerably happier if each of us were to reexamine and revise his ambitions periodically. To make a good fight and fail is unfortunate. But to fight and win, and then discover that what you've won isn't what you wanted—that is a tragedy.

We were discussing this, the editor and I, at a luncheon table.

"Do you revise your ambitions?" he demanded.

"Regularly," I answered.

"How do you revise them—up or down?"

"Down. Every year I feel a little more contented to be an average obscure father and a kind old man."

At twenty-one everything was different. The whole idea then was to get to the United States Senate before the age of thirty and so equal the illegal record established by Henry Clay. At twenty-two the nomination for the state legislature was offered, which is the first step.

The succeeding steps are not so difficult if one is willing to pay the price.

But the price is high. You must say good-by to your private life if you are going to lead a public one. The Organization claims your evenings. Is there anything more pathetic than the sight of a statesman being dragged from Rotary Club to Odd Fellows Hall, from school house to Ladies' Browning Club, in the course of a national election?

He must wear a chorus-girl smile, and greet each fellow citizen as though he loved him more than the best hair mattress ever made. At banquets he is always the last speaker. He listens for three hours to other men's old jokes and then raises his voice against the clatter of the waiters and the tramp of commuters escaping behind the smoke screen for the eleven-thirty-five.

In the summer he plans a week's trip with his family, but as he is packing his fish-pole there comes a message that the ship of state is sinking on the plains of South Dakota. He must go there and deliver speeches.

In winter he eats himself sick at formal functions; he answers a million letters, half of which urge him to do one thing and the other half threaten him if he doesn't do the other.

He spends five times his salary, and every morning the opposition papers picture him with a dark lantern and a jimmy cracking the public vault. In the end a statue may be erected to him, but within twenty years it will be moved to make way for a skyscraper, and the workers who move it will say to each other, "Who's the whiskered old bloke we're tearing down?"

Abandoning the idea of fame I settled upon wealth as a more satisfying goal. I still wish that I might achieve a million dollars; it would give me courage to do two things I am now afraid to do.

First, I like to wear old clothes. Being fitted for a new suit is one of life's saddest experiences. I would like, if I dared, to go through the rest of my days with just the good old stuff I now have. Wealth would make it possible. People would say: "You see that old boy? He's got a cold million. Could be one of the best dressed men in town if he wanted to. But he hasn't bought a suit in ten years. Nice enough old fellow, too, but just a bit eccentric."

Second, I yearn to carry a cane. A cane is a companion, a playfellow. I own a dozen different canes, bought in various places. Sometimes at night or on Sundays I carry one of them, looking furtively here and there to be sure that none of my customers see me. A rich man can disregard public opinion in these matters; the rest of us cannot. If we do not dress beyond our means the rumor spreads that our business is slipping. If we carry a cane our competitors use it against us as though we had married money or wore spats.

ASIDE from the advantages of being able to wear old clothes and carry a cane, the possession of wealth does not compensate for its disadvantages. Have you ever been a member of a committee to raise money for something and helped to get up the sucker list? Do you notice how the same names are repeated time after time? Always the same names?

"What can we get from Rockefeller?"

"Who knows Otto Kahn?"

"My wife met Morgan at a Sunday-school picnic."

"I have a sister in Detroit who was operated on in Ford's hospital. Maybe she can get to him."

What with income taxes, society reporters, worthless young men trying to marry his daughter, and the almost certainty that his sons will never amount to a hoorah, the rich man has his troubles. Any man who has enough need not envy him.

In fact, living along and watching statesmen and millionaires and great authors and various sorts of folks, I am quite convinced that there is more downright joy in honest mediocrity than in any other state. You remember the story of the old maid who confessed that single life is not so bad after one has ceased to struggle. It is so with us average men; our real comfort comes when we get to the point where we forget to think about ourselves.

How much more interesting our children are than we can ever be! What wonderful promise in their lives! What a miracle in the unfolding of their minds! How pleasant to enjoy the success of other people when you can do it without a touch of envy. What satisfaction in the little private plans of life, the warmed-over dish, the good old half-soled shoes, the trip to Europe that has to be saved up for, the mortgage and the golf score that you are gradually whittling down.

Harrison died when I was in college. The trains on his railroad stopped for one minute and then rushed on to make up the minute they had lost. Three Presidents have died in the last fifteen years, and my son, aged nine, does not know the name of one of them. Such is wealth and such is fame. But my son



© Pirie MacDonald

**BRUCE BARTON**, *who has successfully held down several important jobs—the most important of which he considers that of being a successful father.*

knows me, and—curious lad—likes me very much. I intend to keep him in that frame of mind. And every year I hope to add a little to my list of good old friends.

To this mellow undramatic phase does our ambition slump. Yet there is pleasure in it: one is more friendly far with the world and all its folks than in the fevered years of youth; and the view ahead is good. One of my partners and I have agreed to

play golf every afternoon beginning with my seventieth birthday. In imagination I can hear the voices of the two young chaps who are waiting at the first tee for us to get out of the way.

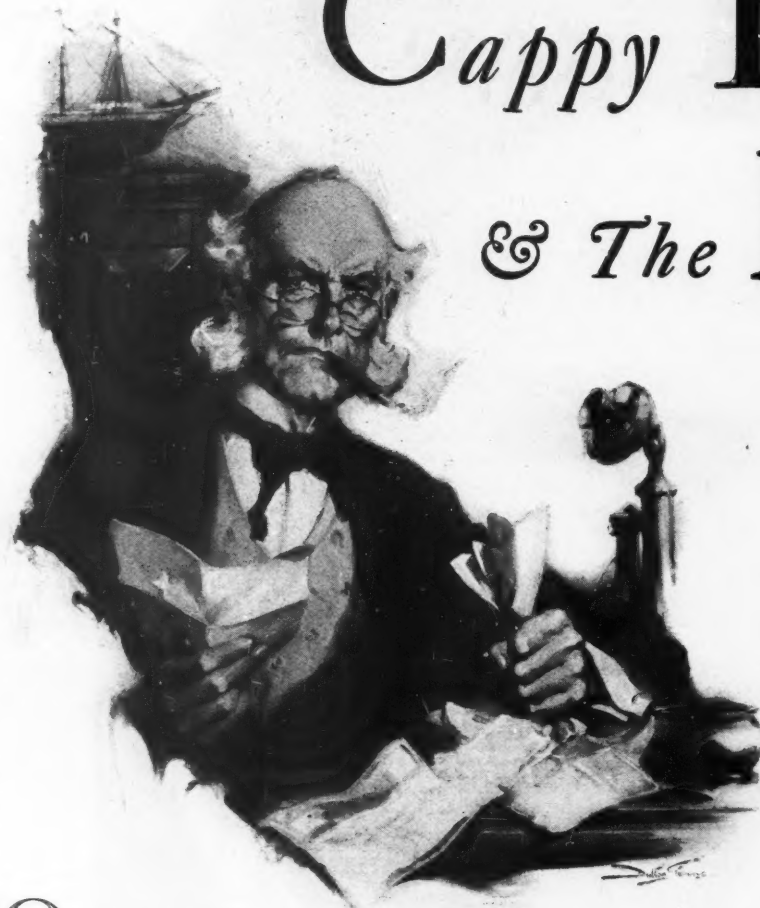
"See the old bird that just knocked out that thirty-yard drive? That's old Barton. Genial old goat."

"So?"

"Yes. Has three children; all doing well."



# Cappy Ricks & The Mystic



ON a morning in the middle of October Cappy Ricks came briskly into the office of his son-in-law, Captain Matt Peasley, who, following Cappy's retirement from active business, was now president and general manager of the Blue Star Navigation Company.

It was quite apparent to Matt, from the very enthusiasm of the old gentleman's entrance, that his mercurial father-in-law was the proprietor of an idea that promised unusual profit.

"Don't keep me waiting, Cappy," he pleaded at once. "I'm doing three men's work these balmy fall days. Unfold your proposition."

"Matt, do you know the American Steamship Astoria?"

"No, but I will in a minute, Cappy." Matt reached for Lloyd's Register and searched out the American Steamship Astoria.

"Very well, Cappy. What about her?"

"I think we ought to buy her, Matt."

"What for?"

"For a spare ship in our Round the World Freight and Passenger Service. Matt, one of these days something is going to happen to some one of the seven sister ships we have on that run now, and our sailing schedule will be busted wide open and our competitor will grab off the business we're laboring so hard to build up."

Matt gazed suspiciously at his father-in-law.

"That's a first-class excuse, Cappy, but suppose you give me the real reason?"

"Now, Matt, if you're going to talk that way——"

"You bet I am. Because why? Because, in order to use the Astoria as a relief ship we've got to have better than two casualties a year—and we're just not going to have 'em, that's all. What can the Astoria be bought for?"

"For about two hundred thousand dollars."

"Good gracious, Cappy, you must be crazy. She's less than twenty years old, she has passenger accommodation for four hundred first class and a hundred second class, and her dead

weight capacity is fifteen thousand tons. Why, she's worth six hundred thousand dollars."

"No, she isn't, Matt. What if she did cost more than a million dollars to build? A vessel today is worth the going price of tonnage, not a cent more. She's worth exactly what she can, under clever management, be made to earn a proper return on."

"What's wrong with the Astoria?"

"She's in the hands of her creditors. The Board of Trade has her, and you know, Matt, the Board of Trade isn't in the steamship business. It will sell her for seventy-five percent of what her owners owe—perhaps less."

"What trade has she been in?"

"Cruises de luxe."

"No freight?"

"Not an ounce. Just cruises de luxe."

"I don't think much of passenger business without freight."

"Neither do I, Matt. My idea was that we'd make a dicker with the Board of Trade for the Astoria, and have her as an emergency ship. When she wasn't being used for that, I had an idea we'd run her to Alaska in the summer and to the South

Seas in winter, with freight and passengers."

"You mean cruises de luxe?"

"Certainly—with some freight to help out on expenses. These other fellows went broke because they didn't take any freight, because they spent too much money putting the vessel in commission and they didn't know the cruise de luxe business."

"I suppose an old freight owner like you knows the cruise de luxe business, however," Matt replied with a malicious grin.

"No, but I know business, Matt, and therefore I know that nothing can succeed unless it is well advertised. The business must be worked up months in advance of sailing. Cruises de luxe fail because the ships go out with their cabins half empty."

Matt pressed two large thumbs down on the edge of his desk.

"Oh, come, Matt, be reasonable," Cappy pleaded. "It is intolerable to think that fly fellows like ourselves should let a bargain like the Astoria get out from under us."

"I wouldn't want her for that sort of trade if you induced the Board of Trade to give her to us free gratis. I've got grief enough managing the fleet we have at present. No cruises de luxe for me."

"But, Matt, we can get frightfully profitable prices for such a cruise. I've been looking into the matter——"

"Nothing doing," Matt interrupted with great finality. "What my eye yearns to see coming over topside is a bale of freight, not a bale of petticoats. The only passengers you'll get will be superannuated preachers and school-teachers, all crazy for romance and expecting to find it in the South Seas."

"Well, since you agree that South Sea romance is a marketable commodity, Matt, why not sell it to them?"

"It's a side-line, a specialty. It's freak business with a freak ship and while I am connected with the Blue Star Navigation Company I shall refuse to have anything to do with it."

"Matt, as a favor to me, come out to the Astoria and look her over, said Cappy."

By *Peter B. Kyne*

Illustrations by  
Dalton Stevens

# Isles

"I'm much too busy, Cappy. Besides you have already examined her, if I'm any judge of my own father-in-law."

"Naturally. And I was favorably impressed, otherwise I wouldn't be here now asking you to investigate her also."

"Favorably impressed! Why, Cappy, you're sold."

"I am," the old man admitted. "And you'll be too if you will only bury your prejudice long enough to examine this vessel. She's at anchor down in Mission Bay."

"I hope she sinks there. We don't want any nineteen or twenty knot boats bankrupting us with their fuel-oil bills and engine repairs. We have grief enough."

"Nonsense. You haven't half enough to do. Now then, Matt, we're going to buy the Astoria! That's settled."

"Then I quit managing this infernal steamship line which you control. I've quit before, but you always backed down. Now you back down instantly, Cappy, or I'll quit now, for keeps, and Florence and I and little Alden P. Ricks, your beloved grandson, move out of your house *this evening*." And to lend force to his ultimatum Matt banged his huge fist down on the table with a thud that made the ink-wells and pens bounce like frame shanties in an earthquake. Instantly Cappy fled.

Two days passed and nothing more was said about the Astoria. Then the shipping page in the morning newspaper informed Matt that the Astoria had been purchased from the Board of Trade by Alden P. Ricks presumably to be added to Mr. Ricks's huge fleet already operating under the house-flag of the Blue Star Navigation Company. Simultaneously Mr. Skinner, president and general manager of the Ricks Logging & Lumbering Company, also owned and controlled Cappy, read the same interesting announcement. Mr. Skinner had a little block of stock in the Blue Star Navigation Company and immediately he came pussy-footing to Matt Peasley's office to inquire why the purchase of the Astoria had not been discussed at the last meeting of the board of directors of the navigation company, of which Mr. Skinner was secretary.

"The Blue Star Navigation Company hasn't bought her and it isn't going to, Skinner," Matt declared firmly. "I'll quit first and I told Cappy I would. While the old man hasn't discussed the matter with me since I turned it down definitely, I have an idea he's going to operate the Astoria personally, just to prove to me that as a steamship manager I'd shine as a sign-painter."

"Cappy controls the Blue Star Navigation Company, but you and I control the Board of Directors of the company," Skinner reminded Matt. "I'll stand with you if it comes to a vote. Cappy will never dismiss us merely to have his own way; I'm sure of that."

Matt laughed. "Don't intimate to him by word, sign or deed that we know he has bought the Astoria. The Astoria means as little to us as a younger son who has committed arson, theft and murder means to a British earl. When the time is ripe the Blue Star Navigation Company may buy the Astoria from Cappy at its own figure."

Cappy stood the silence of Matt and Skinner for two weeks and then broke down. "I suppose you two know I've bought the Astoria," he said wistfully one day, following a meeting of the Board of Directors of the Blue Star line.



*"I know better than to try to pump Miss Martin, his secretary, about Cappy's private affairs."*

"We have heard some gossip to that effect," Mr. Skinner replied. "I got her dirt cheap," Cappy confessed. "I blushed as I handed over the check. If you boys want her to add to the Blue Star fleet I'll let you in on my bargain."

"No!" his two subordinates replied loudly and savagely.

Cappy jumped, then flared in futile rage. "Very well," he shrilled, "I'll keep her and operate her myself."

"You have our permission and blessing, Cappy," his son-in-law answered.

"No stealing of good men from the Blue Star line for your private enterprise," Mr. Skinner warned him.

"And no employment, free gratis, of the Blue Star ticket office and clerical force to further your crazy cruise de luxe business," Matt supplemented.

"Get out of my office," the old gentleman raged. "I can pay my own way and I'll establish my own organization. I'll operate the Astoria at a nice profit until the annual meeting of the stockholders of the Blue Star Navigation Company, and then if you two refuse to listen to reason I as controlling owner will supplant you with men who will listen to reason. I'll not have my elbow joggled in my old age. To think that I built up this vast business and then to have my advice flouted—"

"I have to meet a man. Excuse me," Matt protested, and fled.

"I have to meet the same man," Mr. Skinner declared, and fled with him.

"Don't either of you ever come into this office again until I send for you," Cappy yelled after them. And that was, practically, the last either of them saw of him during business hours for two months.

The fact of the matter was, however, that Cappy had no time for them, for he was an extremely busy old man. He couldn't get the captain he wanted, because all the best captains he knew

were already employed —by the Blue Star Navigation Company. In fact, Cappy had hired them himself. The same was true of chief engineers. Eventually, however, he ran across a promising skipper prospect in the person of a chief officer named Henderson. Having heard Henderson's owners speak well of the young man, Cappy finally hired him with some misgivings. However, as he naively remarked to Miss Martin, his secretary, one had to crack eggs to make an omelet.

Fate also sent him, as chief engineer, one Miller. As first assistant engineer of one of the Blue Star Navigation Company's Round the World liners, Mr. Miller, in Genoa, had engaged in an altercation with two members of the carabinieri, from which conflict he had emerged victorious and the proud possessor of two carbines, the property of the Italian government. Returning to his ship with them on the principle that to the victor belong the spoils, his escape had been frustrated by a wireless message before the ship had cleared the three-mile limit. Upon arrival in San Francisco the culprit had promptly been sacked by Terence Reardon, the Port Engineer, who held that such shenanigans were the prerogatives of chief engineers only.

However, Cappy's heart had gone out to the young man, with the result that he was engaged to wet-nurse the Astoria's engines.

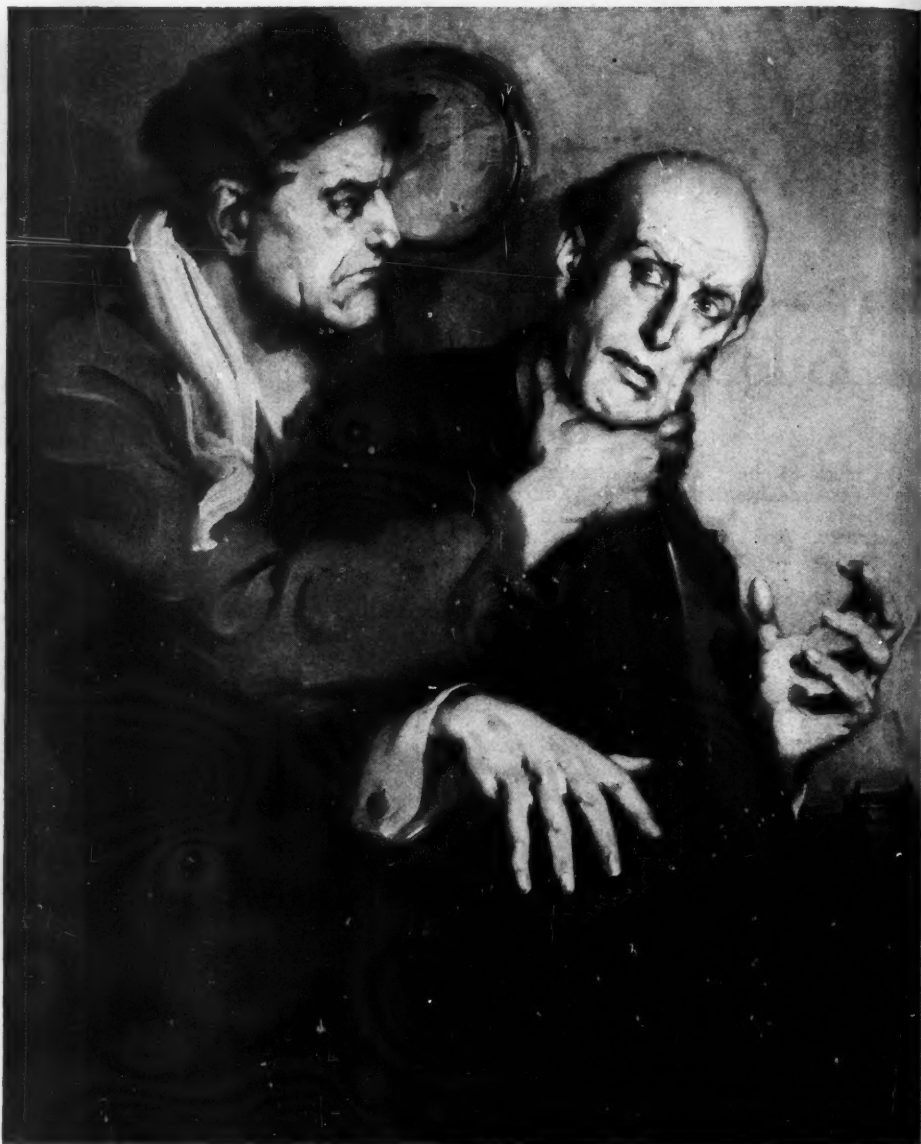
While Captain Henderson and his chief mate were busy with a shore gang cleaning the ship, a cablegram to Hongkong started a full Chinese crew for San Francisco in the steerage of an Admiral-Oriental line steamer. Meanwhile the Astoria went on dry-dock for scraping and painting, and a high-class publicity man was engaged to advertise the venture. The first cruise de luxe was to be one to the South Seas.

When the Astoria went on dry-dock, Chief Engineer Miller came to Cappy with a list of about seventy-five thousand dollars' worth of repairs in his department. Cappy slid out on the edge of his chair and glared at the young man over the edge of his spectacles.

"How do you get that way?" he demanded. "This is the first time I have known a chief engineer as young as you are, holding a chief's berth for the first time, to prejudice his job by giving the boss heart-failure. Are these repairs absolutely necessary?"

"Well, some of them are, sir, and I thought, while we were at it, we might as well put her in tip-top shape. It will save expense later on."

"My dear young man," Cappy piped, "I don't give two hoots in a hollow what the expense is later on. I know exactly the condition she's in. *What I want is no expense now!* If I blow all the profits of the business for a year before I earn those profits I'll show red ink on the annual report, won't I?"



Q, "Eat that remark or I'll throw you overboard!" the Chief

Mr. Miller admitted that the risk of this was undeniable. "I've got a particular reason for wanting to show a nice profit the first year," the old man confided. "This isn't a Blue Star venture, Mr. Miller. It's a private enterprise of my own and those two—er—ah—smart Alecks, Matt Peasley and Skinner, are hoping and praying I'll take the count, just because they said I would."

"That," quoth Mr. Miller, "is a horse of another color. I'll revise my list of repairs to include those I believe to be absolutely indispensable. If anything happens in the other weak spots I'll figure on making temporary repairs at sea."

Cappy slapped his chief warmly on the back.

"You follow that principle, young feller, and you'll go far," he said.

"We really ought to pull the tail shaft, Mr. Ricks. The Astoria looks to me like a vessel that has been abused, and it will not cost a great deal to examine the tail shaft. There's a lot of play in the thrust collars and they'll have to be renewed or rebabbitted anyhow."

"Why?"

"Just for security. Suppose we should find a crack in one of them?"

"That's just the reason I don't want to go hunting for trouble. This is a cruise de luxe. We're not going to travel on an inflexible schedule like a regular liner. Forget your tail shaft. We'll take a chance on it."

Engineer

"Well, Ricks. I we can g  
"Have my boy, Mr. N was you incident

MEAN just above on the jo the first done bef Cappy went so fully Me in the So most fet licity ma "Fletc Hammer eyes, the bodies— angelo w





Engineer ordered. The Reverend Terwilliger said he supposed he had spoken hastily.

"Well, then, I'll hire my engine crew now and get busy, Mr. Ricks. I'll be reasonable and use my own judgment as to whether we can get by or not."

"Have a heart," Cappy pleaded. "Keep her out of the shop, my boy, keep her out. Do that and you'll go far with me."

Mr. Miller departed with some misgivings. However, he was young and youth is always optimistic; moreover, as the incident of the carabinieri will indicate, he was pugnacious.

MEANWHILE Cappy had rented a suite of offices on the floor just above the Blue Star Navigation Company's offices. He was on the job early and late and Miss Martin, his secretary, was for the first time in many years doing something she had rarely done before—to wit, earning her salary.

Cappy took the keenest interest in the advertising and even went so far as to write considerable of the copy. He read carefully Melville's travels and Frederick O'Brien's "White Shadows in the South Seas"; he culled from the latter volume some of its most fetching descriptive passages. To Mr. Fletcher, his publicity man, he said:

"Fletcher, my boy, we've got to lay it on thick to get the trade. Hammer 'em with the lovely maiden stuff—the glorious dark eyes, the long, unbobbed hair, the slim, brown, graceful, beautiful bodies—no clothing to speak of, mind you—such as Michelangelo would have loved to sculpt. Have 'em singing among the

breadfruit trees in the moonlight—soft swish of surf, the white line of foam where the seas break over the reef. Romance, Fletcher, my boy, Romance with a capital R is what the dear public wants and our job is to give it to them."

"In the matter of the romance, Mr. Ricks, do you want me to sort of hint at something—ah—well, exciting love stuff, you know?"

"Well, not too strong. You might indicate that it's there if any of the passengers really care to go looking for it, but stress this point—that the sights and scenes which the management guarantees may be viewed by innocent children. Matt Peasley says most of our passengers will consist of superannuated preachers and old maid school-teachers, so use your own judgment, Fletcher, but be careful."

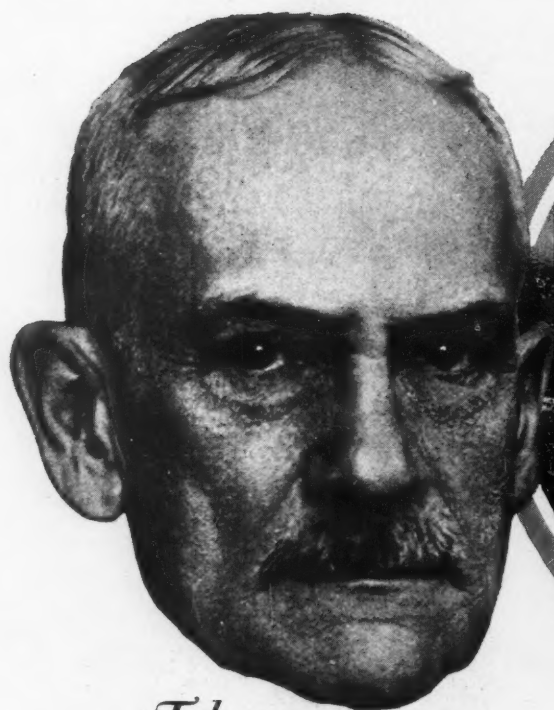
"I know what they think they want, Mr. Ricks," Fletcher answered—and used his own judgment. The result was a work of art. Cappy, reading it, declared that Fletcher really belonged in the motion picture business, so gracefully and artlessly did he slip over the romance that is presumed to abide down under the Southern Cross but never does.

A vigorous newspaper campaign, employing both reading matter and large space advertisements, very

promptly commenced to draw inquiries, an unusual proportion of which resulted in definite sales. There were photographs galore of the ship, her cabins, the mystic isles of the South Seas, surf-board riding at Waikiki Beach, advertising matter from the Honolulu Chamber of Commerce, blue lagoons, tufted coconut-trees and beautiful brown maidens in hula-hula costumes such as no primitive Polynesian ever saw.

It was all extraordinarily de luxe and the ticket included everything, hotel bills ashore, tips, deck chairs. There was to be an orchestra aboard, deck games, motion pictures, lectures and guides. The crafty ticket salesman referred to venison, ducks, quails, partridges and other dainties in the ice-chest; while, of necessity, the Astoria—they always referred to her as the floating palace—would leave the pier in San Francisco bone dry, the ticket salesman, with a discreet wink to those whom he suspected of acute interest in the answer, reminded his victim that San Francisco was modern in every respect, even to rum ships off the bar, and hinted that, outward bound, a stop would be made long enough to place aboard the finest stock of wines and liquors purchasable anywhere.

In the matter of freight Cappy had not been idle. While his passengers should be ashore in Honolulu, motoring around the island in chump chariots and dining at Haleiwa, the Astoria should be busy discharging and taking on cargo. He engaged on a commission basis a couple of freight solicitors temporarily out of steady employment, and what (Continued on page 166)



# *The* Convict *Who* *Made A* *G*arden on the *R*

**O**NCE upon a time not so many years ago, Roi Cooper Megrue and I collaborated in the writing of a melodrama which we called "Under Sentence." The thing failed. It was produced in New York, lasted for a few weeks and died and went to the theatrical boneyard. After the funeral, which was private and without flowers, Megrue and I, as chief mourners, held a sort of lodge of sorrow. We sought for excuses, as authors will do. Between ourselves we agreed that aside from any shortcomings of dramatic construction our play had landed in the storehouse because the public was not interested in a play dealing with certain phases of prison life.

Our aim had been to prove that you cannot lock up brains. You may put chains on a man's limbs and set him behind steel bars and you may take away his name and give him a number to go by, but you cannot keep his intelligence jailed, not if he has any intelligence; it will somehow find a way to function. Our principal character had a line to that effect. We decided that the failure of our play in no wise altered our joint conviction that this premise was a true one.

Now, after these several years, I am prepared to offer concrete proof that we were right. I think the proof in hand carries the conclusion even further along than that. But I am putting the cart before the horse—I am trying to point the moral before I tell my tale. Let's go back and start over again at the proper place for beginning this article.

In September of 1918, Charles E. Chapin, city editor of the New York Evening World, killed his wife while she slept. The

reader possibly may remember something of the case; it made a lot of stir. After the man had surrendered and had been indicted, a commission was appointed to pass upon his sanity. The commission found him to be legally sane. In its report it said: "He is sixty years old. He and his wife, whom he killed, had been married for thirty-nine years and the uncontradicted testimony is to the effect that their relations had been singularly devoted."

Chapin was never tried. He had been indicted for murder in the first degree. But the District Attorney of New York County convinced himself that he could not obtain by jury a conviction for murder in the first degree. The language of Chapin's confession would have had its qualifying effect upon the judgments of any twelve men. So on the advice of his lawyer, and by agreement with the District Attorney, Chapin pleaded guilty in a lesser degree. He was sentenced to serve at hard labor for not less than twenty years or for more than his natural life. This is a legal whimsy which seems to intimate that the law can continue to punish a man after he is dead.

At any rate, Chapin became what they call a lifer. He was sent to Sing Sing, and Sing Sing, as is its way, blotted him out. He didn't stay blotted out, though. After a while the warden made him the editor of the prison paper and very soon the paper had a circulation beyond the prison walls such as no one ever imagined it would have. Too much prosperity was fatal to it. It was suspended for lack of sufficient funds with which to print it.

Then  
Chapin  
series  
For a  
of two

In it  
forty y  
tor. A  
in deb  
health  
and w  
though  
what h  
his wif  
would  
chapte  
then co

It  
I lac  
but i  
walk  
I bel  
time  
other  
wife  
while  
conso  
while

*The Extraordinary  
story of*

*No. 69,690*

*By*

IRVIN S.

Cobb



# *Road to Hell*

Then Chapin published a book under the title, "Charles Chapin's Story." Its contents in part were made up of a series of articles which he had written for the prison paper. For a little while the book revived popular interest in the crime of two years before.

In it the writer reviewed his newspaper career; he had spent forty years in newspaper shops, first as reporter and then as editor. And he told why he shot his wife to death. He was involved in debt; speculation had ruined him. He was getting old, his health was poor; he feared the loss of his job, feared poverty and want; feared more than that the loss of his mind. He thought he was going mad. But according to his confession what he feared more than anything else and most of all was that his wife, a sickly, gently reared woman, a semi-invalid already, would be left destitute. He told at length in the concluding chapters of his book how for months he planned to kill her and then commit suicide. He wrote this:

It has been said by others that after taking the life of my wife I lacked fortitude to kill myself. The assumption is justifiable but it is untrue. It required far greater courage voluntarily to walk to a police station and deliver myself into custody . . . I believed when I walked into the police station that but little time would elapse before I would be put to death. Had I thought otherwise I would surely have chosen the easier way . . . My wife never knew that the man she loved killed her. She died while peacefully asleep . . . She lingered for two hours unconscious and without pain . . . I did not dare end my own life while she breathed . . . When her life fluttered and went out



Photographs by Hewitt, courtesy of House & Garden

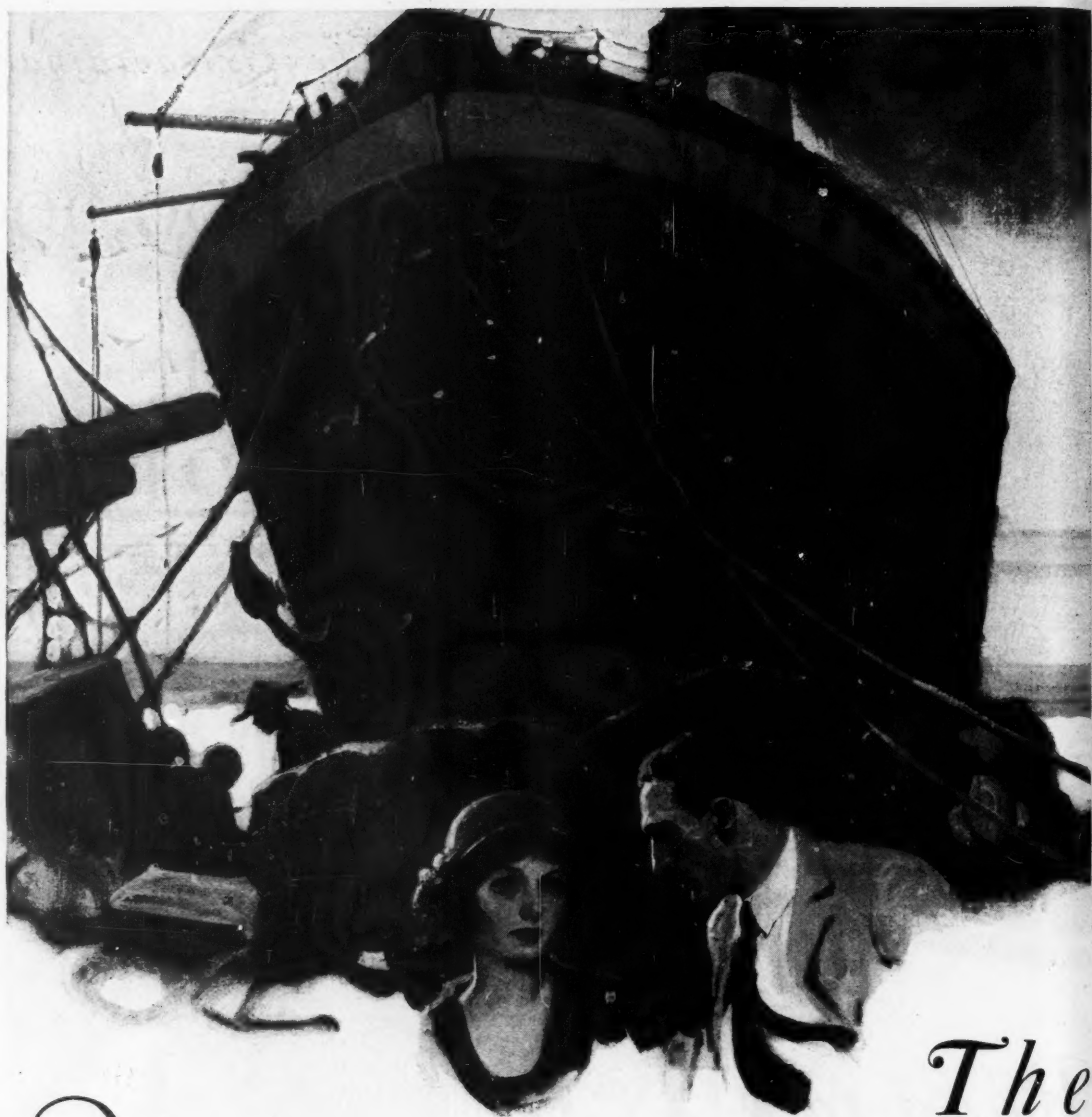
**Ⓐ** *The prison yard at Sing Sing.*

there came to me a strange exaltation and all the worries that had been tormenting me faded into nothingness. I had nothing more to worry about. No harm could ever befall her. Then my brain went dead.

Elsewhere in the book he said:

There is no self-pity in what I write. My heart may be torn with anguish, my mind tortured with (Continued on page 180)





# The

## A Novel of Marriage & Love

*who startled so many of us*

**Q** This is the synopsis of the novel as it began in *Hearst's International*:

**K**ITTY GARSTIN was the butterfly type of person who never does any thinking beyond that required in dancing and flirting and playing bridge. Her greatest ambition, under her domineering mother's influence, was to make a good match. But she held off until she was twenty-five, and then in a panic married the first man who proposed to her.

Walter Lane, a government bacteriologist in Hongkong, was shy, unsociable, silent, studious and cynical. He hated all the things Kitty liked. But he adored Kitty with an unreasoning worship. And she tolerated him.

That is, until she met Charlie Townsend, and fell head over heels in love. Charlie, Assistant Colonial Secretary, was by all odds the most popular and handsome man in Hongkong. He could look into a woman's eyes and make her believe—anything. The only drawback was that he had a wife.

But Dorothy did not interfere with her husband's having an affair with Kitty. It went on for a year, during which Kitty blossomed like a beautiful flower. And then Walter discovered

them, under particularly flagrant circumstances. Kitty was terribly frightened. She had never understood her husband, and did not know what he would do. What he did would never have occurred to her even in a nightmare.

There was an epidemic of cholera raging in the inland city of Mei-tan-fu. People were dying like flies. Walter volunteered for service there. Then he told Kitty she would either have to go with him or be sued for divorce. There was one other alternative: if Townsend would agree to divorce Dorothy and marry Kitty at once, he, Walter, would free her.

Of course, said Kitty, Charlie would marry her. They were both longing for just this chance. At that, Walter laughed sardonically.

Kitty learned why her husband laughed when she went to Townsend with the proposal. She learned, in other words, that she meant nothing more to Townsend than a pleasant pastime. He refused to divorce Dorothy and jeopardize his chances for promotion even though Kitty went to certain death. And though she told him how yellow he was, she left knowing that she still loved him; she thought that life for her was over.

But it was not. In the plague-stricken city she grew spiritually. She soon came to despise both Townsend and herself, and to see



Illustrations by James E. Allen

# Painted Veil

By W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM

with "*The Moon and Sixpence*" and the story of "*Rain*."

that episode in its true light. How trivial it was, she thought, against the background of death and suffering and sacrifice all about her, and how foolish that it should break a man's heart, as it was breaking Walter's. For he was more silent than ever, worked night and day like a dog, and never looked at Kitty.

Meanwhile she had found work to do caring for the little Chinese orphans in the French convent, and seeing a whole new world in the self-sacrifice and mystic fervor of the nuns. She formed, too, a fast friendship with Waddington, the customs official and the only Englishman surviving, who taught her much with his shrewd, humorous outlook on life. Especially was she intrigued by the fact that funny, fat little Waddington should have so fascinated a Chinese princess that she had given up everything to live with him. During all this time Kitty was like a soul groping for some solution to the mystery of life.

It came as a shock to her to discover that in a few months she would have a baby. "Am I," asked Walter, "by any chance the father?" And it was significant of the new Kitty that, though she knew a single lie would make everything right between them again, she, who had once lied so readily and so often, could not lie now. "I don't know," she said.

It was very soon after this that Walter died—of cholera. Kitty was called to his bedside at midnight. She strove with all her heart to penetrate his coma and get his forgiveness; it seemed to her that nothing else in life mattered but that he should die in peace. She never knew whether he heard a word she said, and when he had been buried, and Waddington told her that he had been experimenting with cholera germs on himself, and tried to comfort her by calling him a martyr to science, she said with bitter frankness that Walter had died of a broken heart.

Then the Mother Superior insisted that Kitty go back to Hongkong and home to her mother—where she herself knew she was not wanted. So Kitty said good-bye to the nuns, and the convent door closed for the last time behind her.

**W** C. Now you may proceed with the story:

WADDINGTON walked with Kitty up the hill and they turned aside for a moment to look at Walter's grave; at the memorial arch he said good-bye to her, and looking at it for the last time she felt that she could reply to the enigmatic irony of

its appearance with an equal irony of her own. She stepped into her chair.

One day passed after the other. The sights of the wayside served as a background to her thoughts. The vivid scenes with their elegant color, their unexpected distinction and their strangeness, were like an arras before which, like mysterious, shadowy shapes, played the phantoms of Kitty's fancy. They seemed wholly unreal. Mei-tan-fu with its crenulated walls was like the painted canvas placed on the stage in an old play to represent a city. The nuns, Waddington and the Manchu woman who loved him were fantastic characters in a mask; and the rest, the people sidling along the tortuous streets and those who died, were nameless supers. Of course it had, they all had, a significance of some sort, but what was it? It was as though they performed a ritual dance, elaborate and ancient, and you knew that those complicated measures had a meaning which it was important for you to know; and yet you could see no clue, no clue.

It seemed incredible to Kitty that she and Walter had taken part in that strange and unreal dance. They had played important parts too. She might easily have lost her life; he had. Was it a joke? Perhaps it was nothing but a dream from which she would suddenly awake with a sigh of relief. She found already that she could not recall with distinctness Waddington's face which had been so familiar to her.

This evening they should reach the city on the Western River from which she was to take the steamer to Canton. Thence it was but a night's run to Hongkong.

At first because she had not wept when Walter died she was ashamed. It seemed dreadfully callous. Why, the eyes of the Chinese officer, Colonel Yu, had been wet with tears. The Sisters wondered at her Christian resignation and admired the courage with which she bore her loss. But Waddington was shrewd; for all his grave sympathy she had a feeling that—how should she put it?—that he had his tongue in his cheek. Of course, Walter's death had been a shock to her. She didn't want him to die. But after all she didn't love him, she had never loved him; it was decent to bear herself with becoming sorrow; it would be ugly and vulgar even to let anyone see into her heart; but she had gone through too much to make pretenses to herself.

It seemed to her that this at least the last few weeks had taught her, that if it is necessary sometimes to lie to others it is always despicable to lie to oneself. She was sorry that Walter had died in that tragic manner, but she was sorry with a purely human sorrow such as she might have felt if it had been an acquaintance. She would acknowledge that Walter had admirable qualities; it just happened that she did not like him; he had always bored her. She would not admit that his death was a relief to her; she could say honestly that if by a word of hers she could bring him back to life she would say it; but she could not resist the feeling that his death made her way to some extent a trifle easier.

She was startled at herself for feeling as she did; she supposed that people would think her heartless and cruel if they knew. Well, they shouldn't know. She wondered if all her fellows had in their hearts shameful secrets which they spent their time guarding from curious glances.

She looked very little into the future and she made no plans. The only thing she knew was that she wanted to stay in Hongkong as short a while as might be. She looked forward to arriving there with horror. It seemed to her that she would like to wander forever through that smiling and friendly country in her rattan chair, and, an indifferent spectator forever of the phantasmagoria of life, pass each night under a different roof. But of course the immediate future must be faced: she would go to the hotel when she reached Hongkong, she would arrange about getting rid of the house and selling the furniture; there would be no need to see Townsend. He would have the grace to keep out of her way. She would like, all the same, to see him once more in order to tell him what a despicable creature she thought him.

But what did Charles Townsend matter?

Like a rich melody on a harp that rang in exultant arpeggios through the complicated harmonies of a symphony, one thought beat in her heart insistently. It was this thought which gave their

exotic beauty to the rice-fields, which made a little smile break on her pale lips as a smooth-faced lad swung past her on his way, to the market town with exultation in his carriage and audacity in his eyes, and which gave the magic of a tumultuous life to the cities she passed through. The city of the pestilence was a prison from which she had escaped, and she had never known before how exquisite was the blueness of the sky and what a joy there was in the bamboo copses that leaned with such an adorable grace across the causeway.

Freedom! That was the thought that sang in her heart so that even though the future was so dim it was iridescent like the mist over the river where the morning sun fell upon it. Freedom! Not only freedom from a bond that irked and a companionship which depressed her; freedom, not only from the death which had threatened, but freedom from the love that had degraded her; freedom from all spiritual ties, the freedom of a disembodied spirit; and with freedom, courage and a valiant unconcern for whatever was to come.

WHEN the boat docked at Hongkong, Kitty, who had been standing on deck to look at the colored, gay and vivacious traffic of the river, went into her cabin to see that the *amah* had left nothing behind. She gave herself a look in the glass. She wore black—the nuns had dyed a dress for her—but not mourning; and the thought crossed her mind that the first thing she must do was to see to this. There was a knock on her cabin door. The *amah* opened it.

"Mrs. Lane."

Kitty turned round and saw a face which at the first moment she did not recognize. Then her heart gave a sudden quick beat and she flushed. It was Dorothy Townsend. Kitty so little expected to see her that she knew neither what to do nor what to say. But Mrs. Townsend came into the cabin and with an impulsive gesture took Kitty in her arms.

"Oh, my dear, my dear, I'm so dreadfully sorry for you!"

Kitty allowed herself to be kissed. She was a little surprised at this effusiveness in a woman whom she had always thought cold and distant.

"It's very kind of you," murmured Kitty.

"Come on deck. The *amah* will look after your things and my boys are here."

She took Kitty's hand and Kitty, allowing herself to be led, noticed that her good-natured, weather-beaten face bore an expression of real concern.

"Your boat's early, I very nearly didn't get down in time," said Mrs. Townsend. "I couldn't have borne it if I'd missed you."

"But you didn't come to meet me?" exclaimed Kitty.

"Of course I did."

"But how did you know I was coming?"

"Mr. Waddington sent me a telegram."

Kitty turned away. She had a lump in her throat. It was funny that a little unexpected kindness should so affect her. She did not want to cry; she wished Dorothy Townsend would go away. But Dorothy took the hand that was hanging by Kitty's side and pressed it.

"I want you to do me a great favor. Charlie and I want you to come and stay with us while you're in Hongkong."

Kitty snatched her hand away. "It's awfully kind of you. I couldn't possibly."

"But you must. You can't go and live all by yourself in your own house. It would be dreadful for you. I've prepared everything. You shall have your own sitting-room. We both want you to come."

"I wasn't thinking of going to the house. I was going to get myself a room at the Hongkong Hotel. I couldn't possibly put you to so much trouble."

The suggestion had taken her by surprise. She was confused and vexed.

If Charlie had had any sense of decency he would never have allowed his wife to make the invitation.

"Oh, but I couldn't bear the idea of your living at a hotel. Please say you'll come to us. I promise you that Charlie and I won't bother you."

"I don't know why you should be so kind to me." Kitty was getting a little short of excuses; she could not bring herself to utter a blunt and definite no. "I'm afraid I'm not very good company among strangers just now."

"But I  
I so wan  
her hand  
voice, w  
You see,  
stand.  
"I'm afr  
rather f  
intoleran  
Kitty  
first she  
shadow  
she care  
"And  
the jaws





1. "I see before me an inexhaustible richness," said Kitty to her father, "compassion and charity, the Way and the Wayfarer, and perhaps in the end—God."

"But need we be strangers to you? Oh, I do so want not to be, I so want you to allow me to be your friend!" Dorothy clasped her hands and her voice, her cool, deliberate and distinguished voice, was tremulous with tears. "I so awfully want you to come. You see, I want to make amends to you." Kitty did not understand. She did not know what amends Charlie's wife owed her. "I'm afraid I didn't very much like you at first. I thought you rather fast. You see, I'm old-fashioned and I suppose I'm intolerant."

Kitty gave her a passing glance. What she meant was that at first she had thought Kitty vulgar. Though Kitty allowed no shadow of it to show on her face, in her heart she laughed. Much she cared for what anyone thought of her now!

"And when I heard that you'd gone with your husband into the jaws of death, without a moment's hesitation, I felt such a

frightful cad. I felt so humiliated. You've been so wonderful, you've been so brave, you make all the rest of us look so dreadfully cheap and second-rate." Now the tears were pouring down her kind, homely face. "I can't tell you how much I admire you and what a respect I have for you. I know I can do nothing to make up for your terrible loss, but I want you to know how deeply, how sincerely I feel for you. And if you'll only allow me to do a little something for you it will be a privilege. Don't bear me a grudge because I misjudged you. You're heroic and I'm just a silly fool of a woman."

Kitty looked down at the deck. She was very pale. She wished that Dorothy would not show such uncontrollable emotion. She was touched, it was true, but she could not help a slight feeling of impatience that this simple creature should believe such lies.

"If you really mean that you'd like to (Continued on page 114)

# How To Be Happy Though RICH

Illustrations by  
Marshall  
Frantz



*"When I was younger, sir," said the butler as Jerry applauded, "I could keep as many as five plates in the air at once."*

IT WAS half past four in the afternoon when Judge Wellsly received the cable; and after opening the envelope, he read the message three times—the first time for information, the second for confirmation, and the third time because of the staring-eyed drama which was reflected in the typewritten words before him.

"Good Lord!" he said then; and blew out his lip till his silvery mustache quivered again, for all the world like a dapper little Peter Rabbit who has just received startling news.

He walked to the window next and looked up at the darkening sky; and then he looked down at the Five-and-Ten across the street, the windows glistening with rain; and then he called in Dicky Lindenburg who was studying law in the outside office—a slight, pale young man whose dream it was to be known for his skill in defending famous murderers.

"Richard," said the Judge, "you know Jerry Bonyngnam, of course."

"Yes, sir," said Dicky, preserving a professional gravity, and looking as though he were ready for anything.

"I don't care what he's doing," said the Judge impressively, rising on his heels. "He's to drop it right away and come to me. Tell him, please, it's a matter that can't wait, and that I shall stay in the office here—no matter how late the hour—until you have brought him to me."

46

Dicky looked pale and impressed; and stopping only for hat and umbrella, he sallied forth in the rain.

"Sounds like something good," he thought. "The Old Girl's quite excited"—the Old Girl being the Judge's nickname among the ungodly of South Benson. "Regan's machine shop's nearest," continued Dicky as he hurried through the rain. "Guess I'll try there first."

Old Tom Regan was busy doctoring a lathe when the young law student entered—a lathe which had really died on its legs long ago and needed an undertaker rather than a doctor. Tom

was a ha-  
spoke to  
you were  
you he g-

"Jerry  
"How  
"I say  
"No,"  
shouted.

"Used  
himself  
Wellsly's  
"Yes.  
"Well  
maybe d-

Dicky  
the man  
"Jerry  
"Nop  
here," sa

"Sure  
haven't  
"Well  
regular  
Maybe

# A Story of Sudden Wealth & LOVE

By George  
WESTON



"Getting warm," thought the young law student, hurrying over to the next corner; and when he pushed open the swinging doors of the Brennan Building and heard a mouth-organ playing a jig at the head of the basement stairs, Judge Wellsly's messenger guessed that his quest was ended.

When he drew nearer and also heard the shuffle of dancing feet, he didn't have to guess any longer; he knew he

had at last found the man whom he had come to seek . . .

"Sit down, Jerry," said Judge Wellsly, looking very important. "I want to talk to you."

Jerry sat down in the same loose-jointed manner with which he did most everything else, whether it was playing the violin at an old-fashioned dance, or cracking the lobsters at a clam-bake; and even while he was seating himself he gravely continued to chew his gum. He was wearing his horn-rimmed spectacles that evening and underneath these his cheeks glowed red like apples in a show-case.

"Why, thanks, Judge; don't mind if I do sit down," he drawled. "Been taking a lot of exercise that way lately—and have got quite hardened to it."

Still preserving his air of importance, the Judge opened a drawer of his desk and brought out a box. "Cigar?" said he. "Sounds like a guilty conscience, Judge. Hope you ain't going to put me in jail before I've finished this smoke."

"No, no, no," said the older man hastily. "I just—well, I just want to have a little talk with you, and see how you're getting on."

"Oh, pretty well, thank you," said Jerry. "Driving the elevator in the Brennan Building just lately. Playing the fiddle at old-fashioned dances—the few that's left. Been studying the mouth-organ, too, these last few months, getting ready for the Elks' annual entertainment. Generally give 'em a clog dance and a line of good-natured cracks, but this year I thought I'd blow the mouth-organ for a change. First a wise crack and

was a handsome old boy, very dignified and very deaf. If you spoke to him in ordinary tones he grew huffy because he thought you were mumbling; and if you shouted at him and he heard you he grew huffy because you evidently thought he was deaf.

"Jerry Bonyingham been around here lately?" began Dicky. "How's that?" asked Tom suspiciously.

"I say, has Jerry Bonyingham been around here lately?"

"No," said Tom, huffy in a moment because the other had shouted. "He's not here."

"Used to work here, didn't he?"

"Used to think he did," said Tom; and as though despite himself he smiled a rather tender smile. "You from Prosecuting Wellsly's office, aren't you?"

"Yes."

"Well, I don't know where Jerry is. Maybe up the street and maybe down the street; I don't know."

Dicky tried the Davis Theater next and found Dave Lehman, the manager, in his office back of the ticket window.

"Jerry Bonyingham working here?" he began.

"Nope. Not since we quit vaudeville he hasn't been working here," said Dave. "You from Judge Wellsly's office, aren't you?"

"Sure I am," said Dicky impatiently, "but this is all right. I haven't got any papers to serve, or anything like that."

"Well, then," said Dave, "I don't mind telling you he has a regular job lately as elevator man in the Brennan Building. Maybe you'll find him there if he isn't working nights."



then a blast on the organ, as though I was hiding my face in the music and didn't want to hear 'em laugh. May not make as much noise as the clogs, but easier on the feet—seems so to me."

"Did you ever think you'd like to take up music seriously?" asked the Judge after a pause which had begun to grow awkward.

"Not if I see it coming first," answered Jerry. "The way I fool with music now, I get a lot of fun out of it; and me—I never b'lieved in taking fun seriously. A man who does that, seems to me, he ought to go 'round giggling at funerals, and slapping the mourners on the back. No, sir, Judge, I enjoy my music, and I guess I'll keep it under the head of pleasure."

Again the Judge seemed to find it hard to go on; and this time Jerry's eyes twinkled as though he were thinking, "You've got to come to it sooner or later, Effie. You haven't got me up here smoking just to see what I do with the ash."

"You worked at Regan's Machine Shop for a while; didn't you?" continued the Judge then.

"Tom may not say so, but I thought I did."

"Why did you leave there?"

"The Olson boys started a more up-to-date place around on Water Street—new tools and everything—and so much business went to the Swedes that Regan couldn't afford a helper, and so I left him."

"Have you ever thought you'd like to have a machine shop of your own?"

Jerry didn't even hesitate. "Wouldn't take one as a gift," said he. "I always used to think it was a shame at Regan's. He had all the worry—what with the bills, and the Swedes, and one thing and another—and I had all the fun."

THE next question was more professional.

"How old are you?"

"Crowdin' on to forty."

"Ever thought of—ah—ah—being married?"

"Not enough to get taken down with it."

The two men looked at each other—the rich man and the poorer one—and if you had been there, it might have struck you that the rich man wasn't so greatly to be envied, even if his mouth did have harder lines and his hands a softer skin.

"You know your cousin Willis pretty well?" asked the Judge, beginning to play with the folded cablegram.

"Pretty well," said Jerry. "When we were kids we played together, and he'll tell you himself that I got him his first job at Chappell's coal-yard. I heard they wanted a boy and I went for the job; but they said I wasn't old enough; so I went and told Willis and that's how he got his start in the coal business."

"Ah-ha," said the Judge as though to himself. "That being the case, I can understand it better."

"Then later," continued Jerry, "he hired one of the old docks down the river and started for himself, and kept on growing and growing, and the Lord only knows how many millions he made during the war."

"Yes, yes," said the Judge. "I know; I know."

"If I'd have been him," said Jerry, "I'd have retired then, without a thing on earth to worry me. But what did Willis do? He built that big stone mansion up on Vail Hill—Jail Hill, I always called it, after I saw it—and as if that wasn't trouble enough, he went and got married to one of the Benson girls. Yes, sir," he continued in a voice that had something of awe in it, "he went and married a Benson of South Benson—the only family, as far as I could figure out, that really traveled first-class in the Mayflower or brought their maid along."

At that the Judge raised his hand as though in unconscious protest, but instead of speaking he suddenly arose and briskly fetched the tin box which he had opened earlier in the evening.

"Have you ever been inside the house at Vail Hill?" he asked.

"Sure," said Jerry, still nursing his ankle and now looking curiously at the box. "Willis used to phone me about once a year—generally when his wife was away visiting. Kind of think he liked to put it over me in a good-natured way, and same time show that he wasn't ashamed of his poor relation. And me, I guess I liked to go so I could kid him, and think how much more comfortable I really was than him."

The Judge breathed deeply at that, and almost twittered his silvery mustache in growing excitement.

"What would you do," he suddenly asked, "if you lived at Vail Hill?"

"Well, I'd live different than Willis does; I'll tell you that."

"Yes, yes; but how?"

Jerry thought for a few moments. "Darned if I know just what I would do," he said at last with one of his disarming smiles.

"But what's the use talking about it? Willis, he lives up there on top of the Hill, and me, I live down in the basement of the Brennan Building—"

"Yes, yes, yes," interrupted the Judge in a voice that now had a note of breathlessness in it, "but suppose all that should be changed now?"

"Changed? How do you mean—changed?" asked Jerry, beginning to have an inkling.

"I mean," said the Judge, drawing a full breath and slowly springing it at last. "I mean that less than an hour ago I had a cable from Switzerland that Willis and his wife—ah—ah—were both killed coming down from the Matterhorn—killed by a landslide, their bodies buried in a deep crevasse . . . And under your cousin's will, signed here in this office last year, a considerable part of his estate was left to you—including Vail Hill—"

Here the Judge began to speak more slowly, as though underscoring his words.

"Including Vail Hill," he repeated, "and with the express provision that you shall never sell it, but shall make it your home and keep it up in its present state as long as you live. Your cousin Willis," concluded the Judge, as though in answer to the staring wonder in Jerry's eyes, "was always very proud of his establishment on the Hill, and he made this provision, I understand, in order to keep the property from being sold to strangers and possibly being turned into a sanitarium—ah—ah—or a summer boarding house—ah—ah—or being otherwise desecrated from its original purpose."

"Well, I'll be darned!" breathed Jerry, after one of those flabbergasted pauses which are sometimes adorned with an open mouth. "Poor old Willis—snatched off like that . . . And so he's wished Vail Hill on me; has he? But suppose I don't want to live up there; what then?"

"In that event the estate goes to the Bensons, and you get nothing."

"Heh!" said Jerry, and looked as though he didn't think much of that. "Blessed if I know . . . Blessed if I know, Judge . . ." Perhaps it gradually came to him then that he was in the presence of one who made it his business to give advice to clients, one who better than anyone else might be able to steer him safely along these perilous shores.

"What would you do?" he asked at last, "if you were in my shoes right now?"

"Of course," said the Judge with some slight attempt at the dry manner, "I do not hold many of your—ah—ah—peculiar views; but thinking that you would probably wish to act in a sensible manner, I have already telephoned to Vail Hill asking them to send the car down here, and to have dinner ready for two. And having just looked through the window and noticed that the car is here, it would be my advice that we go out there and dine together, and I will instruct the butler and the rest of the staff that hereafter you are to be regarded as the master, and that you will immediately make your home there, as required by your cousin's will."

Jerry thought it over—rather blankly at first, but it wasn't long before his eyes were beginning to twinkle behind their horn-rimmed spectacles and he, too, went to the window and peeped down to the street where a noble looking limousine was waiting in the rain. "Anyhow," he seemed to be thinking, "it'll be fun to try it." And speaking more loudly than he had spoken all through the interview—speaking in fact as a man sometimes does when he tries to give himself courage by the sound of his voice, he added, "All right, Judge, I'll try anything once. What do you say if we go?"

ON THEIR way to Vail Hill, the limousine stopped at the Brennan Building, where Jerry disappeared for a few minutes, coming out again with a valise and a violin case, both comfortably old and battered, and only needing a few labels on them to make them look as though they had been around the world.

They turned up Washington Street and on their way to the fashionable hill which overlooked the town, the Judge explained to Jerry his standing under Willis's will.

"Mr. Bonyingham expected to be gone for nearly a year," he said, "and he left with me a sufficient amount to pay the household bills during that time. These bills, of course, I shall continue to pay; and before the—ah—ah—appropriation is exhausted, we shall have the will duly probated; and after that, you will handle the money yourself. Meanwhile anything that you may require for your own personal expenses—that is, of course, anything in reason—I shall be glad to advance you."

"Go about By one er on Va turnin gates "Yo Judge of the "No with C



**C** "But I thought you'd be worried," said Jerry.  
Ellen laughed. "Worried? With you to love me?"

"Gee, Judge, that's fair," said Jerry warmly. "I was wondering about the money myself, but I didn't like to say anything."

By that time they had left the town, and presently reached one end of the wall which surrounded the proud stone mansion on Vail Hill. There was nearly a mile of this enclosure; and then, turning sharply, the car paused before a pair of wrought iron gates which were opened by a lodge-keeper.

"You are now in the grounds of your new home," said the Judge. "I suppose your cousin has pointed out—ah-ah—some of the beauties of the place to you?"

"No; I generally walked up," confessed Jerry, "or rode up with George Willet, the butcher."

At that the Judge sighed a little, sitting there in the darkness and possibly thinking of the tricks that are played by Fortune as he wanders among the sons of men, rolling his gold and ebon ball.

"This bridge that we are passing over," he said, rousing himself with an effort, "is the Nikko Bridge, a copy of a famous little masterpiece in Japan. Down below us to the right is the Swan Pond . . . Flora's Shrine . . . The Bird Sanctuary . . . Another bridge—the Shakespeare Bridge, a miniature of one at Stratford . . . The garage . . . The Sunken Garden . . . The Rose Garden . . . And here at last the House Itself."

It loomed above them, almost like another Versailles—almost like another Bastille, the way Jerry (Continued on page 203)

# Two Women

*A Drama of the  
old West, when  
Apache Raids  
were all in the  
Day's Work—  
and Women  
were  
either  
"Good"  
or  
"Bad"*

*Illustrations by  
Robert W. Stewart*

THE sun was setting when Ben Thompson brought his young wife to Delight. As the covered wagon came rattling slowly up the hill from the crossing of the San Pedro, the rest of the male population turned out to witness the blacksmith's arrival. There were not many in that audience, just four case-hardened souls and that was all. They were not talkative men at the best. They took their seats upon a little pile of whip-sawed lumber before the largest of the four mud-colored cubes which composed their hopeful hamlet and awaited their new neighbor in non-committal silence.

On a clear day you could see Delight for more than thirty miles but that was due to the transparency of the Arizona air; when you reached the place you found it less promising than when you had first discerned it. The two shallow ruts which branched off from the Tucson road at the ford, led up the hill and through the settlement into the ash-gray mountains beyond where a few foolhardy miners were dividing their time between dodging Apaches and delving for silver ore. On one side of the wagon track were Ben Thompson's blacksmith shop and the house which he had built for his wife; on the other old man Rath's store and Jim Stowers's saloon—four low flat-roofed adobes and a pile of baled hay, standing out against the sky at the brink of the first benchland.

One thing you could say for Delight—the view was fine. The pile of boards beside the saloon doorway overlooked a goodly portion of southeastern Arizona with a strip of northern Mexico thrown in. But the quartette who were seated here were surfeited with tawny flats and purple mountains. They ignored the landscape's savage beauties and hung upon the wagon.

Meantime the female population of Delight remained indoors. There was but one. Her name was Lil. And she was biding in her man's saloon. What gentleness she ever might have owned had been erased long since by the harsh processes of many roaring dance halls. Before the day when she had drifted here to try her luck with Jim Stowers, her wanderings had covered a wider world than those of old Homer's errant heroes.

50

La Paz had known her and the dust-stained miners of Ehrenberg had listened to her strident laughter when the dry placers along the Colorado were in their glory. Once her disordered hair had held an even bleach, but that time was long forgo ten and rouge was but a memory to her harsh cheeks. Now, as the rattle of the wagon became audible within the dingy barroom, she poured a pony glass full to the brim of whisky. She swallowed the stinging liquor without winking, wiped her lips with the back of her lean hand, and came forth into the doorway.

The saloon-keeper mopped his brow with his bandanna handkerchief and glanced around at her; he was a full-faced man inclined toward over-ruddiness. Old man Rath continued fondling the ends of his long grizzled mustache. Jack Hayes and the bartender were munching plug tobacco steadily as if on a wager. Lil shrugged her shoulders and remained there shading her hard eyes with one hand.

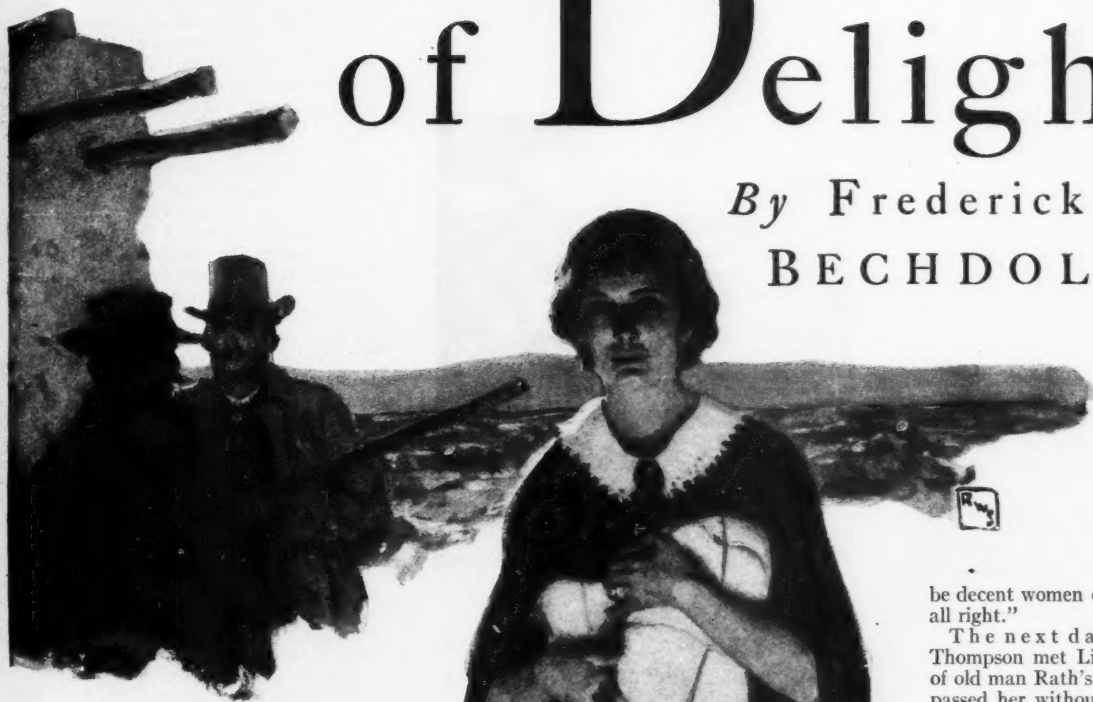
Ben Thompson brought the mules to a stop and the weary girl beside him on the driver's seat found herself before the door of her new home. The four mud-colored cubes and the pile of baled hay had revealed themselves to her from afar, and ever since the wagon had begun to climb the hill she had been watching the wind-stained men on the lumber pile. It was not until the blacksmith was helping her to alight that she saw the hamlet's sole remaining inhabitant.

The presence of another woman where she had expected none made her eyes light up. She was a pretty little thing. Even the dust of the Tucson road had not succeeded in hiding her fragile beauty. She was smiling when she disengaged herself from her husband's arms and faced her new neighbor. The smile was faint, for she was weary from her journey. But Lil's eyes widened and something like a flush came into her lean cheeks. It had been longer than she could remember since one of her own sex in good standing had smiled upon her.



# of Delight

By Frederick R.  
BECHDOLT



*Lil's hard face remained expressionless as Mary passed her without the tremor of an eyelash.*

Some minutes later, after her husband had unhitched the mules and she had taken her first survey of the new home's interior, Mary spoke of the surprise which she had experienced.

"You never told me there was another woman here," she said eagerly.

Ben rubbed his thick jaw with his calloused palm. He was a good-looking young fellow in a Herculean sort of a way and like many big men he was none too nimble when it came to thinking. Moreover he had left his wife with relatives in Tucson two months after their marriage, pending the building of the house, and he felt as if he were just beginning to get acquainted with her. Back in the Missouri village where he had courted her such wickedness as Lil's was not allowed to flourish in the open. A feeling of uneasiness made him slow to answer.

"Well, honey," he told her at length, "Lil, she don't exactly count as womenfolks." His doubts as to the manner in which she would receive enlightenment grew as he saw the puzzled line between her brows. "What I was gettin' at," he floundered on; "Lil, she is sort of one of the boys. Yo' see, Jim, he picked her up in Prescott an' she come here with him, thinkin' that when the town begun to boom, she'd open up a dance hall."

Now all his uncertainty as to her reception of the knowledge vanished. Her cheeks were flushed.

"You mean those two aren't married?" She asked it breathlessly, as if there were something wrong in the words themselves.

"That's it," he nodded. Only his sense of justice gave him the boldness to pursue the subject further. "Of co'se she's a hard one; but she is good-hearted jes' the same. I've heard tell how up in the Hassayampa country she nursed a feller through smallpox once, when nobody else would go anigh his cabin—an' him a stranger that she'd never laid her eyes on before. They say she's staked more'n one miner that went broke in the days when she used to be makin' money herself."

"But," his wife interrupted, "she is a bad woman."

"Of co'se," he hastened to assure her. "I wasn't thinkin' of yo' neighborin' with her, honey. When this town grows there will

be decent women comin' in, all right."

The next day Mary Thompson met Lil in front of old man Rath's store and passed her without the tremor of an eyelash. Whatever of surprise the blacksmith's wife in the barroom, Lil spoke her mind succinctly on the subject of the new arrival.

"They tell me she was singin' in a church choir when Thompson run acrost her," she wound up with rasping scorn. "This is a hell of a country to fetch the likes of her to."

And from that time on the men of Delight realized that there were two distinct sides to the extremely brief street.

There is a reason for everything if you look far enough to find it. Primarily the

reason for Delight lay in the wagon track which wound into the ash-gray mountains; by the time an outfit from the mines had journeyed this far, both men and animals were ready to call it a day. What with the roughness of the road and the indefatigability of Cochise's red warriors, there was sure to have been considerable wear and tear on tires and horseshoes and morale, which accounts for the four cubes of adobe bricks on the edge of the mesa. Now and again a teamster took a chance against roving Apaches and picketed out his mules overnight instead of patronizing the corral; occasionally passing travelers failed to replenish their supplies at the store. But whether it was pack or wagon train, the arrival of a caravan invariably brought some business to the blacksmith shop and the saloon.

Now as the weeks wore on and the sunburned men came down out of the mountains to Delight, with the dust thick on their

garments and their big pistols swinging in the holsters by their thighs, Mary Thompson came to learn a fact which has existed ever since respectability was first established in the world. For invariably their procedure was the same. They took their mules and horses and wagons to the blacksmith shop. Sometimes they found her seated near the forge and they exchanged a word or two of news with her. Sometimes they saw her standing in the doorway of her house and greeted her with various degrees of cordiality according to their diffidence. Then, having seen how the two ruts bisected the hamlet, they left their wagons and their animals on this side and crossed the street to spend the remaining hours of their sojourn in Ben Stowers's saloon.

As man to man, Lil stood with them before the bar. She drank the stinging whisky which they bought for her and ordered in her turn. Her hard shrill laughter mingled with the deep bass of their mirth. Some who had known her during those other years of her wanderings, clapped her on the back and talked of wild nights in old La Paz when the dance hall lights had winked out before the flames of the big caliber revolvers; and some reminded her of shooting scrapes in Ehrenberg and of forgotten lovers whose bones lay bleaching on the flaming mesas.

Life had handled her roughly but it cannot be said that she held any grievance against life for that. If she had ever regretted the gentler things which she had missed, the regrets were buried in forgetfulness. Just at present she was well satisfied with what existence offered her. And when she saw the blacksmith's wife waiting for him alone on the doorstep of an evening, she felt a tolerance for her which was distinctly akin to pity. The girl looked so lonely.

The satisfaction on her part with what life had to offer became more keen one evening late in the summer when a wagon outfit from the ash-gray mountains brought the news for which Delight had been waiting ever since old man Rath had risked his skin to build the first adobe here. Late that night when the teamsters had gone to make down their beds near the corral, Jim Stowers showed Lil a fragment of the ore which they had left with him.

"Ten foot ledge," he told her, "an' it runs as high as two thousand dollars. The'll be a rush when they hear of it down on the Gila. This place is bound to boom."

She nodded and her hard eyes grew brighter.

"What I was thinkin'," he went on, "I might as well send to Tucson for a faro layout and a bunch of girls—good girls that will look out fer the house and tend to business."

"Leave that to me," she bade him. "Them girls will rustle or I'll know the reason why."



SEVERAL years ago Harry Leon Wilson started down the Pacific Coast from Alaska seeking the place that would just suit him for a home. He found it a short distance from Monterey, California. (At least the distance seems short when you drive it with Mr. Wilson, but that may be because his idea of driving is to hit an occasional high spot in the road.) It is one of the most gorgeously beautiful spots in the world, a spot where, as Harry Leon Wilson expresses it, one has the Pacific Ocean in one's front yard and a range of mountains in the back yard.

It's right in this country that Kathleen Norris has placed the scenes of her new novel. It's a story of California and Californians written with the love and the romance of a native daughter. You will feel that love and that romance in every page of "The Heart of Juanita." It begins next month.

[R. L.]

So, on this night Lil saw the prospect of the attainment for which such as herself have ever hoped.

Prospects were also a topic of discussion across the street that evening. On those occasions when the fun was not too noisy in the saloon, the blacksmith and his wife used to sit on their front door-step in the dusk, and while they watched the changing

shadows creeping up from the wide flats they would talk of the coming event, the imminence of which was now quite evident to all of Delight's small population.

Just what steps they were going to take when that crisis arrived was as yet undecided, pending the behavior of the frowsy-haired warriors whose signal smokes were continually rising from the ragged peaks along the border. Of late the tenuous columns had vanished from the ranges. For more than two months past the mail buckboard had been making its trips on the El Paso-Tucson road uninterrupted by a single ambush. The tidings had come that Cochise and his red warriors were over in the Dragoon mountains, surrounded by several troops of cavalry who were slowly starving them into surrender.

"The road is safe," Ben told his wife, "and we can send to Tucson for that woman yo'r cousin told yo' about. No reason why we can't have her stay with yo' fer the first month or so."

So it was decided that Mary should have her great hour at home, and the next morning the wagon train departed taking with it two letters from the opposite sides of Delight's brief street.

The days went by and the time drew near when the wagon train was due from Tucson. The two women began to look more often toward the western sky-line where the road crossed the last mesa before it dropped into the flats beside the San Pedro. But no vehicle appeared.

Then rumor swept across the sun-baked reaches along the border; the Apaches had slipped through the cordon of white soldiers and were abroad once more. A prospector from the Whetstones told how he had cut the trail of a war party near his camp and by way of proof exhibited a rawhide wristlet which one of the naked bowmen had dropped.

In Stowers's barroom, Lil filled her glass and shoved the whisky bottle to the last informant.

"I reckon business will be slack a while." She shrugged her lean shoulders. "Here's hopin' we don't lose our scalps anyhow."

But Mary Thompson's business was not of so accommodating a nature as her neighbor's, and could not be dismissed with any shrug. When the blacksmith returned to his home now of an evening it was always with the same question.

"How are yo' feelin', sweet?" And when she had answered, as bravely as she could, that she was feeling ever so well, the two would find themselves looking toward the western sky-line where the Tucson road remained empty against the sunset.

Her time was growing short when a horseman from the old Pantano stage station rode into Delight one blazing afternoon, to tell what had happened to the missing wagon train.

"Me and my pardner found 'em in the road where it comes down into the wash," he told the little audience in the saloon. "It was the buzzards made us ride out to see what was there." He went on to give the details with grim particularity. "We buried what we could of 'em right there an' while we was doin' it I found them specimens of horn silver. I knew there'd been a strike. Ain't no one leavin' Tucson now. So I jes' thought I'd take a chancet and git in on the ground floor, or lose my scalp a tryin'."



*¶ For all her hardness, Lil had within her something of which they had never dreamed.*

By the time the man from the Pantano had got this far the blacksmith had slipped away. That evening he and Mary sat on the door-step making over their plans and, although his voice was reassuring, his face was heavy with anxiety.

"They ain't but the one way," he said. "I'll pack the wagon tonight and we'll strike out first thing in the mo'nin'. Ef that feller can make it we can; an' the chances is, them renegades are down over the line by this time."

There came a burst of laughter from across the way. The members of the little group in Stowers's saloon had learned long since that life in the Southwest was of uncertain tenure at the best, and while the whisky lasted they proposed to make the most of it. Ben's eyes grew somber as he gazed into the doorway. Once he had thought of that recourse, were the extremity to come upon them; but when he had mentioned Lil's name his wife's face had shown such horror as made him realize the utter impossibility of such a solution.

The lights burned late in the dingy barroom. Some time near midnight Jim Stowers mentioned the fact that the blacksmith was preparing for departure in the morning. Lil laughed—it seemed to those about her that her mirth was shriller than usual.

"Ben ort to have more sense than to of fetched that woman here," said she, "an' her——" She spoke of her neighbor's plight in words which left no need for any explanation. "Ef he gets her through to Tucson without them Apaches makin' a bonfire out of the two of 'em, I hope he leaves her there."

"Well, yo' are right," the man from the Pantano nodded gravely. "This ain't no country fer decent women nohow."

A half an hour later the light in Stowers's saloon was extinguished; the man from the Pantano was sitting on his outspread blankets beside the building debating with himself as to the advisability of sleeping shod or unshod.

"This will make four nights hand runnin'," he reflected and crooked one leg to wrestle with the boot. "An' then ag'in"—he



ceased his tugging—"ef things should bust loose there is a heap of cactus on this mesa." He gave another pull on the reluctant footgear. "Oh hell; they don't want to come off anyhow. I reckon that settles it."

The blacksmith's house was dark when he rolled up in his blankets; he saw the cover of the wagon gleaming before its door through the gloom.

"Ol' Lil was talkin' sense," he told himself, "an' yet the decent ones're bound to come. An' when they do, they stick. Injuns or no Injuns." He felt under the blankets to make sure that his rifle was within reach and composed himself to slumber.

The hours wore on. The stars in the east were beginning to pale before the first faint hint of the approaching dawn.

Now the stillness in the mesquite down by the river was broken by a stirring as vague as the stealthy scurry of quail. It died away, but the coarse blades of the bear-grass along the hillside were trembling more than they should now, and there were moments when some of the boulders and the clumps of soapweed seemed to have taken life and started creeping up the slope.

After the method of their people the Apaches were going to the day's work. Yesterday afternoon when they were riding down a wash five miles away which led into the river bottom, they had borne the appearance of two hundred scarecrows set on horseback. Now the cast-off garments of the white man which they had gleaned from rubbish piles were waiting back there in the dry wash with the ponies. Save for their booted moccasins, the dingy turbans which bound their coarse hair, the shreds of loin-cloth and the cartridge-studded belts about their flaked bodies, they were unclad. In the darkness which hovered above the earth, they glided on their bellies like so many rattlesnakes.

The twilight of the dawn was still deep on the benchland and the morning star retained its splendor, when the blacksmith and his wife came forth from their door. The man from the Pantano was awake. He unrolled from his blankets and arose, as was his custom, rifle in hand. Mary was stowing away a few belongings in the wagon when he met her husband in the middle of the street.

"Gettin' an early start?" said he. "Well, so be I." In the act of saying more he paused abruptly. The dusk was sweeping from the land and as the light came down, with the strange rapidity of the South-western dawn, which seems to leap from mountain peaks to mesa and from mesa on to flats, the outlines of the buildings were growing sharper, smaller objects were beginning to reveal themselves.

The man from the Pantano leaned forward slightly and his eyes were narrow.

"Something a-moving," he muttered; then his voice changed abruptly. "Go get yo'r wife back to the house as quick as God'll let yo'."

The man from the Pantano dropped on one knee and flung his Winchester to his shoulder. A bit of dingy white cloth was moving off there between two clusters of Spanish bayonet. His eyes sought the blurred sights.

"Allus shoot low in the dark," he murmured and pulled down the bead a little farther. His finger squeezed upon the trigger. Then the silence of the dawn was broken by a hundred sharp reports; the grass tufts were suddenly alive with leaping warriors. The noise of his own rifle was lost in the uproar.

"Got that one anyhow," he told himself and fired three more shots in swift succession into the pack of naked figures which was sweeping toward him in dark silhouette beneath the throbbing sky. Along the crest of that yelling line which broke and changed its shape in kaleidoscopic confusion as it came on, turbans showed and mats of frowsy hair upstossed against the heavens. A rifle cracked from the doorway of Rath's store; voices sounded in the saloon. The leaden slugs were droning like angry wasps out in the street. The man from the Pantano sprang to his feet and as he ran toward the blacksmith's house he indulged himself in brief thanksgiving for the poor marksmanship of the American Indian. He flung himself across the threshold and slammed the door



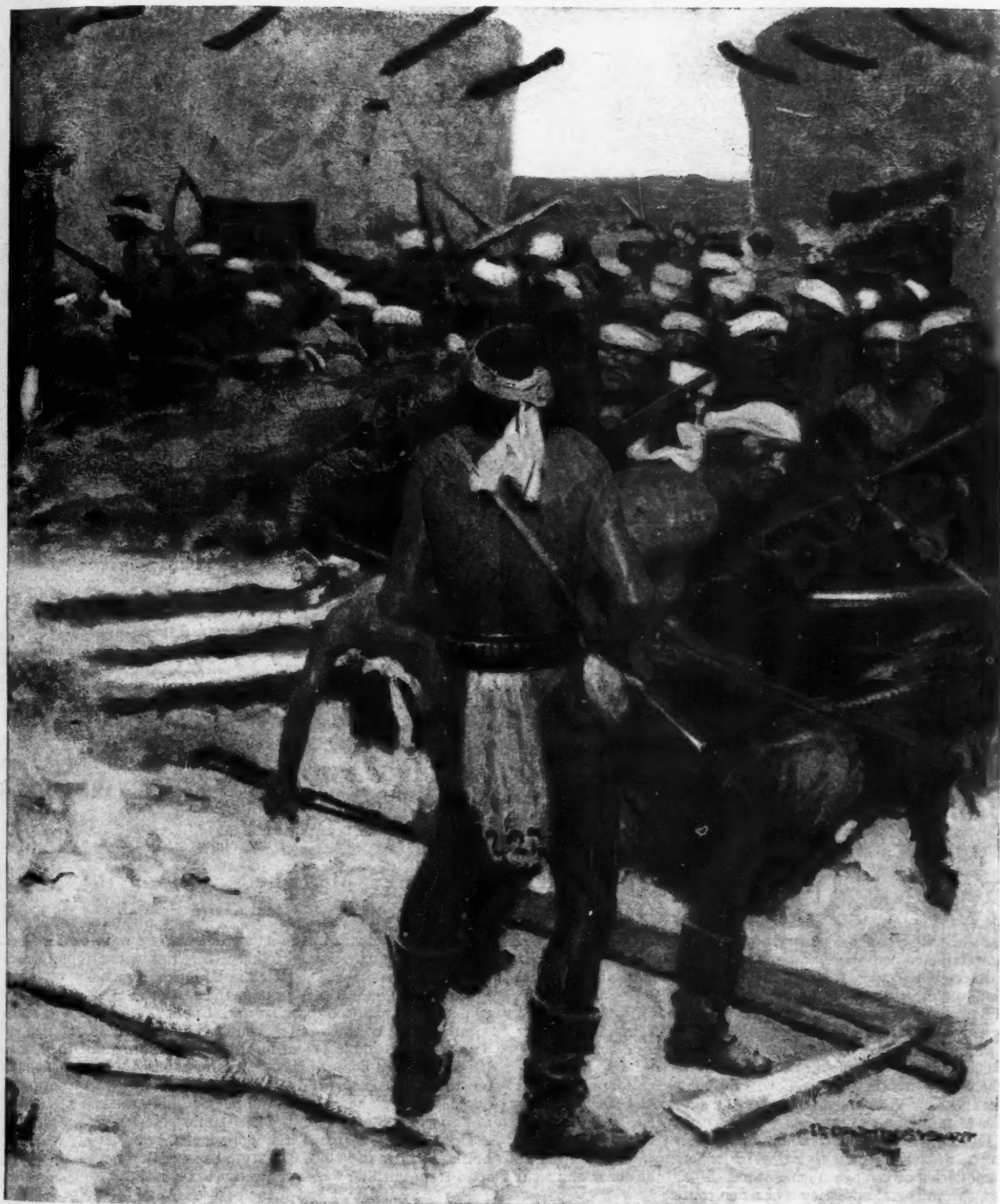
**C.** As the shrill yells and the

behind him. While he was dropping the heavy wooden bar in place, the blacksmith came from an inner room; his face was white and a great fear was in his eyes.

"My wife"—Ben's voice broke—"I had to carry her inside." Then the man from the Pantano remembered how, while he was kneeling out there in the roadway, he had heard a single cry that rose through the turmoil of war yells and rifle shots, and in the instant died away. As he was stepping to the window with his rifle, the cry was repeated in the bedroom.

"I reckon we are up against it good and proper," he reflected grimly.

In the next instant the brief street of Delight was filled with a naked mob which swirled between the buildings like a torrent rising to full flood; it beat against the walls; and there were



*angry clatter of firearms grew in the street of Delight, the rifles answered from the saloon and store.*

moments when the heavy doors of the adobes cracked before the weight of savages who hurled themselves upon the wooden barriers. Dusky faces made hideous with streaks of war-paint flashed into sight at the windows; lean brown arms thrust rifles through the splintered panes.

As the tumult of shrill yells and the angry clatter of the firearms grew toward a deafening crescendo in the street, the rifles answered from the saloon and store and from the blacksmith's house. There was a deliberation in the shooting of those inside the walls which contrasted sharply with the wildness of that outside turmoil, as the speech of men who choose their words stands out in contrast with the aimless clamor of a frenzied mob.

Now naked braves, whooping in the exultation of the charge, became of a sudden silent brown bodies lying asprawl beneath the

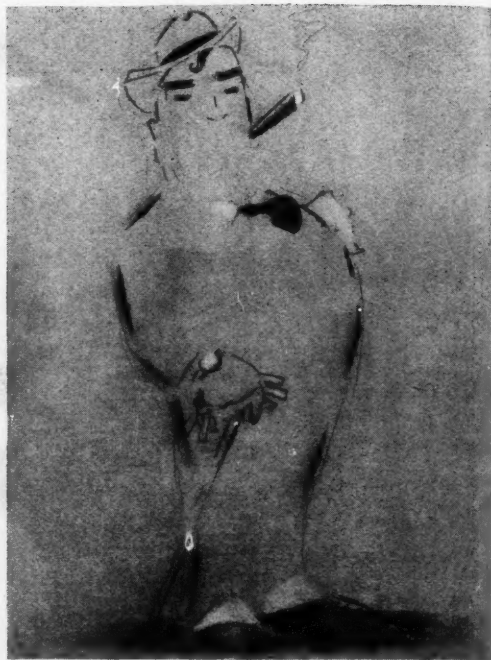
feet of their companions. And rivulets of blood spread into splashes of crimson on the earth. There came a moment when those who had begun their rush in the expectation of the joys of massacre found themselves confronted by the fact that their intended victims were doing all the killing. And in that moment the Apaches melted away as swiftly as they had come.

They had the whole day before them and there were other ways of doing this more to their taste than facing heavy losses in the open.

The powder smoke hung thick in Stowers's saloon. Lil was pumping a fresh cartridge into the chamber of her Winchester. A streak of blood, where a bit of flying glass from one of the windows had cut her cheek, made her gaunt face the more unlovely. Stowers and the bartender (Continued on page 172)



Ⓒ S. Jay Kaufman



Ⓒ Irvin S. Cobb

# Don't be Dazzled by New York's Silk Hats— the Wearers probably came from your Own Home Town

Caricatures by Robert James Malone

**M**OST of us country boys land in New York with our mountainous-toed shoes and snap bow ties to discover our hair imitating a comedian's fright wig. Manhattan's sartorial fanfare scares us stiff.

Back yonder the figures we see strutting Fifth Avenue and Broadway strutted only through the pages of fiction. We never for a moment believed them real.

Clothes have a way somehow of keeping you at a distance—when worn by the other fellow. I shall never forget my first week in New York when I sat opposite a monocled English actor in a restaurant.

During the meal he let the monocle slip from his eye and it struck a vest button with a ting. I looked up and there was an unmonocled owl eye staring at me. I paid the check and went away from there, upsetting a chair en route.

After a while the sartorial glamour wears off and we learn there is little difference between the concertina opera hat of the Metropolitan's horseshoe circle and the square-topped black derby that old Doctor Barneby awed us with back home.

The New Yorker with the jaunty suit of dittoes and a carnation is blood-brother to the town dude of Tusslebug, Texas, with a seersucker suit and a celluloid button "Hello Kid!" on his lapel.

S. Jay Kaufman is one of New York's boulevardiers. He wears a morning suit, an afternoon suit, and has the tweedy, worldly look of the habitual ocean voyageur. He dresses for dinner and perhaps again in full evening clothes for the theater. Now and then he claps a monocle to his eye. Mr. Kaufman was born and reared in Ridgeway, Elk County, Pennsylvania, and holds the Elk County horse-shoe pitching record for 1908.

The rather pompous looking gentleman you see now and then window shopping along Fifth Avenue might have walked out of the pages of one of E. Phillips Oppenheim's novels. He carries

lemon-colored gloves in the hand that holds a walking-stick. A gold chain encircles a wrist to keep the wrist watch in place, and the spats are snow-white. Back in Paducah, Kentucky, his home town, as well as in every part of the world, he is known by his name, which happens to be Irvin S. Cobb.

Seasoned travelers will tell you of the immaculate and dapper dandy they stumble across in all far-flung corners of the globe. He is equally at home at the Astor House in Shanghai, promenading the Alameda in Mexico City, dining al fresco in Constantinople, walking along the Strand in London or the rue de la Paix in Paris, and idling in front of the Lambs', New York.

He is Tommy Millard, the globe-trotting journalist, who was born on a farm in Phelps County, Missouri, and never saw a railroad train until he was seventeen years old.

Karl K. Kitchen is one of the best-known of New York's men-about-town. You may see him one moment telling A. L. Erlanger the "latest one," the next chatting with Otto Kahn, lunching with John Barrymore, having tea with Jeanne Eagles, enjoying the Avenue's five o'clock promenade with De Segurola or playing bridge at a club with one of the Vanderbilt boys.

Mr. Kitchen just a few years back covered the court-house run for a Cleveland newspaper.

To the newcomer this heavy air of sophistication builds a mighty barrier. The gold-braided myrmidons and page boys with tambourine caps cocked to one side that flutter about hotel lobbies take the wind out of the sails of those of us who were used to dropping into the town hotel and pulling up a chair to the base-burner stove—with the box of sawdust in close range.

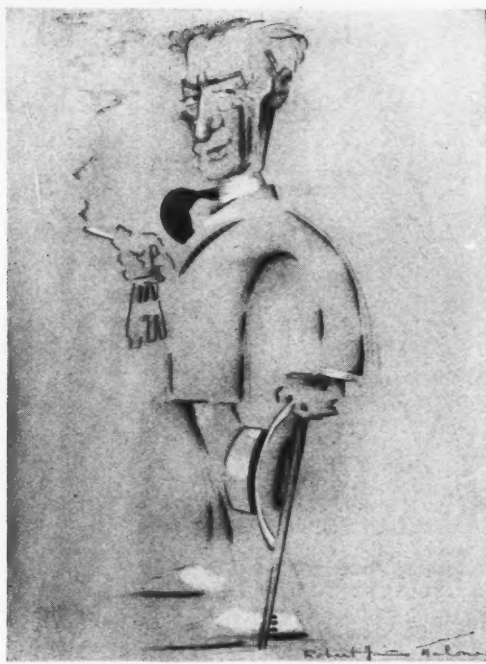
It is difficult not to feel conspicuous when you are suddenly conscious that a woman across from you in Peacock Alley is gazing at you through a lorgnette. This happened to me once and I swore if I ever got the striped collar I was wearing off my

neck I  
came u  
Resu  
creek b  
New  
Its p  
Street.  
one-gal  
In fa  
has live  
Yorker  
This  
all-nigh  
hands  
pity.  
the mol  
I do  
why Ne  
cold to  
We are  
and sil  
excepti  
patroni  
And qu  
the rail  
New  
tricks t  
us has  
them?  
from p  
reverent  
"in con  
the boss  
see you  
before l  
the sam  
I kno  
smallest  
New Y  
answers  
the pip  
valet.  
"The  
valet, s  
voice p  
We ha  
before v  
bery.  
say, "I





William Clifford Hogg



O. O. McIntyre

neck I'd go in for nothing but plain white from then on. A friend came up. He recognized the lady and introduced us.

Result: We found we used to make mud pies together along a creek bank in Ohio.

New York is like that.

Its ponderosity is wafted more often than not from Main Street. And the debonair city slicker is not a New Yorker but a one-gallus boy who used to hop a mean clod.

In fact, I know of only one man who was born in New York and has lived there all his life. You find as a rule that the born New Yorker lights out for the great open spaces early.

This born New Yorker is a venerable and tittuppy cashier in an all-night lunch. He has a little whinnying laugh and rubs his hands when he talks. He is the sort of person you instantly pity. He has the personality of the mold in a pat of butter.

I do not believe it is explainable why New York seems so bluff and cold to the stranger. Yet it does. We are dazzled by the broad *a* and silk hat, and yet with rare exceptions every one of these folk patronized the old swimmin' hole. And quite a number lived across the railroad tracks.

New York has a way of conjuring tricks to frighten us. Who among us has not been squelched by them? We have turned away from prominent office doors with reverential awe for the familiar "in conference." This may mean the boss is not in, doesn't want to see you or is playing pinochle. And before long we find ourselves doing the same thing.

I know a man who lives in the smallest bathless room of a smart New York hotel, and when he answers the telephone he simulates the piping voice of a Japanese valet.

"Thees is Oko, the Japanee valet, spiking!" And then the voice pretends to call the master.

We have to live here a few years before we puncture this flubdubbery. As Rube Goldberg would say, "It doesn't mean anything!"

One of the plainest fellows I know is William Clifford Hogg. Instinctively you call him Bill.

He owns one of the finest de luxe apartments on exclusive Park Avenue. He has a home in Houston, a large plantation home near-by, a ranch larger than Manhattan Island in Mexico and a villa in France.

He was born at Quitman, one of the whistle stops in Wood County, Texas.

This custom of New Yorkers of having several different homes and flitting restlessly from one to the other invariably excites the bucolic wonder. We from the flag stations are amazed by the perpetual hegira.

Spring finds them migrating to Newport and Long Island. And one must be in Paris in May. Their only stay in New York

is a few weeks of the opera in the fall, and then they flee from the rigors of the New York winters to Florida and the Riviera.

I think Bill Hogg's case is typical of the urge that engulfs every man who casts his lot in the metropolis and becomes successful. He finds the fruits of success very dry and he wants to get away, impelled by the yearning of every human heart for home and comfort. And New York has grown to be such a city of gigantic overcrowding that comfort is difficult, and I do not believe that any of us who come here ever really feel that it is home.

There is no gainsaying that it is the Aladdin of cities, but we enjoy worshipping it from afar. The very bigness of it should frighten us and it usually does.

Yet it is pleasant to know that the people who made it, the people who awe us with the austerity and swank, the people who give it its richness and color, are the people who came here and were frightened by it—even as you and I.

And we who live here should be, and I think are, conscious that New York by no manner of means belongs to us. It belongs to the world.



Karl K. Kitchen

By ALICE M. WILLIAMSON, *Who, Despite Her Resolutions, Selected A Husband Abroad*

# When You Marry a FOREIGNER

“**W**HATEVER you do, don't marry a foreigner!” was the parting advice shouted to me by an old friend as my ship slid out of her dock in New York.

“Not while there's an American man left above ground!” I called back.

I was going abroad for the first time and I had met very few foreigners of any sort. That I should marry an Englishman, a Frenchman or an Italian seemed to me quite as improbable as that I should wed an inhabitant of Mars.

I was traveling with cousins and friends and planned to come back to America with them at the end of a year of sightseeing. But—it turned out to be a very big ‘but’ indeed! I had letters of introduction to some English people. My companions didn't care to stop long enough in London to meet them. The introductions weren't their introductions, anyhow! And they were in a hurry to race through some cathedral towns on their way to Scotland. However, I found myself mysteriously impelled to send one of those letters just to see what would happen, though of course I intended to go on with my friends. It was a letter to a man; and, doubtlessly because he had nothing better to do at the moment, he telephoned to ask when he might call. His name was Charles Norris Williamson.

My companions were packing. I ought to have been packing too, but I hadn't known Charlie Williamson ten minutes when I decided that I didn't want to see France till I'd seen quite a good deal more of London.

I believe that, from the beginning, it was the subtle *difference* between my first Englishman and my own countrymen which intrigued me. Yes, “intrigued” is the word, for it wasn't that I liked this foreigner better than Americans. I didn't even like him as well, but there was something about him that I felt I had to study and, well, classify.

That was my first move towards an international marriage, though I had no idea at the moment of what was taking place within me. I've learned to believe since then that this queer desire to understand the unknown can make or mar a union between persons of different countries.

One can always write better about the things with which one is familiar, and therefore I'll confine myself to the discussion of the problems of the American girl who marries a foreigner. I hardly feel qualified to talk about the few French, Italian, German, Austrian and English women, married out of their native lands, whom I have met. The only ones among these who seemed happy were English girls with American husbands. Why the others were miserable I don't know, though I have strong suspicions. As for American women married to foreigners, if I did not understand their psychology it would be because I had shut my eyes and let my brain go to sleep.

Now that the World War is over and American isolation is probably a thing of the past, it is likely that there will be more and more international marriages. All European men who are anxious or willing to marry a foreign girl think, consciously or subconsciously, that the American girl is the ideal bride. Not only is she generally supposed to be an heiress, but she is also considered the prettiest, wittiest, best dressed, most amusing, most daring and altogether the most desirable of women.

An Englishman once told me that he never met an American girl without the rather thrilling thought, “Am I going to fall in love with her and make her like me enough to marry me?”

Perhaps I may as well confess that this Englishman was the man I married. He told me that little secret about his romantic thought the day he had said “Will you?” and I had said “Yes.” That was just the right time to tell it, don't you think? He had 58

met many American women before he met me, yet he said—and I concededly believed him—that I was the first one he had asked to marry him.

He did not propose to me until some months after we had met and I had almost given up hope, but the uncertainty was part of the fascination. My experience illustrates the difference between an American man and an Englishman. In America, if a man is inclined to fall in love, he generally betrays it before long. Having stayed in London because I wanted to see what a certain Londoner was like far more than to see London itself, I was puzzled and irritated by a man who seemed to love my society, but showed no symptoms of loving me.

I met other Englishmen, too. They were all nice to me. They all liked to be with me. They all laughed at things I said, and yet because they were different in manner from my countrymen I imagined that they must be cold, formal creatures. I used to think it would be amusing to see one of them fall down and lose his hat, or do something equally undignified. I was still thinking such thoughts about Englishmen in general and one in particular, when the One in Particular at last said, “Will you?”

I then told him how he had annoyed me, and he told me that I was a little idiot not to know how he had been feeling all the time and that he had merely been too shy to speak!

**S**HYNESS is one of the secrets of an Englishman's nature, for it explains the reserve which Americans so often mistake for a cocksure, haughty pride. If an American girl who is going to marry an Englishman discovers this slightly pathetic secret before any misunderstanding ruins their relationship, so much the better for her—and for him too! Not to mistake diffidence for coldness is very important. No woman can be happy with a man she has married for love, if she thinks he is cold to her. With one of her own countrymen a woman will soon come to an understanding, but between a woman of one country and a man of another there is a barrier of traditions, customs and ideals. That barrier may be as thick and opaque as stone, or it may be as thin and transparent as a pane of bright glass, depending on the tact and intelligence of the woman.

I believe that one reason why husbands and wives—internationally or otherwise married—become bored is because they think they understand each other thoroughly. Of course it is really impossible for a man or woman to read another's heart, though men writers—with Shakespeare at their head—have written with more insight about women than women writers have ever written about their own sex. But isn't that different? A genius who writes brilliantly about *woman* won't understand his own wife any better than a man who isn't a genius and has never put pen to paper.

If only people would realize that the mystery of a woman's heart for a man and of a man's heart for a woman is the spice of life, and would let it go at that, how much trouble would be spared! But they won't. And there's more mystery to be cleared up or left alone between men and women who marry out of their own country than between those who choose within it.

My own feeling is that the barrier existing between an American girl married to an Englishman is much more transparent than the barrier between two married people of any other two nations.

However, in any international marriage a certain amount of conflict, due to differences in character and temperament, is inevitable. That clash can be invigorating, alluring, and its interest can always be kept up; or it can annihilate happiness. I believe that an American woman with a broad mind and a

sense  
glass

In  
nation  
quick-  
she h  
count

No  
noble  
of the  
specia  
in a co  
where  
chocol  
wraps



**C**On a similar occasion years ago as I sailed for Europe a friend called to me, "Don't marry a foreigner!" And I answered, "Not while there's an American man left above ground!"

sense of humor can choose joy by peeping through a pane of glass and smiling, or sorrow by beating upon stone.

In some respects an American girl is better fitted for an international marriage than girls of other nations because she is so quick-witted and adaptable. But she is handicapped because she has been so spoiled and petted by the men of her own country.

No men spoil their women as American men do, and very noble must be the nature of a girl who doesn't take advantage of their kindness. Therefore, that American girl must have specially fine qualities who hopes to make a successful marriage in a country where woman's pedestal—she has a pedestal everywhere, thank heaven!—isn't heaped with orchids, roses, boxes of chocolates, and draped with filmy silk stockings and ermine wraps! I'm not handing myself any flowers, but I do think I

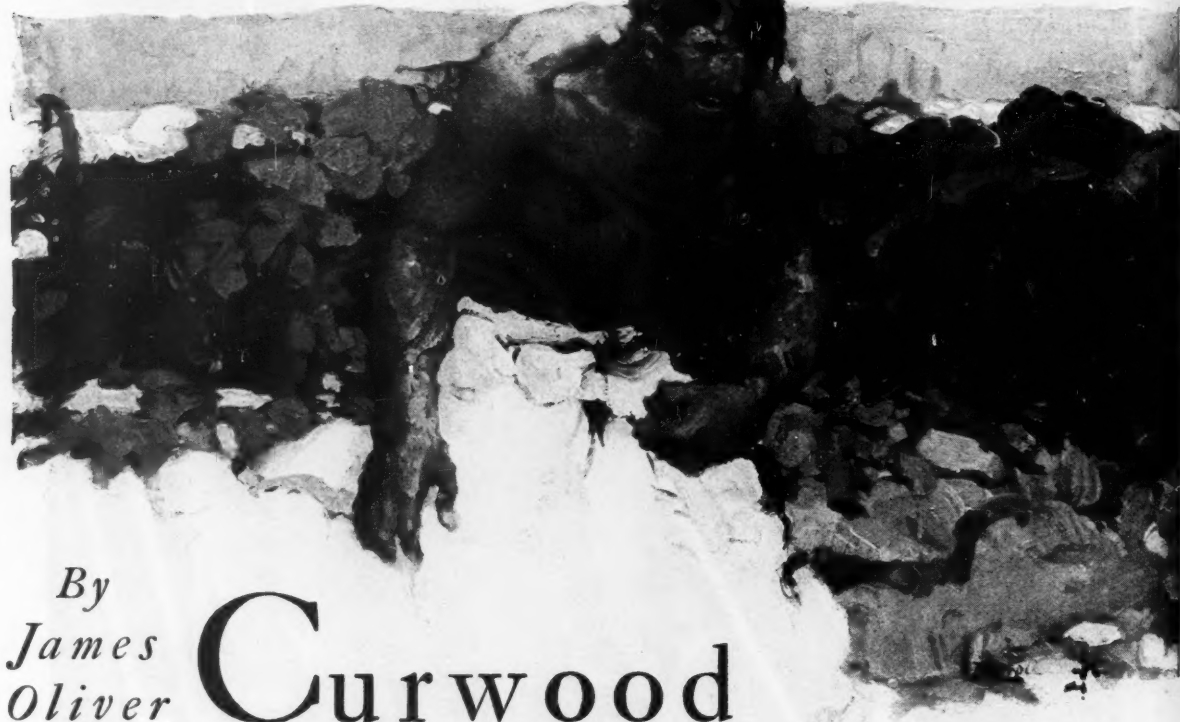
had that sense of humor which makes the clash of different temperaments piquant.

I am now going to bring up the cases of American girls I have known who married foreigners—cases I studied with sympathy and interest—and tell why (in my opinion) some were successes and others failures. In discussing international marriages I take love for granted because no marriage, whether international or not, can be happy without love. The important thing is to keep love alive!

I will begin with a rich girl who married a very handsome Frenchman with an old title and an equally venerable estate in Picardy—where the roses grow. She met this man at my home in the south of France after I had been happily married for several years to my Englishman, so I felt responsible for her. That is why I ventured, when she told (Continued on page 175)



A NOVEL IN THE PA TH



By  
James  
Oliver

Curwood

# *The Ancient* Highway

*This is the synopsis of the novel as it began in Hearst's International:*

CLIFTON BRANT was a big, simple, adventure-loving fellow who had little regard for women. Yet, as in the case of many a misogynist, when he did fall in love, he fell headlong.

A forester by profession, he had been nearly murdered in China by a hireling assassin of the millionaire timber king, Ivan Hurd. As a matter of fact, Hurd, who was utterly unscrupulous, had also indirectly caused the death of Clifton's father. With good cause, therefore, Clifton Brant's whole life became centered on revenge. Eventually he fought down the temptation to kill Hurd, and instead met the man in his office in Montreal and beat him to a pulp, after exacting a humiliating confession.

Now Clifton had thought that he and Hurd were alone during this encounter. But there had been a witness. Antoinette St. Ives had been concealed in Hurd's rest room; and Clifton had not known it until, just as he was leaving, he heard her merry laugh at the grotesquely horrible object his fists had made of Ivan.

Nor was it long before he met Antoinette. After the Hurd incident, he picked up two strange friends on the open roads of his beloved Quebec: a gigantic fellow named Gaspard, with a penchant for fighting all and sundry who questioned that his sister, and his sweetheart Angelique Fanchon, were the two loveliest girls in all Quebec; and Gaspard's devoted companion, a twisted, grotesque little monk named Alphonse. The three beguiled the way with stories of romantic old Quebec. Clifton

learned too that Gaspard's rival for Angelique's favor was a farmer named Ajax Trappier, whom he expected to beat in a terrific combat at which Clifton promised to be present.

Their journey ended at Gaspard's quaint old Quebec home; and there Clifton discovered that the sister of this lovable giant and the girl of the memorable laugh were one—Antoinette St. Ives. Whereupon he had fallen headlong into love—and furthermore had had the temerity to declare his feelings, for which he received a stinging rebuke from the proud Antoinette.

Strangely, he learned, she also was engaged in a war against Hurd; for she and her brother had timber concessions under the Laurentian Paper and Pulp Company, an old and honorable concern that Hurd was fast driving to the wall. Not only that—Hurd had developed a gross infatuation for Antoinette, and was determined by any means to make her his.

All the details of this Clifton heard that night from his old friend Colonel Denis, head of the Laurentian Company. He needed no persuasion to take charge of the fight against Hurd, the climax of which would be in the northern wilderness next year, with the unscrupulous gangs of Hurd's hired rouginecks pitted against the Laurentian men. Antoinette too was going into the wilderness to strengthen the morale of Colonel Denis's forces.

Clifton overslept the next morning. The night before he had met Hurd face to face before Antoinette's home and had told him tauntingly that he would beat him because he, Clifton, intended to marry Mademoiselle St. Ives; and then he had sat up late writing Antoinette a fervid love letter in which he declared they

two were  
two famo  
missed An  
train, taki  
two a boy  
appropriat  
However,  
governmen  
She treat  
impetuous

The par  
evening C  
price for h  
she gave  
Clifton m  
latter's so  
hopelessly  
standing.

A terrifi  
rescued An  
in his arms  
that jour  
thought in  
close abou  
He carried

There,  
gaped. D  
"Good-  
love for th  
must not  
no power  
softness of

# THIS OF ROMANCE



Illustrations by Walt Louderback

two were the reincarnations of Adelaide and Crepin Marrolet, two famous lovers of the old Quebec days. So, oversleeping, he missed Antoinette when she started north for Lake St. John by train, taking Gaspard and Alphonse and Joe and Bim—the last two a boy and a dog picked up by Clifton in his travels, and appropriated by Antoinette to satisfy her motherly instincts. However, Clifton traveled to Lake St. John as a passenger in a government airplane, and met Antoinette in Metabetchewan. She treated him coolly, and unsparingly upbraided him for his impetuous love-making.

The party encamped by the shore of Lake St. John, and that evening Clifton exacted from Antoinette one of her curls as a price for her keeping Joe and Bim, though she was so scornful as she gave it to him that again he regretted his action. Later Clifton met Friar Alphonse; and he gained a glimpse into the latter's soul when Alphonse confessed that he had always been hopelessly in love with Antoinette. To him, in silent understanding, Clifton gave the curl he had received.

A terrific storm swept over Lake St. John that night. Clifton rescued Antoinette from the wreckage of her tent, and carried her in his arms through half a mile of mud and darkness. And during that journey he kissed Antoinette again and again; for she thought in the dark that he was her brother Gaspard, and clung close about his neck and told him how she hated Clifton Brant. He carried her to the shelter of a habitant's home.

There, in the lamplight, she saw who he was. "You!" she gasped. The lips and eyes he had kissed were damning him.

"Good-by, Mademoiselle," he said as the hopelessness of his love for this proud girl swept over him, and he realized that he must not see her again. Yet even in that moment he smiled, for no power on earth could take away from him the warmth and softness of the lips he had kissed.

Now you may proceed  
with the story from here:

WIND died away. A warm drizzle followed the deluge. Then came a clearing sky, the crowing of roosters at the habitant's farm—and the beginning of dawn.

In that first glow of light the big tent was set up, and Clifton settled a matter definitely with St. Ives.

"Mademoiselle and you will need at least two weeks to do your work between here and Saint Methode," he said. "In one way or another your sister must become acquainted with every habitant in the valley while I am working along the Mistassini. I shall go across from Roberval. Twenty days from today I will meet you at Saint Felicien and help you settle your affair with Ajax Trappier."

A decisive note was in his voice which settled matters without argument, and St. Ives felt and saw the change. "I feel I am back in uniform again," he explained when he saw that Gaspard was a little puzzled. "Until now ours has been a pleasant adventure, a kind of preparatory holiday. But the real business begins from this morning. If Jeannot and his hydroplane are in Roberval night will find me in Laurentian headquarters on the Mistassini."

The monk had not returned, so he wrote a brief letter and sealed it in an envelope which he addressed to Friar Alphonse in Gaspard's care. He talked with Joe for a few minutes and in bidding him good-by slapped his shoulders as if he were a man, then hugged him and kissed his freckled face.

"Tell Mademoiselle Antoinette I'm sorry—terribly sorry!" he whispered.

It was still morning twilight when he walked into Metabetchewan. He roused Tremblay and they hunted up a



**C** The ragged giant with the red beard was Romeo Lesage and Clifton made him their chief fighting man.

man who had an automobile for hire. A flush of rose was in the sky when they drove out the road going north and west.

They passed the drenched camp. Antoinette's tent was up and he saw Gaspard hanging wet things on a line. There was no sign of Joe or the monk. He waved a hand and heard Gaspard's shout. Then came the habitant's cottage.

As they went on, and the sun rose, and people came to life, the primitiveness and simplicity of the world they were in together with its rain-washed cleanness and beauty filled Clifton

with a comfort which he felt no physical or mental torture could ever quite wipe out entirely. Here there were no crowds. The habitants' homes seemed far apart, with great reaches of meadow and slope and valley between them, and the little villages were like rare old paintings come into drowsy, peaceful life.

They went on and came to the sleepy edge of Roberval. He did not find Jeannot, but the Peribonka boat was leaving at noon, which gave him time to purchase the bush necessities he required. At four o'clock that afternoon Samuel Chapdelaine

was drivin  
and he ate

He was  
in him. N  
and vision  
continuous  
reaction ha  
this was so  
as she was  
as he saw  
again unle  
he would n  
which migh  
at once the  
depths of  
even as she

The tho  
effort to sav  
for the ph  
Hurd. Th  
it he would  
him and at  
out the old  
he had plac  
against his  
loose one b  
which he ha

**B**OLDUC,  
figures and  
details to w  
after midnig  
forces had b  
new camps  
as he point  
said, his bro  
in the wood  
nected by t  
Laurentian  
far as his kn

"The tele  
doesn't spen  
has walked  
legs and tele  
and within  
three hundr  
wants them

Eugene co  
situation, an  
out of the  
country bot  
for sixty mi  
every head  
a hundred a  
and fifty in  
through the  
purpose. H

To do thi  
boundaries a  
could enter  
Delphis had  
up the north  
in for the H

In the face  
the Laurent  
were in the  
engineers, as  
this, six of t  
bought over

At least fo  
in were last  
by way of th  
knew none

French. Eu  
the Laurent  
woods by s  
Hurd-Foy co  
and hemmed  
chance could  
opinion unde  
Laurentian o



was driving him across the blueberry plains in a horse and buggy and he ate supper at the Company's depot on the Mistassini.

He was surprised at the change which the day had produced in him. Not for a moment had he been able to wipe out thought and vision of Antoinette St. Ives from his mind, but with this continuous presence a strong and healthful undercurrent of reaction had taken possession of him. At least he told himself this was so, and believed it. His action from now on in so far as she was concerned was obvious if not actually mandatory, as he saw it. He probably would not see Mademoiselle St. Ives again unless he forced himself upon her, and he was confident he would not repeat that error. He suffered himself no advantage which might have come from a possible doubt, but accepted all at once the fact that his behavior had sunk him to the lowest depths of Antoinette's opinion, and that she must despise him even as she despised Ivan Hurd.

The thought brought him anguish from which he made no effort to save himself and also added to a fiercely growing demand for the physical action of his approaching struggle with Ivan Hurd. This action held a double significance for him now. In it he would redeem himself in the eyes of the girl who despised him and at the same time avenge his father by utterly wiping out the old score against Hurd. The chains of restraint which he had placed on himself during the years in which he had fought against his desire to destroy his father's murderer he now let loose one by one and the wild thrill of that elemental savagery which he had subdued for so long ran strongly in his blood.

**B**OLDUC, the manager at Mistassini, had a mass of maps, figures and information awaiting him. They added a hundred details to what Colonel Denis had told him in Quebec, and until after midnight the two sat up and worked over them. The Hurd forces had been active since early in July and had built seventeen new camps to date. Deep lines gathered in Eugene's heavy face as he pointed out their locations on a map. And last week, he said, his brother Delphis, who was watching affairs like a ferret up in the woods, had discovered that all of these camps were connected by telephone to Hurd's main depot at the edge of the Laurentian concessions. This was without any precedent so far as his knowledge of the wilderness went.

"The telephones have but one use," he said. "A company doesn't spend money for the amusement of its jobbers. Delphis has walked that line of camps and knows what legs can do—legs and telephones. The camps are built for three hundred men, and within fifteen minutes at any time of night or day those three hundred men can be set on the move for any point Hurd wants them at. There is but one purpose!"

Eugene continued to add to the apparent hopelessness of the situation, and at times the blood seemed almost ready to burst out of the veins in his forehead. From the Lake Saint John country both companies were compelled to use the same trails for sixty miles, and he and Delphis between them had counted every head that had gone up under the Hurd contracts. Only a hundred and fourteen had gone in, yet there were two hundred and fifty in the woods. That meant Hurd was sending in men through the mountains and back ways, secretly and with sinister purpose. He was gathering an army and hiding its strength.

To do this he had a detail of twenty rangers patrolling the boundaries and no man without a written permit in his pocket could enter the concessions. So strict was this surveillance that Delphis had gathered most of his information at night. And up the north trail an enormous amount of material had gone in for the Hurd people. Tons of dynamite, for instance.

In the face of all this early activity in the camps of their enemy the Laurentian camps were positively dead. Only forty-two men were in the woods, including fire-rangers and a gang of six engineers, as against Hurd's two hundred and fifty. As early as this, six of their last year's jobbers had signed Hurd contracts, bought over by bonuses which did not appear on their papers.

At least forty of the hundred and fourteen men who had gone in were last year's Laurentian men. Those who were entering by way of the mountains and back ways were strangers. Delphis knew none of them. But they were a tough lot, only partly French. Eugene clearly showed his distress. He doubted if the Laurentian company would have a hundred men in the woods by snow time, while at the rate they were going the Hurd-Foy company would have five hundred. With those odds, and hemmed in as they were on both sides and below, what chance could they have when the spring drive came? In his opinion unless something was done—and done quickly—the Laurentian company might as well burn its camps and give up.

The icy coolness with which Clifton received all this disheartening information rather upset Eugene. When he had finished, Clifton wrote a brief letter to Colonel Denis, in which he said, "I am sure my talk with Eugene Bolduc has given me a good vision of the situation. It is interesting. I like it. We are going to beat Hurd."

He showed these lines to Eugene, and for a moment the Frenchman stared at him. Then with an exclamation of joy he gripped his hand. "*Par Dieu*, that is what we have been saying—Delphis and I!" he cried. "Maybe we have grown a bit disheartened, but with you to help us we will keep up that cry forever. By the Saints, Monsieur, I know now that we are going to beat this black curse of a Hurd!"

The next day saw Clifton and Eugene on their way north. At the first camp they were joined by Delphis, a man whose leathery visage and sinewy body seemed made out of whipcord. Each day after that added to the mass of facts which Clifton was gathering. From the beginning he made himself one of the men, eating and sleeping with them and accepting no privileges which all could not enjoy. They liked him. First impressions grew swiftly into real friendships, and by the end of the first week he began to see about him the beginning of an organization in which he could place his confidence.

He was frank with the men. Individually and collectively he told them what Hurd's motives were and that the Laurentian company was fighting for its life. On the evening of the tenth day he held a mass meeting at the main depot and explained in detail just how the Hurd-Foy gangs expected to drive them out of the woods. He made no effort to screen the desperation of the situation. He appealed not only to their pride and honor but to the fighting instinct which lives in every man who is a part of the forests. Fiercely Delphis told what he knew about the foreigners Hurd was bringing in, and their contempt for the French woodsmen.

"*The canaille!*" he cried. "Shall we let them buy us? And if they cannot buy us, shall we let them drive us out?"

There were forty in the big store-room of the depot. Clifton was more than satisfied. These men who had already remained loyal against the advances of his enemy would stand with him to the last. He was sure of that. They were only a handful—but such a forty! He looked into their blazing faces and counted hearts beating as eagerly and as swiftly as his own.

Around this forty he would build his fighting machine. His enthusiasm was like a fire as he told them how he would do it, and what he expected. Then he called upon them for individual expressions of opinion, and among those who rose to their feet was a ragged giant as huge as Gaspard St. Ives, who bellowed through a beard as red as fire that he hoped the Devil would take his soul if he lived to run from all the foreigners that could be crowded between the St. Maurice and the State of Maine.

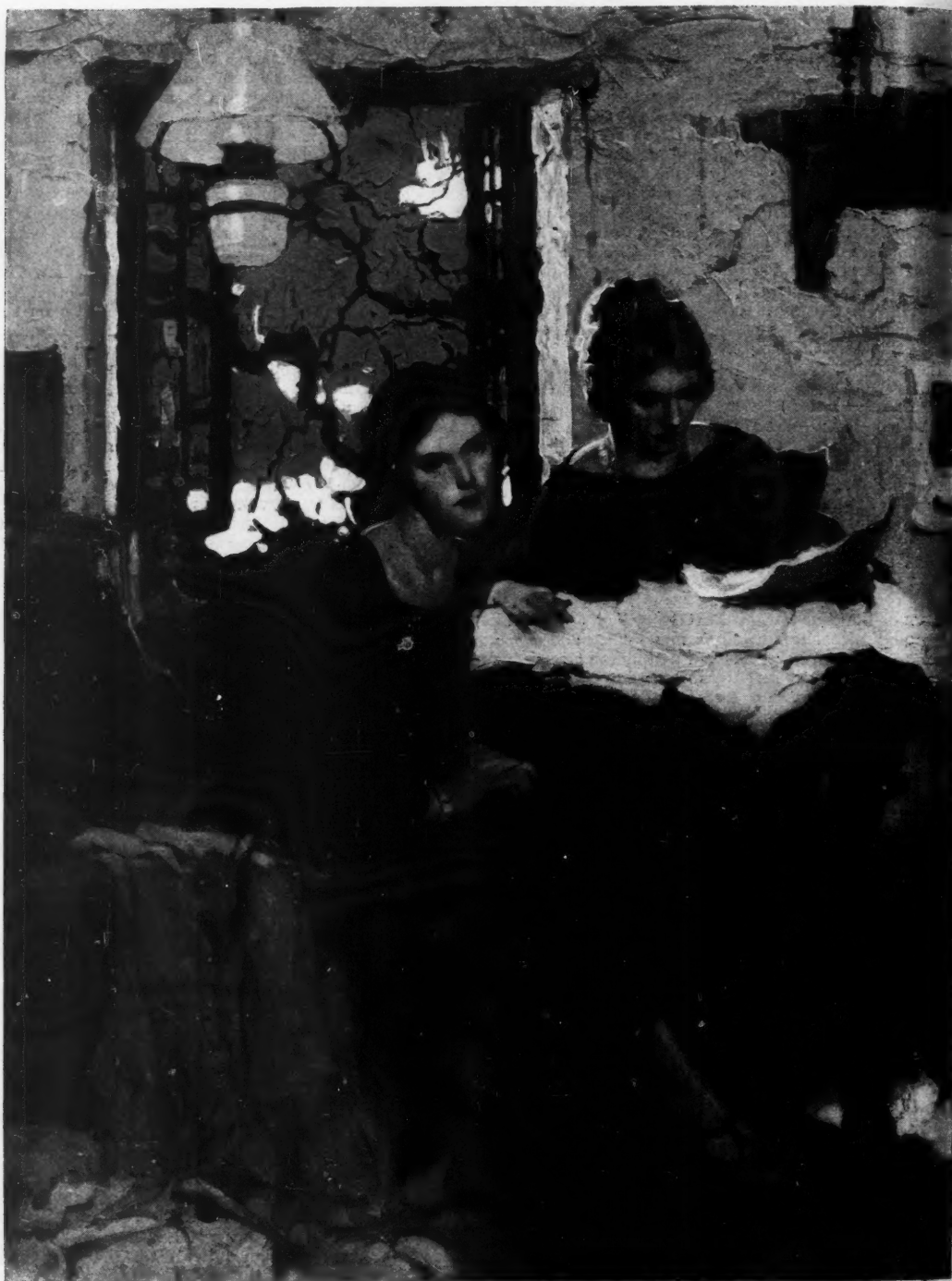
This man's name was Romeo Lesage, and the following morning Clifton and the Bolducs added him to their private council, and made him their chief fighting man. It was Romeo's suggestion which made Clifton write to Colonel Denis and ask among other things for the immediate shipment of one hundred baseball bats.

**D**URING the next week Clifton slept not more than half a dozen hours out of the twenty-four, and each day he saw improvement in the definiteness and morale of his organization. Men began dribbling in. From the Roberval office then came copies of the first contracts signed by Antoinette St. Ives. They were a pleasurable shock to Clifton. Men followed—men, women and children, and especially children. Each jobber had from two to six. One had seven. The Bolducs were amazed. Clifton was alarmed as well as astonished. This, of all years, was not a year for women and children in the woods. It was bound to be a winter of disturbance and fighting, possibly of extreme tragedy.

Early in September the climax came when two young women arrived at the Mistassini headquarters. They were extremely nice to look at. One gave Clifton a letter addressed to himself. It was very brief, very much to the point, and signed by Antoinette St. Ives.

Dear sir [it began stiffly]: We need women and children in the woods this winter. Their presence will be a curb on Satan and an inspiration to their men. Wherever a man's woman and child are there also is his home. Each jobber will have a camp, and in his camp from six to a dozen men. The women and children in these camps will be our chief allies. Therefore I am arranging jobbers' contracts with men who have large families.

The two young women who will give you this letter are good Quebec friends of mine. They are school-teachers. You will note



**C** It was Anne Gervais who filled Clifton's eyes; though

the new clause in the contracts which guarantees that four schools shall be built at central locations, and that in each school the children in its vicinity shall receive instruction three days out of each week. Please have these buildings put up at once, and make each large enough for concerts, recitals and religious services. Also give Miss Clamart and Miss Gervais every opportunity to become acquainted with the mothers and their children. I suggest placing at their disposal two riding-horses, and, until they are familiar with the trails, competent guides.

And the letter ended coldly, "Yours truly, A. St. Ives."

Clifton read the letter twice before he dared look up at Mademoiselles Clamart and Gervais. He wondered if in all his life he had seen prettier teeth than those that were smiling at him. Antoinette had shown exquisite judgment in the selection of her friends!

"I am Anne Gervais," smiled one.

"And I am Catherine Clamart," said the other, in a voice that was liquid music.

"And we have heard so much about you, Monsieur Clifton, that I am a bit awed and frightened," said the one who called herself Anne, and whose dark eyes were pools of laughter.

"Indeed we are," agreed the other, with a pretty bowing of a head that caught soft golden lights.

"Through Colonel Denis, of course," added Anne.

"Yes—Colonel Denis—of course," parroted the golden Catherine.

It seemed to Clifton that her blue eyes were laughing the truth at him already.

"You mean," he nodded, "that Mademoiselle St. Ives has properly warned you against me?"

be kept that

"Our hon

you to be a

lashes cover

Clifton's h

the loveliest

"In spite o

Anne unve

revealing th

walked betw

was built ar

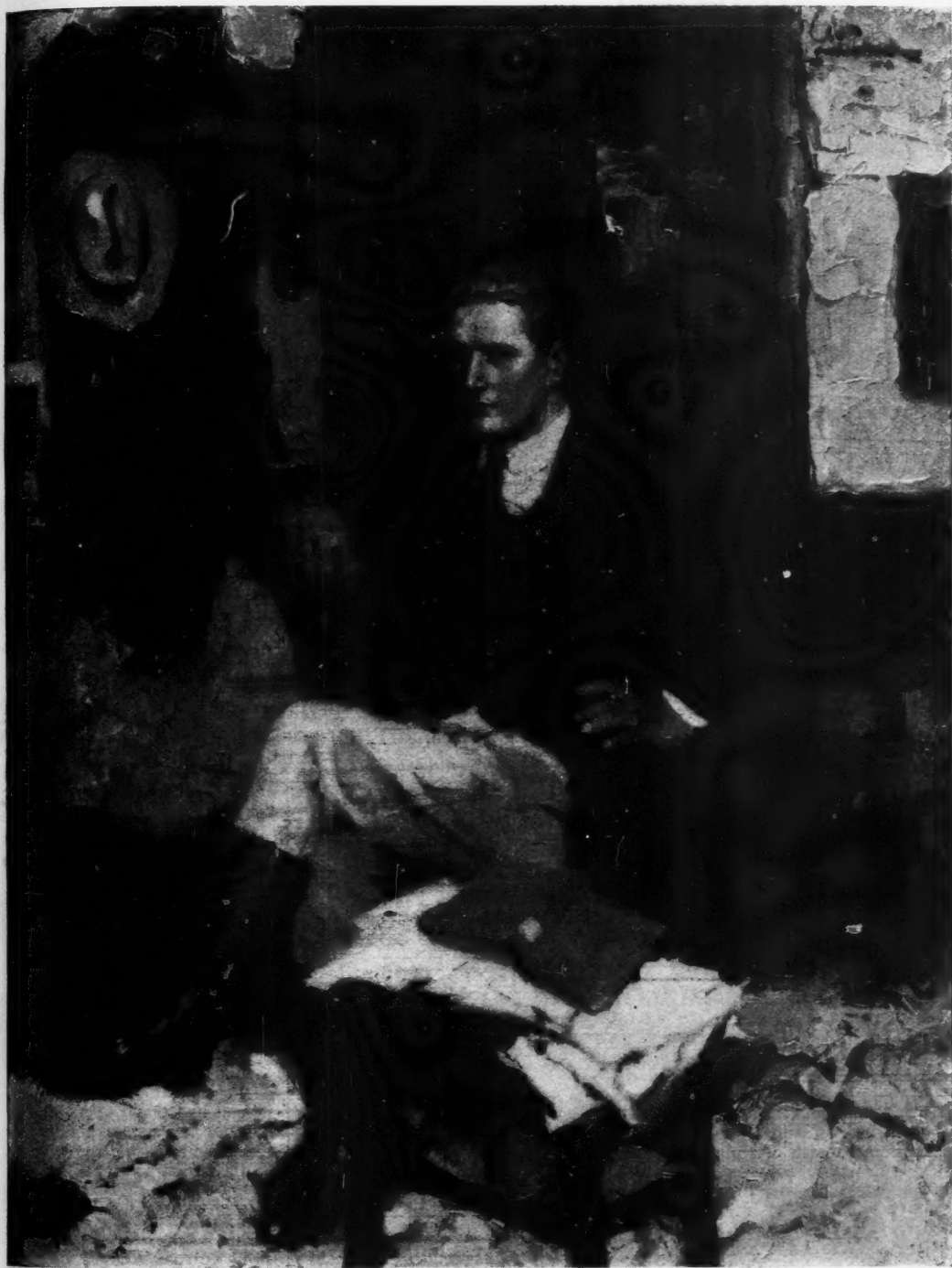
Catherine to

looking down

observed, as

lovely coils o

velvety black



*be kept that fact to himself. A part of Antoinette had seemed to come into the woods with her.*

"Our honor pledges us to secrecy—except that we believe you to be a very desperate man," said Anne, and jet-black lashes covered her eyes for an instant.

Clifton's heart gave a little jump. Next to Antoinette she was the loveliest girl he had ever seen! He felt himself coloring.

"In spite of which I'll build the schools," he said.

Anne unveiled her eyes. She took off her boyish hat, carelessly revealing the glossy richness of her thick dark hair, and Clifton walked between the two as he escorted them to a cabin which was built and furnished especially for company guests. And Catherine took her hat in her hand, as Anne had done, so that looking down on one pretty head and then on the other he observed, as any man not utterly blind must have done, the lovely coils of hair which the hats had concealed, on one head velvety black and on the other soft gold. Scarcely had he made

note of this pleasant fact when Anne looked up at him with disturbing quickness and caught his admiration trying to hide itself like a thief in his face.

He left them at the cabin and instructed the depot clerk to see that everything was done for their comfort. Then he sought the privacy of the manager's office and found Eugene ahead of him, his big body shrinking back in the desk chair while over him stood a mysterious and weather-worn figure enthusiastically threatening his life.

"And on top of that may the Devil take your soul and stand it on end if you so much as open your mouth in the matter," this individual was saying. "And also on top of that——"

He turned about suddenly as Clifton entered.

It was Alphonse the monk.

Instantly his thin face was crinkling (Continued on page 185)



By Hendrik Willem van Loon  
*A Chapter From*  
**My AUTOBIOGRAPHY**  
*—To Be Published 500 Years Hence*

THE HIGHBROW.



complicated was this: both the Highbrows and the Lowbrows thought of themselves, not as they actually were, but as they believed themselves to exist in the minds of their opponents.

The Highbrow always had before him that supercilious caricature of Little Boston Bean, which he felt sure had been invented by one All-American Lowbrow for the special purpose of bringing ridicule upon the heads of all Highbrows.

Whereas the Lowbrow, suffering from a terrible case of the then fashionable Inferiority Complex, was convinced that his Highbrow enemies sat up until all hours of the night chanting hilarious and derisive songs at the expense of those who were not blessed with a bachelor's degree obtained at Harvard.

In short these two groups of deluded citizens fought each other all the time for the sake of purely imaginary grievances and tried to destroy each other for the sake of an impossible triumph. And so they wasted innumerable rounds of ammunition, killed thousands of innocent citizens, drove millions of children to despair and achieved nothing but the general ruin of an otherwise lovely landscape.

But enough of theory. Let me get back to earth and discuss the question as impartially as I can. Personally I was never much inclined to take sides in such disputes. An historian should judge all events in that same spirit of impartial detachment which characterizes the doctor who is called in to see a sick person. The medicine-man quietly studies the case and then gives an opinion based upon the symptoms of the sufferer.

If he is an intelligent fellow, he orders his patient to eat, drink and smoke one-half of what he has eaten, drunk or smoked since he was a child, and thereby guarantees him another fifty years of health and happiness. But he does not sit down by the bedside of the sufferer to deliver himself of a speech upon the wickedness of microbes or the even greater wickedness of healthy persons who delight in giving the dear little critters their chance. He says, "As far as I can guess and as far as I know, such and such is the case. As far as I can guess and as far as I know, that and that will bring you relief. Keep the windows wide open. Don't eat caramels with mayonnaise. And if you don't feel better within a couple of days, call me again."

Of course, we historians deal in centuries rather than years. But for the rest, we are merely social physicians and we ought to

NOW when I came to the age of more or less discretion, I found myself once more in the midst of a battle royal between the forces of the Highbrows and the Lowbrows.

As those terms were discontinued as soon as society reached a higher stage of general well-being and intelligence, they will not mean much to those who were born in a truly civilized world.

What made the matter very

THE LOWBROW.



try to observe the same standards as those laid down for the conduct of the medical fraternity.

Let me cite you a case that was brought to my attention when I was quite young. My father, like so many Dutchmen of his day and age, was possessed of a certain smallish fortune which assured him a daily leisure of twenty-four hours. During eight of these he slept; the other sixteen he filled with sundry attempts to kill time. I never knew a man who was so profoundly bored. As he had never been obliged to get anything done at a given time—for the sake of that check which the Gods in their wisdom invented as an incentive to labor—he had completely lost the habit of hustling.

He had a certain gift for writing, but his total output as a man of letters consisted of the remarks scribbled on the margins of his income tax blanks. He could draw, but as he lived in the days before the invention of the automatic pencil sharpener, he did not make a sketch from the end of one year to the next.

The only spark of life which I ever discovered in him—and children have a terrible gift for discovering such weaknesses—was a certain love for music. And so it happened that we took all the musical magazines and that many musicians came to our house and that I heard the gossip of the world of strings, brass and ebony before I knew the difference between a sharp and a flat.

IN THOSE days there was a great commotion among the long-haired gentry. Thirty years ago, a fine pompadour was still considered a necessary attribute of those who worked seriously in the delectable garden of counterpoint and the professors shook their manes and roared like so many lions.

Holland, since time immemorial, has been a country of good musical taste. It always rains in those dismal swamps along the eastern shore of the North Sea. People are forced to stay indoors 364 days out of every year.

Three centuries before, they had filled their idle hours with theological discussions, but at last they had tired of Predestination and Beelzebub and had taken up music because it was agreeable to the ear and equally agreeable to the pocket-book.

Most other indoor sports, such as poker, dominoes and bridge, were apt to cost a

THE MUSICIAN.



great deal of money. But the hire of a piano was a negligible quantity and the hire of an efficient teacher upon that instrument was even more negligible. Hence the entire country knew what was what in the realm of harmony and soon the population was divided into two hostile camps, the musical Highbrows and the musical Lowbrows, and this is the way it had come about.

Some forty years before I was born, there lived a certain German economist who eked out

THE RADICAL.



Photograph  
Campbell

a miserable  
Tribune  
called "G"  
I can't

THE  
LIBE



Photograph by  
Campbell Studio

**HENDRIK  
WILLEM  
VAN LOON**

*who wonders why all of us have to be classed as either  
Highbrows or Lowbrows, when most of us are neither.*

a miserable existence as London correspondent of the New York Tribune and at the same time wrote a book which he brightly called "Capital."

I can't tell you much about the book, for I never could read more than a couple of sentences at a time. As it is second in size only to the assembled works of the Church Fathers, it would have taken me eighty years to finish the first two volumes. But many other people had read it from Absalom to Zenobia and they had been forthwith converted to a dangerous doctrine which had been called Socialism.

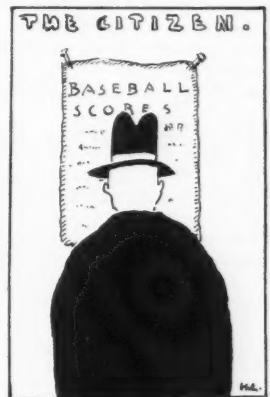
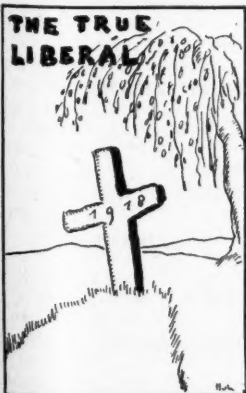
Our great-grandchildren will never be able to understand what terror this name caused among the mass of peaceful citizens who graced this earth with their presence during the late eighties of the nineteenth century. We children were sent to bed with a threat that "the Socialists would

get us" if we did not look out. In sheer fear of this strange new sect, those who—like my father—possessed a little bit of that magic capital which worked for them while they slept, suddenly decided to "do something" for those who were less fortunate.

That was the era of the first public libraries and free clinics and all sorts of nice things which nowadays we take for granted.

And then some one bethought himself, or herself, of music. Had not David been able to soothe the grief of Saul by playing the harp? And if a Jew's harp—I am not trying to be funny, but that is precisely what the instrument was—could bring consolation to a soul tortured by remorse, then a full-fledged orchestra ought to be able to tame the wildest mob of dangerous radicals.

Forthwith halls were hired, orchestras (Continued on page 202)





**C** Here you meet Eddie Softer, who "always could get women to do anything he wanted"; his son Billy, the lovable little star of the Silvermount Company; and Dora, whose job it is to keep aspiring movie actors "off the lot"; all of whom Nina Wilcox Putnam introduced to Hearst's International readers last month and whom you will now find, from time to time, in *Cosmopolitan*.

"A

A place where  
But then  
with my  
type had  
money, w

It is a  
that kind  
one keeps  
since poor  
capable o

Here I  
that coul  
and what  
around a  
various b  
of them r  
with, wh  
instead, o  
and I saw

Well, o  
week befo  
the Silver  
fair enoug  
naturally,  
thousand

Of cour  
see? She  
office wh  
capable t

But the  
heard the

"Eddie  
you lose it

"Aw, g  
you want

"You n  
me. "Bu

says. "A  
had the m

"Well,  
back with

pay-day c  
I always

Well, t  
mount pe

our old r  
I done so

where, pri  
she was n

knew, see  
tion in th

ing in on  
went out

Mr. Gues  
past been

held my r

"Well,  
suaded m

pictures,  
"So I

tions! D



# "Apple Sauce!"

By Nina Wilcox Putnam

*who writes of Life with all the Laughs left in*

*Illustrations by James Montgomery Flagg*

AS THE sweet old song goes, "The savings bank is one place where a dollar may be down, but it's never out." True. But then, quite to the other hand, I got a feeling where a man with my business ability don't really need to save. What my type had ought to do is see things in a big way, and spend their money, where it's gonner be of great advantage in the future.

It is a peculiar thing, though, how women can't seem to see that kinda thing. Take my sister-in-law, Mary McCree, the one keeps house for me and looks after that darn kid of mine since poor dear Helen went and died on me. Mary simply ain't capable of seeing things in a big way.

Here I come out to Hollywood, a handsome young widower that could easy of put any star right off of the silverscreen and what do I do? Why, instead of pushing myself, I wait around a few months, looking in daily at the casting offices of the various big picture producers, and when I seen they wasn't any of them really intelligent enough for a man of my ability to work with, why, I shoved my six-year-old boy into the pictures instead, on account executive ability is really my strong point, and I saw where I could make a big success out of him.

Well, of course he had been working in the pictures about a week before I thought of putting him in them. It was over to the Silvermount Company, and the contract they give me was fair enough calling for twelve hundred a week for the boy, and naturally, I made them stick in a clause where I was to get a thousand additional as his personal manager. More abundance!

Of course I signed this contract without consulting Mary, see? She was down in Los Angeles to that public stenographer office where she works at the time, and naturally I am fully capable to look after all such business affairs myself.

But the first thing she done when she got home that night and heard the glad news was grab the contract.

"Eddie Softer," she says, "you give that to me quick before you lose it, and I'll stick it in the safe-deposit box," she says.

"Aw, go tie up a noodle!" I says, very sarcastic. "Whatever you want, paying out rent on one of them things? I never did!"

"You never had anything to put into one," she come back at me. "But I think I better use the safe than be sorry," she says. "And me living up to that motto is one reason why I had the money you borrowed to get us out here," she says.

"Well, don't hen about it," I says. "You'll get your money back with ten percent interest, like I told you, the very first pay-day comes my way. So shut up, will you?" And she did. I always could get women to do anything I want.

Well, the kid went to work on this first picture the Silvermount people was to star him in, and naturally I at once give up our old rooms in that common lodging-house on Vine Street. I done so while Mary was down to her public stenographer job, where, principally owing to a few suggestions I had made to her, she was now office manager there, getting seventy a week. I knew, see, that Mary wouldn't appreciate where my new position in the moving picture world wouldn't allow us to go on living in one of them cheap kitchenette apartments, and so I went out to the Barrington Hotel and had a little chat with Mr. Guess, the clerk at the desk, which I had for some time past been having a few business relations with him, he having held my mail there for me.

"Well, Mr. Guess," I says, "Mr. Silvermount has finally persuaded me to allow that wonder-boy of mine to go into the pictures, and they are starring him, of course."

"So I saw in the papers," says Mr. Guess. "Congratulations! D'you know, Softer, I feel as if I owe you an apology.

Sometimes when you came in here for mail and there was nothing but a bunch of circulars, ads and that sort of stuff for you, I was a little cold in my manner. But honestly you mustn't blame me—shake, will you?"

"Why certainly, old man!" I says, extending my hand. "And now I'd like to take the five-room suite we have spoke of several times. That rich friend on Vine Street who insisted upon lending me their big house has come back. Can I move in here today?"

"Sure!" says he. "Any time at all."

"And how about my car?" I says. "I got a new special body Crane-Simplex that's just been delivered, and I want it should go in a garage where they'll handle it carefully."

Well, Mr. Guess says all right, fine, and then with my usual executive ability I went back to the flat and seen that Mrs. MacWelton, our landlady over to Vine Street, got everything packed and started over to the hotel. After which, though pretty near wore out myself by this exhausting day, I went over to the Silvermount lot and got Billy, that darn kid of mine, who was through working by four o'clock.

As usual he had picked up a undesirable acquaintance, a old bum I had noticed hanging around the place lately. Well, naturally I grabbed my kid away and spoke about this to that dumb Dora at the gate as I went out.

"There's an old loafer hanging around inside," I says. "See him down near the warehouse? Better have him thrown out."

She took a look at the old boy and then went right on calmly chewing her gum. "Yeh, you're full of good ideas, as usual," she says. "I hear they are casting you to play the cue-ball in a game of pool that's being staged tonight."

Well, I brung Billy home to our new rooms in the hotel and then phoned Mary to take the Hollywood Boulevard car out and come to the Barrington when she quit work.

Well, Mary didn't pass any remarks when she found out what I had done. At least, if she passed one, I can't imagine which one it was, on account it seemed to me like she said the whole dictionary. But after a while she calmed down, says the rooms was real pretty even if they was a outrageous extravagance, and she would pay her bit towards them in order not to be separated from the child. And what was even further, from then on she kept her trap shut on the subject of expenses until pay-day at the Silvermount come around.

AS THE old song goes, "Hell hath no fury like a woman who's a tightwad," and the very minute I collected Billy's roll of green ones, Mary pounced on it like a cat onto a fly paper, and stuck.

"Lookit here, Eddie Softer!" she says. "That ain't your money, it's the kid's, and it's going right in the saving's bank in his name."

"Aw, go tie up a noodle!" I says. "What's the big idea? There's plenty more where that come from."

"I know that if it was rolling in by the barrel it would still be Billy's money, and that it had ought to be put away for him—with me as trustee."

"Say, go on, tell another funny story!" I says. "I'm his father, ain't I? Don't you suppose I'm gonner use my executive ability to see that his money is used for his own best future?"

"You ain't going to touch his money," says Mary. "You get a thousand a week. Support him on that, and save the rest against the time when you ain't either of you working."

"Apple sauce!" I says. "The agreement is for a year and this is only the first week. I ought to know, I signed the contract."

"Yes, but I guess you didn't read it," says she.

"Whatter you mean?" I says.

"Well, I've read it," says she, "and there is a paragraph in it where it states you and the kid only get your money when working," she says. "It's a kind of a unobtrusive little paragraph stuck in about the middle of the whereases and other legal garbage. And what is further, it also says that if the first picture don't meet with the approval of Mr. Lieberman, the next picture shall not be made until such time as shall seem advisable in the judgment of the company. Oh, I got that contract memorized," she says, "but I guess you was so excited over getting it, that all you read was the sentence which says 'Sign here!'"

"The low lifes, to slip over a thing like that!" I says, indignant. "I thought they would appreciate the type of business man they was dealing with, and so I trusted them to act according."

"Oh, they appreciated the type of business man you are, all right," says Mary, "and I'll say they acted according, too! But the point is, the kid may be idle for weeks—months, even, after this first picture is done. It'll take about five more weeks to finish, I suppose, and then where will we be? Oh, Eddie Softer, if only I could tell you what I think of you! Billy's cash is going in the savings bank—this very day, and every pay-day from now on. And I'm to be trustee."

"Never!" I says firmly. "I won't have it!"

"You certainly won't, not a nickel," she says. "And if you don't do as I say, I'm going to give a interview to the newspapers and tell where the kid started out in life playing around a hot-dog stand your wife run until she died from over-work," she says, "and how you then made a flop of the stand and come out here. That's what I'll do! You with your 'banking business' you've been broadcasting about! You make me trustee to my sister's child or I'll tell the world!"

"Well, well, Mary!" I says, smiling. "I was only stringing you along. I've always had the idea for you to take care of Billy's money, but I was scared for fear you wouldn't want the trouble and responsibility. You go on and do it, but don't give out no such story to the papers. I couldn't allow that."

MARY give me a kind of funny look at that, like she wanted to say something but couldn't. Then she kind of swallowed and said something different. "Of course," she says, "we'll hope that the darling's picture will be such a success that he'll have a nice little fortune some day. If only Lieberman likes it, the child is made."

"And who is Lieberman?" I asked loftily. "Let me inform you that this contract was signed with Benny Silvermount himself, the President of the Silvermount Corporation!"

"But, good heavens, Eddie," says she, "don't you realize where the Silvermount is only a subsidiary of the great Artfilm Corporation? The Big Six, Goldringer, Westly-Famous and all them big concerns are released through Artfilm, and Mr. Lieberman owns the controlling interest. Even I know that much! Lieberman is the whole show, and he can make or break anyone in the organization. Naturally when Silvermount tries out something new, like our Billy, why, Lieberman has got to o. k. it before they can go on."

"Well, of course I have heard of Lieberman," I says, which was perfectly true, I just had. "And I believe the thing for me to do, Mary, is get acquainted with him and chum up, see? A personality like mine would undoubtedly make a great impression on him."

"No question of that last," says Mary.

"What I'm gonner do as a starter," I says, "is get friendly with the influential people on the lot, see? I'm going to commence by inviting a prominent bunch of them to eat with me at the Annual Motion Picture Banquet next month."

"You'll do no such extravagant thing," she says. "Why, them tickets are twenty dollars apiece," she says. "Never mind your influential people. If the kid's picture is good, that's



JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

all we are gonner need." Women, of course, can't understand where big business involves a lot of swell entertaining and all like that. "And there is one more thing I want to tell you, Eddie Softer," Mary goes on. "You leave that Golden Gables Realty Company alone."

"Whatter you mean to incinerate by that?" I says.

"I mean that one of my girls in the office has a boy friend working with them Golden Gables people," she says, "and I found out you been talking to him about buying that big pink Spanish house out there. The poor young feller is taking your hot air seriously and thinks he's got a good prospect in sight. Why, if he sold that house the commission would be sufficient for them two kids to get married. It ain't right, you leading him on that way! Heaven knows it was bad enough, you moving us out to this big hotel, but a house—you must be crazy!"

"Well, Mary," I says, "only a few weeks ago you would of told me I was crazy to think we was ever going to live here, wouldn't you? And I've done it, sweetie, I put it over!"

"Yes, when I wasn't looking!" she says. "Now, Eddie, you are to go straight out to Mr. Snider this very morning and tell him honestly you ain't going to buy that pink house—that

there is  
Oh, if o

Well,  
day, th  
the doc  
shoe-bo  
was gri  
had fix  
very fir

Well,  
studio  
knee an  
new bu  
"Nov  
and yo

"Sur  
"Who p  
"Ne  
you to  
lot. W  
see?  
any bu



*I'm here to say that when Billy brought old Reuben in, the room got an eyeful.*

there isn't a chance of you buying it. I'm off to business now. Oh, if only I could tell you what I think of you!"

Well, as soon as she was gone I commenced my business day, the first item of which was to take Billy to work. I opened the door of his room, and there he had a camera made out of a shoe-box, with a fishing reel fastened onto it for a crank, and was grinding away at a big battle scene of his lead soldiers that he had fixed up on the floor. I give him them soldiers out of the very first money he earned.

Well, although we wasn't gonner much more than make the studio by call time, I did take long enough to put him onto my knee and have a little chin-chin with him along the lines of my new business policy.

"Now, son, pop's got something real important to tell you, and you must listen careful and mind what I say," I says.

"Sure, pop," says Billy, examining the tie I was wearing. "Who put them bright stripes in your tie—did God do it?"

"Never mind that right now," I says. "Now, son, I want you to make friends with only the best people over on the lot. Will you do that for pop? Only the very best ones, see? I don't want you fooling around with workmen or with any bums."

"Sure, pop, I promise," he says. "I understand. You only want I to know the very best people around there."

"That's the dope, darling," I says. "And if you don't mind me, I'm gonner lick you good."

"Sure!" says Billy.

Well, I hustled that darn kid down to the car and got him to the lot in time and turned him over to his dresser, and then I was free for the day to attend to them bigger and more important details which Mary didn't see as clear as me.

**T**HE first place I went was the headquarters where they was selling tickets to the Annual Motion Picture Banquet. I figured where if I bought the reservations early, I could get the most conspicuous table on the map. It called for twelve tickets, but that was all jake with me, on account I intended to fill it with people who could get me next to old man Lieberman.

"Say, you're Billy Softer's father, ain't you?" says the bird as he took my cash. "I hear they think he's big stuff now over at Silvermount."

"Yeh," I says, "he's a wonderful kid. But it's training does it—I put him where he is. I'm his (Continued on page 224)



By Carl Easton Williams

# The Bunk About What You Should Weigh

**W**HAT is your right weight? Don't ask the chart you see on the street scales. That chart's a liar.

"I wonder how you would explain my case," said my friend W.I. the other day, sitting down to luncheon with a worried look. "I've been taking a lot of exercise lately. I've played more tennis the last few weeks than I have played in my whole life before. And instead of getting thinner I'm getting heavier."

He looked brown and ruddy enough. "What's your right weight?" I asked.

"A hundred and fifty-two. But now I'm a hundred and sixty-five."

"Getting fat around the belt?"

"No, I'll admit my waist-line has gone down, but my chest is two inches bigger. I'm getting heavier."

"Hurray for you," I said. "That's nothing new. College cross-country runners in training always gain weight. But who says a hundred and fifty-two is your right weight?"

"Why, the chart."

"See that skinny man across the room, about your height? Do you believe the chart when it says that that bean-pole, with his tiny bones and narrow shoulders, and you with your broad shoulders and barrel chest, should both weigh a hundred and fifty-two?"

"Say, I never thought of that."

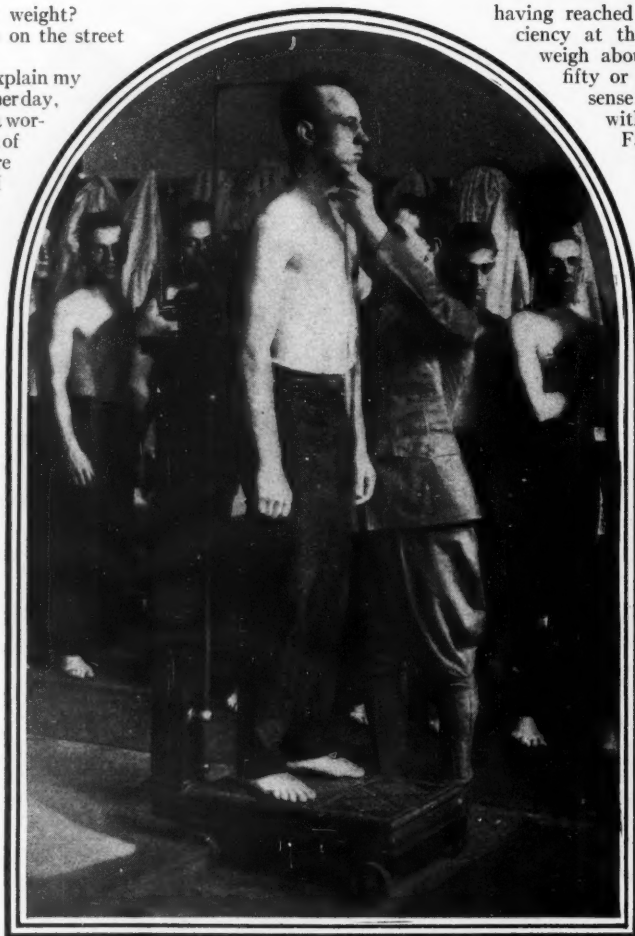
According to the chart one is expected to believe that that human push-ball, Tom Sharkey, who was as broad as he was high, and some stringy little light-weight Marathon runner of the same height should both have weighed the same. According to the chart, lanky Bill Tilden and burly Stanislaus Zbyszko, both obviously

having reached their maximum physical efficiency at their present weights, ought to weigh about the same, instead of being fifty or sixty pounds apart. Common sense tells us there is something wrong with the chart.

Fatty tissue is only one of the factors which determine bodily weight. Muscular development has more to do with it in three cases out of four. Bone, the densest tissue of the human body, has much to do with it. People may have small bones, medium bones or heavy bones. How about your own? People may have broad or narrow shoulders and hips. They have varying depths of chest. They have small heads, large heads.

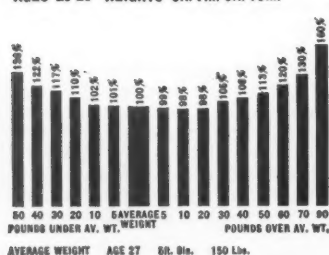
But the "What You Should Weigh" charts present a table of average weights which do not take into account these things but are based upon one factor alone, that of height. And variations in height are almost exclusively a matter of length of leg bones. The human spine, about twenty-eight inches, varies little in tall and short people. That is why we can all see pretty well at the theater, but not in a crowd watching a parade. Now, long legs may be slender or they may be heavy. Likewise a narrow-hipped, narrow-shouldered torso may rest upon long legs or upon short legs. Or a broad and barrel-like torso may rest upon short legs or upon long legs.

Consequently, average weight does not necessarily mean normal weight. If you are a human greyhound, like William Gibbs McAdoo, you may be at your own normal and best weight and still be far below what the chart says you should

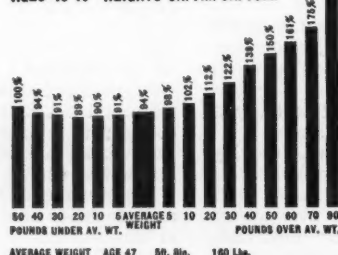


The scale of weights for the Army is below the "average" even of men in their twenties.

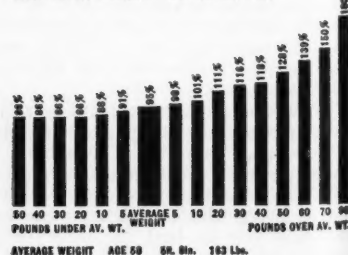
AGES 25-29 HEIGHTS 5ft. 7in.-5ft. 10in.



AGES 45-49 HEIGHTS 5ft. 7in.-5ft. 10in.



AGES 57-59 HEIGHTS 5ft. 7in.-5ft. 10in.



Insurance tables show that among older men mortality is lowest where weight is well under average.

weigh. The slender type outnumbers the oversize men. The figures on the charts represent only the balance between those who are very heavy or too fat and those who are very light or too thin.

Only about three and a half persons out of a hundred actually weigh what the charts say is the standard for a particular height—which may or may not be the best weight for all of those three and a half persons. Anyway, you can see how much too fat our fat folks are from the fact that there are about three persons under this supposed standard for one who is over. I can give you the formidable figures based upon the report of the Medico-Actuarial Investigation of 1912, covering examinations made during a period from 1885 to 1908, and showing 531,793 entrants or 71.4 percent underweight, as against 188,354 entrants or 25.3 percent overweight, and only 24,526 entrants or 3.4 percent of actual average weight.

Which leads us to an interesting surmise. Since nearly three-quarters of the people are below this "average weight," may it not be possible that the normal weight, or best weight, of most of these people is below that average? Actually, there are other good reasons for thinking so. So that the chart might better be called, "What You Shouldn't Weigh!"

**W**HAT does the army say about it? The United States Army has a table "A" of "standard" measurements with a scale of weights which is a little below the average even of men in their twenties; and then, by way of recognizing the normal variations in weight among men of slender type, there is a supplementary table "B," giving the limit below the standard at which a man is acceptable if he is muscular, vigorous and healthy. The standard for five feet eight inches, for example, is 141 pounds, but a man of that stature may get in if he weighs 126, and is otherwise satisfactory. It would seem, therefore, that there are a lot of these human greyhounds in the army.

But your police department does not want greyhounds. They want bulldogs and mastiffs, the heavier, more powerful type of men. Ditto the fire department. But even here activity is more important than bulk. The minimum weight for New York City firemen and policemen is 140 pounds, at five feet seven and a half or eight inches. But while the army standard goes up seven pounds per inch, above five feet eight, the New York police standard goes up only five pounds. Even at that, the minimum weight scale for policemen is well below the average for men of twenty-five years, and far below the average for men at thirty and up.

We come now to the bigger and more serious lie implied by the charts and accepted by life insurance companies as the basis of their limits of "thirty pounds over or under." This perfect whopper of a lie consists in the inference that there is a normal increase in weight as people grow older. But is this increase normal?

Rather, is it not a part of growing old and flabby, deteriorating?

A man of five feet eight inches, who is supposed to weigh 140 pounds at twenty-five, is put down for 160 pounds at forty-five—which is the average weight at that age. A woman of five feet three inches who weighs 124 pounds at twenty-five is expected to weigh 141 pounds at the age of fifty. That is the average, but that does not mean that it is normal. Some people—the minority—get heavy and soft. But the majority do not grow heavy. So the figures must mean that those who are responsible for the increasingly heavy average accumulate fat disproportionately. Which they do—and they die in the attempt.

Doctor Eugene Lyman Fisk, of the Life Extension Institute, offers another chart, called "The Ideal Build." It is explained, in conjunction with this, that allowance must be made for the physical type of the individual, since three types are recognized, those with slender framework, those with medium framework and those with massive framework.

It is suggested that in a general way those with slender framework may be allowed a reduction of ten percent from the figures in the table; and that those of massive type may be allowed ten to fifteen percent increase over the table figures.

This is in fact a very practical summing up of the situation in most cases, except that even greater allowances must be made in some cases. One notes that even this "ideal build" is heavier than the army standard, and that it is twelve to fourteen pounds above the policemen's and firemen's minimum.

However, the significant thing about this ideal scale of weights is the fact that it coincides absolutely with the list of average weights at the age of thirty. The lesson is that if you want to keep young and live on and enjoy a high-power life, your weight should not change after you reach thirty.

Did you ever go back to your old home town after an absence of fifteen or twenty years? And find that some of the people there were so changed that you could hardly recognize them? While other folks there had not changed in the least—as though you had seen them only a few days before, instead of fifteen years back?

Well, since you have had some such experience, you will recall—now, stop and think—that the people who seemed not to have grown a day older and looked just as they used to look, were the people who had not changed in weight. And these, incidentally, were usually the slender people. You'll find them everywhere, people upon whom the years seem to leave no mark, who look the same at fifty as they did at thirty.

"A lean horse for a long pull." Or we may say, "for a long life." Just think of John D. Rockefeller, now eighty-five, Edward "Pedestrian" Weston about the same, Chauncey M. Depew, ninety, (Cont. on page 241)

73



**According to the "What You Should Weigh" charts, burly Stanislaus Zbyszko (left) and lanky Bill Tilden (right) ought to weigh the same.**

By MEREDITH



Illustrations  
by  
John  
La Gatta

# And They Lived Happily Ever

*This is the synopsis of the novel  
as it began in Cosmopolitan:*

CAN a marriage be a happy one when the wife has the money; and the husband merely acts as steward? Mort Crane wondered. The first years of his life with Alice, when they had had to get along on his slender salary, had been hard-working, self-denying, and sweet.

But after Alice's uncle had bequeathed her \$30,000 which she had invested in the Spencer Press where Mort was employed, life had become more and more difficult for him. Alice could not understand his enthusiasm for beautiful printing. She nagged him continually because the Press was not yielding more money. She was very ambitious for the social advancement of her sixteen-year-old daughter Freida, and she envied her free-spending friends. Every day Mort and Alice drifted further apart.

On their seventeenth wedding anniversary, Mort had brought home some roses to his wife.

"Oh, thanks, Mort. Put them down somewhere," she had said indifferently, her mind on the bridge party she was giving.

And the words of affection he had planned to say died on her husband's lips.

Mort did not look forward with pleasure to the party, because he felt ill at ease with Alice's flashy friends. He did not approve

of Elsie and Jim Avery; their noisy, bragging, showy crowd repelled him. And he felt uncomfortable when he learned that Howard Spencer, who owned the controlling interest in the Press, was coming.

Spencer was a good-looking, worldly bachelor, who shared Alice's impatience at Mort's preoccupation with the artistic side of the business. He wanted to make money and make it quickly, and he was determined to force Mort into his scheme to enlarge the Press and to stress quantity rather than quality.

Nevertheless, the evening brought a new happiness to Mort. He met Mrs. Weston, wife of a successful bond broker. She was tall and dark and quiet, like an old portrait of a beautiful woman, and amid the boisterous clatter of the others her charm was instantly apparent. Mort, usually shy and slow in forming new acquaintances, was flattered by her sympathy and friendliness, and afterwards he found himself thinking of her with peculiar pleasure.

The evening bore unexpected fruit for Alice Crane, too. She renewed a former friendship with Howard Spencer, and under the pretext of talking over the business of the Press in which her money was invested, they met several times. Gradually they drifted into a flirtation, into gay parties in which Elsie Avery and Joe Weston—without their respective partners—joined. Then a more serious relationship developed, and Alice began to make clandestine visits to the Redding house where Spencer was living.

Howard Spencer and Alice, combined against him, proved too strong for Mort. He resigned his position with the Press and told Alice she must henceforth take care of the investment of her money herself.

Worried by the growing coldness of his wife and frightened at the prospect of having to find work in a new field, Mort was

gloomil  
the Pa  
saw He

He w  
ponder  
ask for

The r  
togethe  
found h  
woman

"I'm  
year,"  
begin a

"Wh  
have an  
we feel  
to find

Mrs.  
a job,  
thing h  
is the g

S  
comfort

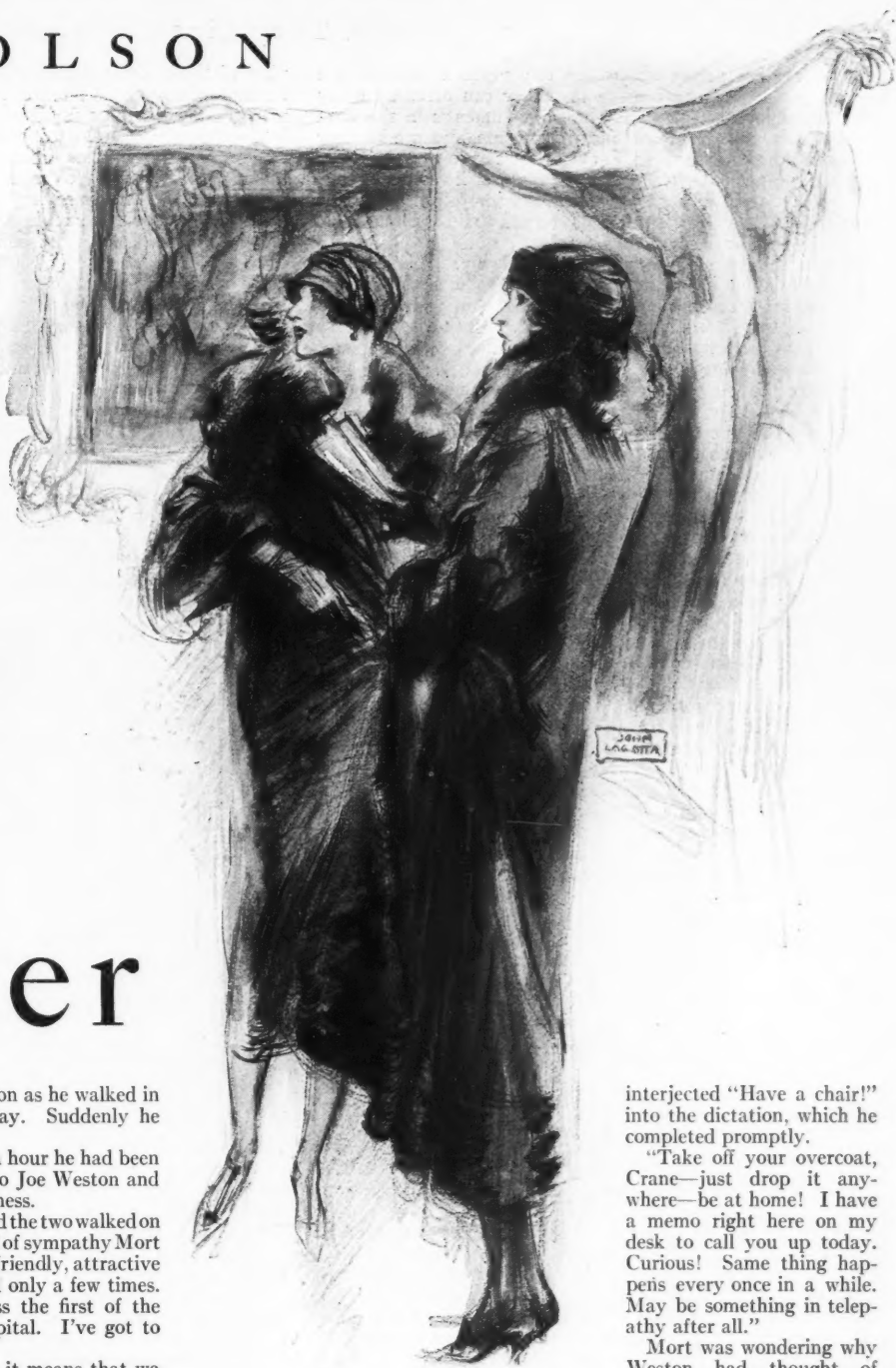
arrived  
at the s

boy wh  
A bu  
and flur  
dictatin



# NICHOLSON

## A Novel of Married People's Morals



# After

gloomily taking stock of his position as he walked in the Park one rainy December day. Suddenly he saw Helen Weston.

He was startled since for half an hour he had been pondering whether he should go to Joe Weston and ask for a chance in the bond business.

The rain had changed to sleet and the two walked on together. In his need of counsel and of sympathy Mort found himself reaching out to this friendly, attractive woman with whom he had talked only a few times.

"I'm leaving the Spencer Press the first of the year," he told her. "I've no capital. I've got to begin all over again."

"When we begin all over again it means that we have another chance," she said. "Courage! When we feel the need of something it means we are going to find it."

Mrs. Weston urged him to go to her husband for a job, and Mort's spirits began to rise. The last thing he thought of that night were her words, "Courage! That is the great stuff of the soul!"

**S** *Now you may proceed with the story from here:*

SEVERAL men and an elderly woman were waiting in the comfortable anteroom of Joseph B. Weston's offices when Mort arrived next morning. He wrote his name on a pad the tall blonde at the switchboard extended and this she handed to a pale office boy who disappeared with it.

A buzzer sounded and the girl guided Mort down a corridor, and flung open a door that disclosed Weston standing by his desk dictating to a stenographer. He thrust out his hand and

**C** *"That's so like you," said Helen, indicating a cast of a girl's head, "that you might have sat for it."*

interjected "Have a chair!" into the dictation, which he completed promptly.

"Take off your overcoat, Crane—just drop it anywhere—be at home! I have a memo right here on my desk to call you up today. Curious! Same thing happens every once in a while. May be something in telepathy after all."

Mort was wondering why Weston had thought of summoning him when the broker said abruptly:

"You had something on your mind? Just go ahead—"

"It was about our talk at

Tom Bowen's—you may have forgotten—"

"On the contrary, I remember it distinctly. You were decent enough to keep me company that day and let me talk."

"Well, you talked mighty well!" Mort assured him. "You got me interested in the bond business. I came up this morning to see whether you mightn't have a job for me."

"Now, that is funny!" exclaimed Weston, pointing the end of the cigar—still unlighted—at Mort. "That's *exactly* what I was going to call you up about."

"Well, I'm quitting the Press," Mort began.

"Yes; so I heard somewhere. Now I've got an idea"—Weston paused and lighted his cigar with deliberate care—"that you have just the right make-up for a special kind of salesman. There are several million dollars around over the state, held by

ultraconservative people whose idea of a sound investment is a mortgage on a farm near home that they can drive by every Sunday and look at. But now the government's in the farm loan business, and trust and insurance companies are keen for such loans, those birds don't know just what to do with their money. I've got data in my files on scores of investors of that type but I haven't anybody in the works who could get a foot inside their doors. Now I think maybe you could work up some absolutely new business there."

"It's an interesting idea," said Mort slowly. "Of course I don't know a thing about the business. I've come to you because you're the most conspicuous success in town in your field and I want to learn. I wouldn't mislead you. When I say I don't know a thing about bonds I mean that my ignorance is complete! But Spencer is going to expand the Press—get in more capital and change the character of the business—and I can't see the thing his way. My wife's going to keep her interest but I've decided I'd be more comfortable doing something else. It's all friendly enough—no trouble with Howard—"

"Um—of course not—" said Weston, his eyes fixed for a moment upon a remote corner of the ceiling. His intuitions were keen and he surmised that Mort's retirement from the Press hadn't been decided upon without some unpleasantness in the Crane family circle. Weston was not without his knowledge of life; he even had standards of a sort. He looked upon women like Mrs. Crane as brittle characters, much too commonplace to be interesting. He preferred women who were much better or much worse than Alice Crane. Rather pretty and amusing; that was all. She hadn't figured in his speculations about Mort except as he felt a sympathy for all men who were encumbered with what he broadly designated as fool wives. "Well," he resumed, "Spencer may make a big thing of it—though with your ideas you're probably better out of it."

"It's only fair to say that my quitting isn't just because I'm afraid I couldn't go on doing what I like. We've been doing a certain kind of thing at the Press, and doing it well. I hate the idea of throwing away the prestige we've established by doing good work—work away ahead of anybody else in town. It's just throwing away what we've spent years building up!"

"Sound! Sound as corn!" Weston affirmed. "But you're out; that's the point that interests me. Just when'll you be free?"

"The first of January. I'm practically done now but there are a few jobs for old customers I want to see through."

"All right then. Now—let's get down to brass tacks. I'll tell you what I'll do. If you want to come in here the first of the month with the idea of learning the business I'll pay you two hundred dollars a month to start with. The second month I'll send you out to try your hand at selling and pay you a commission in addition to your salary on every sale you make. I can't promise what you'll make over your salary the first year. Probably you won't do much more than just get acquainted with your prospective clients. But in two years you ought to be doing much better than you're doing now at the Press—it's a good deal up to you and there's something in luck. If you'd like to think it over—maybe talk to your wife—"

"No; that won't be necessary. I'm ready to close the matter now," said Mort. "You're giving me just the chance I want. I didn't expect to be paid if I was worth something. Perhaps you'd better wait till I'm some use."

"No!" ejaculated Weston. "If I didn't think you'd make good I wouldn't be bothering with you. I used to try men out before I put 'em on the pay-roll but it was a mistake. A man's bound to be uncomfortable just hanging round an office without a status of any kind. Now if there is nothing you want to ask we'll call it settled. Shall we say that the arrangement stands for a year? Come in Saturday at eleven and I'll introduce you to the staff and let 'em know you're one of us. I guess that's all."

Mort rose and drew on his overcoat. For better or worse he was committed to Weston's service. He expressed his thanks and declared his purpose to make the best of his opportunity. Weston's mind was already turning to other matters as he followed Mort out to the reception room where they shook hands.

WHEN he got into the elevator Mort felt that he had been magically transformed into a new being. He had been prepared for disappointment but Weston had taken him on with an ease that was disconcerting. Weston must like him—that was a fair assumption and in all ways flattering. He walked out of the building like a man in a dream. Helen Weston had been right in pronouncing courage the greatest thing in life. This was what he had lacked; if only he had been able to take a broader

view of things ten years earlier he would not at this late day be finding himself for the first time. Weston was a remarkable man; he liked Weston immensely.

There were practical questions. Two hundred dollars a month wouldn't carry the home expenses; but he went into the Central States Trust Company to assure himself that he really had two thousand dollars in his savings account—a nest egg that represented his personal economies through many years, deposited a few dollars at a time as a resource in case of prolonged sickness, or to aid Freida in case she should want to go to college.

He had never told Alice of this special reserve fund, knowing that she would be unhappy until it was spent. It would now serve to tide over the period of his transition into the new business. The two hundred dollars a month that Weston had promised him struck him as generous; and certainly within six months he would have begun to earn commissions. But his spirits sank as he remembered that there was Alice to reckon with, and as he found his car and drove back to the Press he was considering the best way of breaking the news to her.

OF LATE he had begun to worry about Freida. Her intimacy with the Weston children and the sons and daughters of other families whose circumstances were much more prosperous than the Cranes' had not seemed entirely wise, and he was dismayed to find that in the course of a few months Freida had developed some of the traits of a badly spoiled child. He was further disturbed by the symptoms of snobbishness; an ailment from which she had previously been markedly free. In planning her holiday activities Freida had mentioned an invitation she had received from a boy who had been a neighbor of the Cranes before they moved to Whitcomb Place. He had asked her to go to a dance to be given by his high school fraternity.

"I think it would be nice for you to go with Billy," said Mort when the question rose in a family council. "The Trumbles were kind neighbors and Billy is a fine boy. He's carrying a newspaper route to earn money to go to college. I wouldn't drop him, if I were you."

"She's not dropping him," Alice protested; "but a girl can't mix different crowds that way. Freida's got her own way to make. It would be silly for her to throw away her chance to know nice people when everybody's been so kind to her!"

"The Fergusons are giving a dance that night," said Freida, "and all the girls are going. I don't like to hurt Billy's feelings, papa, but I wouldn't know anybody at the high school party. And the Fergusons have just moved into their new house and they say it's perfectly gorgeous."

"I don't think you'd be contaminated by knowing high school children," said Mort, who knew perfectly well that the matter had already been settled by Freida and her mother. "Your mother and I went to the public schools and I don't know that it hurt us any!"

"That's so like you, Mort," said Alice with a sigh of despair for his stupidity. "I thought we wanted to do just a little better for Freida than anybody did for us."

"All right; go ahead and spoil Freida!" Mort exclaimed testily. "Now, papa," began Freida ingratiatingly, "I know you want me to have a good time. Please don't be a kill-joy!"

To soften any unkindness that lay in this remark she walked over to his chair and flung her arm around his neck.

"I don't want you to get a lot of fool ideas," he said gruffly.

"Yes, I suppose I'm putting fool ideas in her head!" Alice caught him up. "If I'd leave it to you to give Freida a start in life what would become of her?"

"Papa didn't mean to hurt your feelings, mama," said Freida. "He's just playing being an old grouch! But you're not one, are you, papa?"

"You'd better let your father alone and go to bed," admonished Alice.

Mort rose and walked to the fire, where Freida kissed him good night. His eyes followed her wistfully as she left the room. Freida, too, he felt, was slipping away from him. He pulled himself together, determined to make a cheerful story of his arrangement with Weston.

"Well, Alice, I've got something to tell you," he began. "You know I'll soon be through at the Press; I thought you'd like to know I've got a new job."

She lifted her head quickly. "Well, what is it?" she said in the tone of one who is prepared for evil news.

"I'm going into Weston's office to learn the bond business. I begin the first of January."

"Bond business—Weston—" she repeated faintly.

"Yes; do  
"I suppos  
her astonish  
"Nothing  
And he's th  
going to lea  
"Well! I  
you'd take  
you think w  
bonds!"  
"I suppos  
pinch a litt  
doggedly.  
"No! I c  
life in the pr  
thing you c  
she went on  
have ever  
people; hat  
out peddling



**C**"Tell me," said Mrs. Weston to Mort, "that business, the excitement of battling for the dollar, isn't going to spoil you!"

"Yes; don't you think it fine that he's giving me the chance?"

"I suppose there's nothing you know less about," she remarked, her astonishment expressing itself in a frown.

"Nothing. That's the point! Weston's going to teach me. And he's the best man in his line in this territory. I'm not only going to learn but I have every intention of making good at it."

"Well! I knew you'd do *something* foolish but I didn't know you'd take up anything as bad as this! I'd like to know how you think we're going to live while you're going around peddling bonds!"

"I suppose a husband might expect his wife to be willing to pinch a little in such a case till he got going," Mort replied doggedly. "But I can see that you don't look at it that way!"

"No! I certainly don't see it that way! You've spent all your life in the printing business and now you've quit it to go into something you don't know one thing about. Why, Mort Crane," she went on scornfully, "this is absolutely the silliest thing you have ever done! You've always shrunk from contacts with people; hated to solicit printing and now you're going to start out peddling bonds! I see you getting anywhere with that!"

"You're rather discouraging, aren't you! Well, that's just what I'm going to do! And I've got to ask you to economize. I'm going to do the best I can. But we can't do any splurging!"

"Yes, *me* splurge!" she cried contemptuously. "I certainly like your nerve, talking to me like that!"

"We'll not get anywhere scolding," he said patiently. "I've told you my story. And again I'm asking your help. To speak frankly, Alice, these occasions when you flare up about something and make me uncomfortable are getting a little too frequent. And I don't see that we ever get anywhere by quarreling. I thought you'd be pleased that Weston was willing to give me a trial. For a long time you've been ragging me about having no business sense—no initiative, no ability to get on like other men! That's what has put the idea into my head that I am probably just as smart as the average man. Weston evidently





**C** "I know!" Ruby exclaimed. "I met a girl on a party

thinks so or he wouldn't be taking me into his office. You can be as disagreeable as you please but I'm not going to let you discourage me! I'll show you I'm not the weak silly creature you've thought me!"

He drew himself erect on the hearth, and a defiant light came into his eyes. He had rarely yielded to anger in all their years together and she was so amazed that her usual facility of retort deserted her. There were questions she wished to ask, chiefly as to the salary he had mentioned and what Weston had indicated were likely to be the further returns from commissions, but he had taken a hostile attitude that cut her off from such inquiries.

78

"You care nothing for Freida and me! You don't care what becomes of us!" she said.

This remark, so long her ultimate stab in all their contentions, rang a little hollowly tonight. She left him stolidly filling his pipe and went to bed.

Mort's withdrawal from the Spencer Press was not known to the employees until a few days after Christmas, when the news caused a sensation in the plant. He had seemed as much a part of the concern as the smoke stack and the sudden announcement caused gloom to settle upon printers and clerks alike.

named Cr.

On the I  
room on s  
him good-

A vetera  
Spencer st  
to express  
lationship  
on both s  
friendship  
by a lett  
Mort had



*named Crane. She was with Howard Spencer. You know Howard always has some girl."*

On the last day of the New Year he was called to the composing room on some pretext and found the whole force collected to bid him good-by.

A veteran printer, who had been with the Press since the senior Spencer started it, presided. There were a few simple speeches to express the regret of the employees at the severing of a relationship that had been marked by sincere regard and affection on both sides. They asked Mort to accept in token of their friendship an etched portrait of Benjamin Franklin, accompanied by a letter, printed on a sheet of hand-made paper which Mort had particularly fancied. Four men had given two

nights to the preparation of this testimonial to the end that it might be a perfect piece of work in keeping with Mort's high standards.

"You're the finest gentleman in the world, Mr. Crane," said the oldest compositor with a quaver in his voice. "We wish you well wherever you go and whatever you do."

Mort got himself together to review his connection with the Press, recalling humorous incidents chiefly, in an attempt to lighten the burden of the parting for himself as well as for the men and women gathered about him in the dingy composing room, to which he was so soon to be a stranger.

"I've got a hunch, Mr. Crane, that some day you'll get back to type and ink again," said the foreman of the press room when at the end they were all filing by to shake hands with him. "And when you do," said the next in line, "we all want to work with you again!"

Mort drove home with the memory of their kindness making an ache in his heart. Spencer had not been at the office that afternoon and Mort was not sorry to have been spared the necessity of seeing him again on his last day. When he got home he carried the etching directly to his room and called Freida in to see it. She watched him adjust the wire and hang it on the wall above a writing table he had made with his own hands in the shop over the garage.

Things were happening in the lives of her father and mother that were beyond Freida's understanding. At the threshold of life, with her heart aflutter at the golden dawn of sentiment and romance, her bright horizon was blurred by its first cloud.

When he had hung the etching and sat down on the bed to wind up the remaining picture wire, talking the while with a forced gaiety, she snuggled close to him.

"I love you, papa," she said, drawing her hand across his cheek. "You know I always love you."

"Of course you do, old scout! If I doubted it I'd go out and jump in the river. Will you always love me?" he demanded, suddenly dropping the spool of wire and glaring at her with mock ferocity.

"You bet I will, old top!" she declared, laughing happily as she saw his face lighten.

### CHAPTER XIII

ONE morning early in May Elsie Avery stopped at the Cranes'. It was eleven o'clock and Alice was still in bed. Hearing Elsie's voice she called down to Amelia to send her up.

"Ye gods! But you're the luxurious sister!" Elsie exclaimed. "It's hot enough to fry fish in here!"

"The room looks terrible but I just couldn't get up this morning," said Alice languidly as she adjusted the pillows to her back the better to converse with her caller. "I'm low in my mind and was wishing you'd show up."

Elsie cleared a chair of various articles of Alice's apparel and sat down.

"That Amelia of yours always looks at me as if she hated me," she remarked, lighting a cigaret. "They keep you humble—these servants! What's been agitating you?"

"Not a blessed thing! Now that Mort's away so much I've been trying to keep Freida interested in her school work."

"Well, the Westons seem to be keen about you Cranes—taking you into business, boosting your daughter and all—"

"Mort's lost his mind," said Alice. "You ought to be glad you have a husband with brains!"

"Tut, tut! One should speak with respect of one's husband! My Jim is a model. There's nobody like my Jim!"

"I'm glad somebody's got a satisfactory husband," Alice replied mournfully.

"Jim's the best man in the world," said Elsie, blowing the smoke from her lungs. "Husbands are peculiar, dear. I've decided you've got to take them as they are. The woman who tries to change her husband into something different is doomed to failure. Men are as God makes 'em, Alice!"

"Oh, I take Mort as he is," said Alice. "I have to! An earthquake wouldn't jar him!"

"That's what is called strength of character," said Elsie with provoking serenity. "The quality is much admired! See here, Alice, you must be fair to Mort. It looks to me as if he had considerable enterprise—striking out into a new business as he's doing. Let's give our boys a chance!"

"Yes; let's give them a chance!" Alice exclaimed ironically. "Mort left the Press just when its prospects were brighter than they ever were. He simply proved what I've told him for years—that he has no ambition. He's thrown away a big chance to improve our fortunes."

"Well, he must have his reasons—he wouldn't see things as Howard sees them; they don't speak the same language. You think Howard's much smarter and likely to make a lot of money. I hope you're right, honey!"

"What's the matter with you this morning?" Alice demanded sharply. "No other woman could be as patient as I've been with Mort. It came to a show-down and I told him to leave the Press if he wanted to but I'd keep my money in. That's all there is to that."

"Of course, Alice. I wasn't criticizing you for that. From what you told me Mort accepted your decision like a gentleman and found himself another job. Of course he doesn't know how keen you are about Howard. You know perfectly well that had a good deal to do with your holding on to the Press."

"Please don't be disagreeable, Elsie! If you're going to be cross with me I'll cry! Nothing ever goes right with me and now you come and scold me when I've got a headache and feel miserable!"

"Oh, I'm a dying woman myself!" Elsie replied cheerfully. "I'm not scolding you, but as long as I've got you in bed where you can't fight I'm going to take the foolish rôle of the frank friend and say a thing or two you don't want to hear!"

"You don't mean people are *talking*!" Alice gasped, staring wide-eyed.

"No! People are not talking—not yet! And we don't want them to talk—that's the point!"

"What on earth's the matter with you today! Isn't Howard playing square with me?" Alice's eyes filled with tears as this dark possibility crossed her mind.

"How should I know what he's doing! Oh, Lord! Don't look like that! I don't know a thing about Howard that you don't know. But, my dear Alice, you can't trust any of these play boys of Howard's type any more than you can throw a broomstick over the moon!"

"But, Elsie—you know what Howard means to me—"

Elsie scrutinized Alice with a keen glance and a frown wrinkled her brow for a fleeting moment. There was something disconcertingly plaintive in the catch in Alice's voice and the apprehension in her eyes.

"Listen to me, Alice," Elsie began quickly. "You're a dear girl and all that, and you know how much I think of you. I've been through the divorce mill once and I have no intention of ever falling into the hopper again. Not for Elsie! There are times when a woman gets fed up with her husband and feels like handing him his hat. But a husband who's tolerably decent and keeps out of jail and generally does the best he can isn't to be discharged like a bad cook—not without considerable thought, my dear! My own experiences have taught me that!"

"But I thought—I thought you—you said—it was all right—to—"

"Oh, to flirt! Yes! But you get fed up on that too. I didn't know you and Howard were going to hit it off so strong! Please don't think I'm criticizing! Oh, nothing like that! But you've got to drop your little affair with Howard. Those things just won't do!"

Provokingly at ease Elsie rose and flung open the window to freshen the air in the room and closed it with a decisive bang. She walked to the bed and drew her hand gently across Alice's forehead.

"Please don't hate me for this!" she said. "I've had my say and I'll never refer to it again. I really want to be your friend, that's all. I just had to drop my little hint. You and Howard are good friends; don't be anything more. I wish you were dressed so you could drive down-town with me. It's the finest morning since creation."

Left alone Alice was an unresisting prey to unhappy thoughts. The holidays had interrupted her meetings with Spencer and he had since been busy with his reorganization plans. After a few weeks in Weston's office Mort had begun his excursions over the state, calling on potential customers. He was gone from Monday till Saturday and strange to say Alice missed him now that he was away so much.

She recurred frequently to something Spencer had said when she asked him what he thought of Mort's employment by Weston.

What Spencer had said was—and he had said it with an unpleasant intonation:

"I wonder what Joe *wants* with Mort?"

What did Weston want with Mort—an inexperienced man, who had manifested no aptitude for business of any kind? Perhaps Howard had said this merely to perplex and annoy her. It was too much to hope that he was jealous of Mort!

She felt sometimes as if she were shut up in a dim, cold room whose walls were slowly closing in upon her.

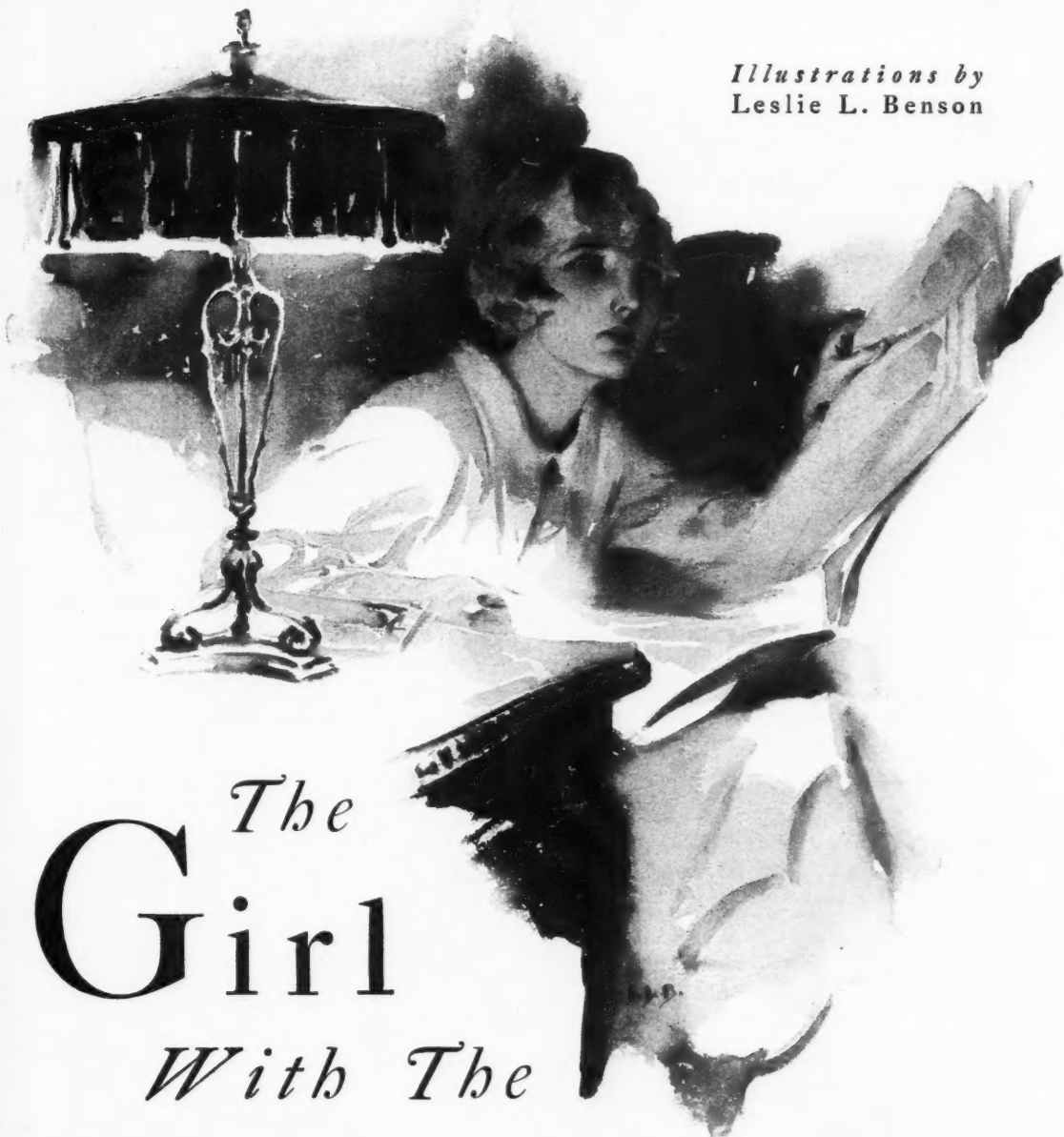
Alice's reliance upon Spencer continued to be the main prop of her spirit as the months rolled by. He was an hour late reaching his house on a day in June when he had made a telephone appointment to meet her there for luncheon. The winter had served as a shield for her visits to the house but now that summer had come she no longer drove to the (Continued on page 194)

T  
Met, th  
that he  
times v  
speakin  
twenty  
in her p  
she drov  
No o  
even six  
twenty-  
This  
State P  
man to  
Anyw



By RORAL BROWN

Illustrations by  
Leslie L. Benson



# The Girl With The Pay-Roll

THEY met, without benefit of clergy, of a June evening. Met, that is, in the sense that fate forced her to acknowledge that he existed and even to hold converse with him. Other times when they might have met they had passed without speaking: she—Ann Sylvester—at a decorous and restrained twenty miles an hour, looking as if butter would melt neither in her pretty mouth nor on the radiator of the little tin coupé she drove; he—Richard Duer—at his customary cocky thirty-five. No one could rebuke Dicky Duer for driving thirty-five. Or even sixty-five. But he, if he chose, could rebuke Ann for driving twenty-five.

This was because Dicky was a member of the Massachusetts State Patrol and it is, presumably, the business of a state patrolman to go faster than anybody else has any business to go. Anyway, that seemed to be Dick's idea of it.

Ann detested him. Long before she even saw him—officially. The corners of feminine eyes are ever so serviceable.

"He's got an awful crush on himself!" she had decided.

As for Dicky he had, as both a state patrolman and a private citizen, a roving eye. The latter had noted Ann, as both a patrolman and an individual.

"Easy to look at," the individual had decided. "And quite aware of it." To which the patrolman, noting the way the little tin coupé suddenly slackened speed whenever he appeared, had added with a grin: "Clever, my dear—clever. But I'll get you yet!"

Which, Ann would have retorted, simply proved what a silly he was. For his old motor-cycle—it wasn't old, really, of course—always sounded like a troop of light artillery going into action. Ann usually heard him long before she saw him.

This particular June evening, however, Dicky and his motor-cycle were to be neither seen nor heard. Both it and Dicky were in ambush off the state road. Dicky's official explanation would have been that he was hoping to surprise a bootlegger. Actually he was smoking a surreptitious cigaret. This was a violation of rule number something or other and Dicky jolly well knew it. He remained unperturbed.

The quality of the night, he would have maintained, was excuse enough for his dereliction. It was a June night but not the sort of a June night that poets customarily celebrate. Poets adore moonlight; rain they ignore. It was raining. Emphatically. Dicky could not ignore it. "And I left my happy home for this!" he murmured.

NEVERTHELESS, he wasn't sorry. He was free, white and twenty-four. He had known what he was up against when he became a state patrolman. His father had put the case before him and his father was trained in the presentation of facts, being an able and well compensated corporation lawyer.

"And," Dicky's father had perorated, "there's the discipline. You've never been particularly amenable to discipline, you know, Richard."

"Probably just what I need," Dicky had retorted cheerfully. The point was that he didn't want to be a corporation lawyer. Not yet, anyway. And he did want to join the State Patrol.

This his father could not understand when Dicky broke the news to him. Later he did. And he even felt a secret, shamefaced envy of his son.

The Massachusetts State Patrol, he discovered, was made up of less than a hundred and fifty young D'Artagnans, picked in every sense of the word. His motive in investigating being misconstrued, he had been warned that the waiting list was prodigious and that neither political pull nor social prestige could secure preferment for Dicky.

"But I want to keep him out!" he had protested.

The man he had questioned had given him a swift, curious glance.

"I don't think you need worry about that," he had commented dryly.

"Oh, is that so!" retorted Dicky's father—to himself.

To Dicky, he had said, "I'm not sure you can get in, but if you can—"

"Oh, I'm in," Dicky had replied blithely. "Start preliminary training next week. In three months I'll be dead—or I'll have my shield."

At the end of the three months' preliminary training he was, on his own authority, damned near dead but he had his shield. Officially he was State Patrolman Richard Curtis Duer. Otherwise, he was still Dicky—Dicky lurking in ambush this drenched June dusk, smoking a forbidden cigaret with sybaritic satisfaction.

Few cars were abroad. It was a night to stay at home. Indeed, Ann's mother had so suggested to her.

"It's wet and skiddy," she had said. "And you had such an awful skid on Monday."

This Ann could not dispute. The evidence was against her. She would have preferred to keep the episode from her mother and might have succeeded had not a telephone pole removed a wheel from the little tin coupé.

"I'll be more careful tonight," she had promised. "Don't worry, mother."

Ann's mother had retorted that she certainly would worry. But Ann—was Ann. And off she had gone, leaving her mother to find what solace she might in the perusal of the evening paper. This had proved short-lived. "Friday the thirteenth!" she gasped as she noted the date line. "Oh dear—and such a night! My heart will be in my mouth till she gets back. She's so reckless."

No one privileged to view Ann's activities at that instant would have doubted that. Dicky was so privileged. Of course Ann did not know that. She believed she had found what she sought, a stretch of yeasty road with not a car in sight. And so she firmly—if fearfully—placed her foot on the service brake.

The surreptitious cigaret he was consuming all but dropped from Dicky's lips.

"My sainted aunt's smelling salts," he gasped.

He stopped short. The little tin coupé having spun about like a dervish was now headed back in the direction from which it had come.

Ann caught her breath and stepped on the gas. Dicky spat out his cigaret and spun his engine. This, he realized, was a matter for official investigation.

Ann, for once, failed to hear him. "I did it," she was assuring herself, dizzy with skidding and triumph. "I went around twice, but I did it. And I'll bet I could do it again."

Now the little tin coupé was of that make which has a reputation no costlier car has ever equaled. It will not only go anywhere, but aside from that, it will saw wood, churn milk and perform other domestic duties not customarily asked of an automobile.

Ann's specimen—serial number eight million and something—had got the idea. As she slammed her brakes again it did just what she expected—but the last thing Dicky was expecting. The result was most unfortunate. Its rear wheels just shaved his front wheel. A hundredth of a second later Ann saw him hurtle by. He was not trying to skid. He was valiantly trying not to.

"O-oo-h!" gasped Ann.

The little coupé, as if to deny all complicity in the matter, promptly stalled and looked the picture of perfect innocence. This Ann could not achieve. Her headlights revealed Dicky with his motor-cycle under control but minus his cap and, she suspected, his temper, bearing down on her. An outraged Nemesis, he stopped abreast of the coupé.

"Well," he demanded irately, "what's the big idea?"

"I was trying to skid," confessed Ann out of her confusion. "I'll tell the world you succeeded," he replied grimly. "Are you often taken that way?"

It was not so much what he said as the way he said it. And—has it been said that there was a glint of red in Ann's brown hair? "Only when the road is wet," she retorted. "It can't be done when the road is dry, can it?"

"It can," he replied.

"How?" she demanded swiftly.

Dicky gave her a suspicious glance. Did she mean it? He wasn't sure.

"You skid enough as it is," he replied sternly. "You're not safe on the roads!"

"Not safe?" she echoed indignantly. "I'd like to see you make a better skid."

In spite of himself Dicky grinned. "I—nearly did!" he reminded her.

"So—I saw."

They hovered briefly on the verge of laughter. Had he been a shade less cocky and attractive, or she, for her part, a bit older or less charming, they might have succumbed. As it was, there was between them the subtle, ancient challenge of sex.

"I ought to put you into court," he assured her, relapsing into his official manner. "But I'll let you off this time. Only don't let me catch you again."

"I'll certainly try not to," she replied with a meekness that but masked mockery.

This Dicky realized. But the best he could achieve was an unrelenting nod. Then he went off to find his cap. Love at first sight was not suggested by his mood when he finally recovered it.

"Trying to skid!" he fumed. "On a night like this. She can't have the brains of a boll-weevil."

Now Ephraim K. Smith would not have agreed to that. And Ephraim K. Smith was president of the Smith Shoe Company, Linford, Massachusetts. He was also the company, stock, lock and barrel.

Ann called herself his private secretary. He called her his stenographer. As such he paid her twenty-five dollars a week. He himself had married on less, as he had reminded her—until it occurred to her to ask what round steak and anything else he might mention, including shoes, had cost then. Old Eph had merely grunted. But in private he had chuckled.

"Pretty—but smart as a whip," was his opinion of Ann.

Ann had told everybody she was buying the coupé on instalments. She had not told anybody that old Eph was paying these instalments.

This was deceitful. Also discreet. For when a man who is past sixty, who has a wife, a married daughter and three grandchildren suggests to his stenographer, who is neither married nor sixty, that he will present her with a car under certain conditions, a suspicious world may be expected to prick up its ears and evince an instant and uncomplimentary interest in those conditions. Especially when the man has the reputation of being a notorious tightwad.

"You can get it for five dollars down and five dollars a week until it's paid for," old Eph had explained to Ann. "I'll pay that

out of m  
and a fe  
"I'd  
instead  
little—s  
They  
glimpse  
second-



**C.** *"If you must use your nose to express contempt with, I suggest that you powder it occasionally."*

out of my own pocket. All you'll have to pay for is gas and oil and a few little things like that."

"I'd be glad to do that," Ann had assured him breathlessly, instead of reminding him that a car needed other things not so little—such as tires.

They were both satisfied with their bargain. Even Ann's first glimpse of the coupé had not damped her enthusiasm. It was second-hand and it needed paint. But Ann had attended to that.

"Come and see it now, mother," she had called from the yard, on that first glorious Sunday in May when she had attacked it with paint and brush. "Doesn't it look dandy? Couldn't you just hug it?"

"You look as if you had," her mother had assured her. "You'd better come in and get cleaned up. It's most dinner time—and you've got paint on your nose."

Paint on her nose, Ann had stood (Continued on page 218)



# A Quiet Woman Who

By Norman

WHY should the foremost living American writer of detective stories be a woman? The female mind does not as a rule reach distinction in exactly that direction. Not since the death of Edgar Allen Poe has any American gained, in this popular branch of fiction, as much fame as the author of "The Leavenworth Case."

I am a fanatic about Mrs. Rohlfs' novels, not from the standpoint of literary qualities but from that of plot. Indeed I do not read much contemporary literature for my literary food. For style and for deep thought about life I like to go to the greatest writers selected out of many centuries. Detective stories to me are part of life's diversion, and the plot and its handling are everything. On that subject I am what is elegantly called a nut.

I was sitting in the Buffalo home of this writer, who had given me so many exciting hours, eating an attractive Sunday midday dinner. Also I was looking into the garden where much of her happiness is, and where much of her writing has been done; for the thrilling novels of this lady have been written in pencil on pads, and the pad has rested in her lap while she sat with her flowers before her.

Men much better known than I have made the pilgrimage to Buffalo to see Anna Katharine Green, whom we might as well begin to call Mrs. Rohlfs, as she is very happily married to Charles Rohlfs, once an actor, now a designer. The English scholar, A. V. Dicey, went to Buffalo exclusively to see her. He also became the channel through which she became the friend of the still more famous Lord Bryce, Wilkie Collins, William M. Evarts and James G. Blaine are among those who have been enthusiastic over this lady's books, and Theodore Roosevelt wrote her a letter about a month before he died. The earliest personage to comment on her writing was the most famous of them all, Ralph Waldo Emerson. So perhaps it is



© Morratt  
**Anna Katharine Green**  
(Mrs. Charles Rohlfs).

no wonder that as you approach Buffalo you may see the sign reproduced on this page. During our dinner I no doubt looked at Mrs. Rohlfs more than was strictly needed for purposes of conversation. Her face and temper had a powerful attraction for me. Her seventy-eight years, far from taking away her qualities, show us what age can be when it is alert, sincere and sweet.

Mr. Rohlfs sat at one end of the table and carved the roast beef. Mrs. Rohlfs was at the other end. To the guest came naturally the seat looking into the garden. The only other member of the family at home is a large and beautiful cat, which is white occasionally, just after she has been washed. As their three children are married, the harmonious couple live alone.

"I was a grandmother," says Mrs. Rohlfs, "before I wrote my first love story."

The daughter lives in Buffalo. The older son is on a ranch in the West. The youngest son, the noted aviator, Roland Rohlfs, lives on Long Island, and has made several world records. An interesting bit of heredity or family atmosphere is that this aviator has recently put one of his ideas about aviation into the form of fiction. He established in 1919 a world's altitude record of 32,450 feet. The next day he made another world's record by climbing twenty thousand feet in ten minutes. At that time he held the world's seaplane record, which he had made in 1919.

In 1918 he also made a world's record for speed at Dayton, Ohio. His dream just now is to get to the top of Mt. Everest, the highest spot in the world, by airplane, and that dream is the subject of his first venture into the short story field.

But you want to hear what, as we pack away the excellent food, Mrs. Rohlfs is saying. The talk really began before we sat down. As I entered the large living-room my eye fell on a book, pleasantly bound, evidently one of a set, that lay open, face down; and I picked it up.

"There is a good plot," said I, for I had always thought the



Because her books are read by everyone from Presidents to street-cleaners, you see this sign approaching Buffalo.

# Has Thrilled Millions

## Hapgood

plot of "Our Mutual Friend" one of the best in all Dickens.

"The story is well handled," said Mrs. Rohlfs. "If you have the patience to get into it, it holds you."

"The novelists of today," she was saying in a moment, "have much intelligence. But there is one quality I do not find in them that is in the earlier masters. I do not find the quality of delight."

As we took our seat at the table I plunged into the subject of English poetry. Not many of the readers of Anna Katharine Green know that she wrote verse before fiction, and that her first and still most popular novel was written to make money to enable her to go on with her career as a poet. So I threw out my own list of the English poets that most fully keep their life for me.

"Of course," said Mrs. Rohlfs, "Shakespeare comes first with me also, but I am sorry you put Shelley third. He ought to be second. Milton I admire but do not love."

It was a long time ago, in 1868, that Ralph Waldo Emerson told Miss Green, then twenty-two years old, to return frequently to Milton and Shakespeare. "I was at Ripley College, Vermont," Mrs. Rohlfs related, "a girl's college that no longer exists. Mr. Emerson had come to lecture. Afterwards we initiated him into a society we had, and as I was the most active member it fell largely to me to carry out the ceremony. Mr. Emerson talked the same deep and rich wisdom that he puts into his most careful essays. My dream then was to be a poet. I wrote to him for advice."

Emerson wrote four pages back to the school-girl, and his letter, framed, is one of Mrs. Rohlfs' dearest possessions. "Write whenever you can," he said, "and be thankful; read Milton and Shakespeare a good deal from time to time to see if your own lines are growing more cheerful and wise; and with whatever success you obtain you will be sure of that one, that all your writing educates to a better insight and enjoyment of the good minds and of nature."

I am sure Emerson was right. Mrs. Rohlfs' hard work, her constant reading and thought, have helped to make the life happiness that is written on her face.

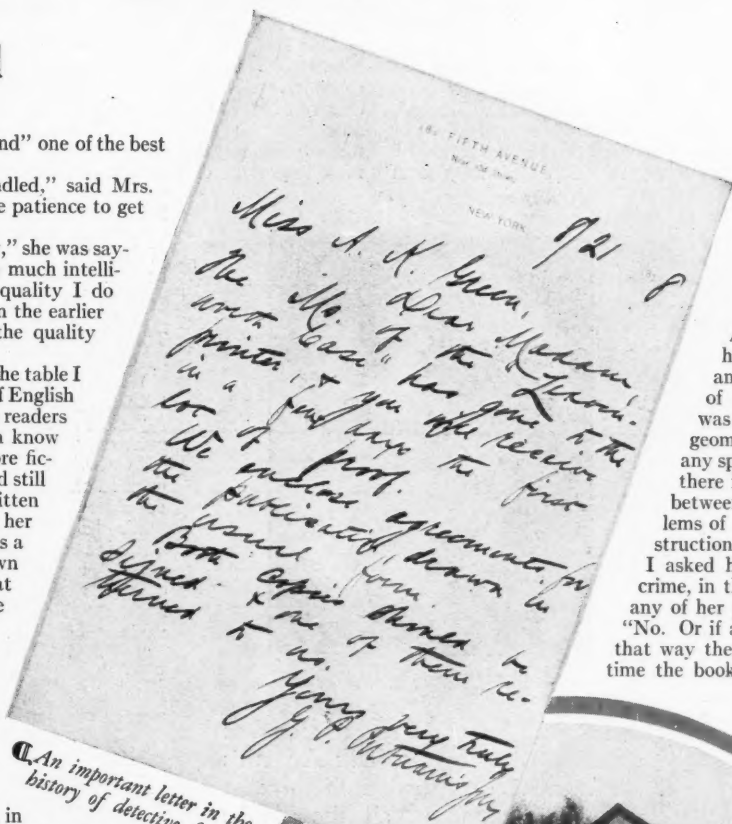
Soon after Emerson's visit, and while the young Anna Katharine Green was still in college, Scribner's Magazine accepted one of her poems. That first success, called "Shadows," has since been set to music.

"But my first work," she said, "was done before I went to college, even in my early teens, when I used to write fiction at school. After college I was interested only in poetry. It was my mother who said, 'Why don't you

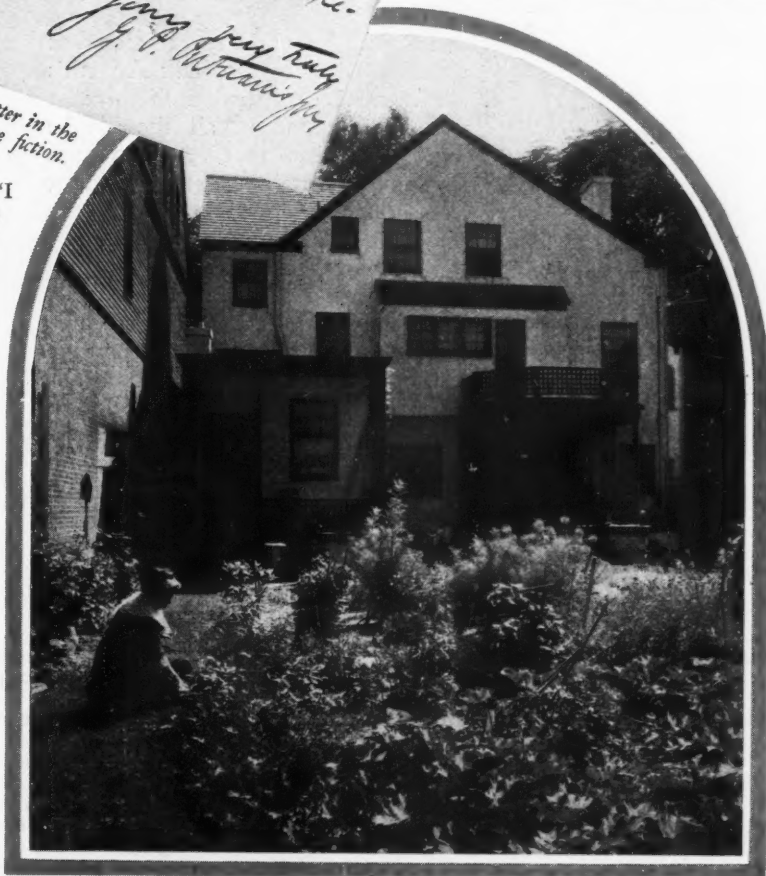
write a novel?' 'If I do,' I thought to myself, 'it will be a story of plot.' " "The Leavenworth Case" took her two years. Its reception was such that her career was assured.

And as she thought of her early days, she smiled and said: "I wasn't much of a scholar at first. It was only when I reached geometry that I showed any special aptitude. Perhaps there is something in common between the constructive problems of that study and the construction of plots."

I asked her if the stories of real crime, in the newspapers, gave her any of her plots, and she answered: "No. Or if any suggestions do come that way they are so changed by the time the book is conceived that they



An important letter in the history of detective fiction.



In this garden, surrounded by her flowers, Anna Katharine Green wrote many thrilling stories.

cannot be recognized. My method of writing a novel is to think of two incidents, or situations—always two. I cannot do it with one. When I have these two points I proceed to block out the whole novel before I write the first chapter. I have never departed from that method in any of my novels except one, and that is the only one for which the idea was given to me by some one else.

"The novel is 'The Step on the Stair'—my favorite—and the idea came from Mr. George Doran, at a tea given by Miss Carolyn Wells. Mr. Doran and I were talking books. He said, 'You have read stories, no doubt, in which the complications of plot arose from the exact likeness between two people?' 'Yes,' I replied, 'I have been guilty of that myself.' I alluded to my novel 'Behind Closed Doors.' 'But,' continued Mr. Doran, 'do you remember any in which these same complications arose from two persons having precisely the same name?' I did not and said so, whereupon he made me a present of the idea.

"It was a good idea, but a year passed without my seeing any story. Then, being anxious to write, I decided to do what I had never done before, begin writing with such matter as I had on hand, and hope for further inspiration as I proceeded. I did this, and the second idea soon came.

"A man who wishes to leave the bulk of his fortune to one of two nephews, but has not as yet decided which, has two wills secretly drawn up, one in favor of one nephew and one in favor of the other. These two wills are to be held in his possession till he makes his decision, when the undesirable one is to be destroyed. This idea added to the other gave me my story.

"I think the reason this story is my favorite is that as I have grown older I have felt a craving for putting more sentiment into my novels."

In my quality of detective story nut I was tremendously excited about this inside view of how the novels are made that have kept me enthralled. I therefore induced the good-humored creator of the plots to tell me what were the central points from which other novels had sprung. Here is what she answered:

"In 'The Leavenworth Case' the first idea was to have the perpetrator of the crime be the one first to tell of it. The second idea was that a detective, passing a closed door and overhearing one woman accusing another of the crime,

attributed the voice to the wrong woman. If you compare such bald and seemingly unrelated things with the elaboration, you will see how much the simplest idea stands for in the storyteller's mind. In my case the first conception is an anchorage to steady me on a course from which there must be no deviation.

"In 'Hand and Ring' the basic ideas on which the plot was based were as usual two: First, a man had every reason to suspect his sweetheart of a crime and she had just as good reason for suspecting him. Second, a case which I had read about in which a farmer's wife killed her husband under the persuasion, as everybody believed but no one could prove, of one of the farmhands. The husband after the attack lay unconscious for six hours, then died. The woman was punished, but nothing could be done legally against the farm-hand. Some months after, he was

driving through a wood when a limb fell on him. He lived six hours, then died.

"In using these facts I put the people in a higher social class. Number two was in my mind a year or two before I saw my story. When number one came the whole plot resolved itself into concrete form in a night."

For a long time after "The Leavenworth Case" was published Mrs. Rohlfs in this country was alone in the field. I do not count it a real detective story when there is merely a hurly-burly of adventures in which a detective happens to wander about. By a detective story of the kind that attracts intellectual men I mean a mystery solved by brilliant reasoning from facts, the most important of which are in the possession of the reader early in the story. The best of the Sherlock Holmes stories are the standard.

"Poe was the first person to write stories of deductive reasoning by a detective, was he not?" I said.

"Yes, but Poe was not absolutely the first to suggest that style of reasoning. There is a very slight example in 'Zadig,' by Voltaire."

Which is perfectly true. You never can tell what genius will be up to.

"I was greatly interested," Mrs. Rohlfs went on, "many years ago, by the novels of Gaboriau. He did some splendid work in elaborating the ideas he got from Poe."

We had that in common also, for Gaboriau has given me many happy hours. His detective, Lecoq, is the son of Poe's Dupin, and the father of Sherlock Holmes. He is a worthy relative of them both.

"The Hand and the Ring," Mrs. Rohlfs said, "was my most difficult work. I think some of my best stories are 'The Golden Slipper,' 'The House of Clocks,' 'The Millionaire Baby,' and 'The Lady in Black.'"

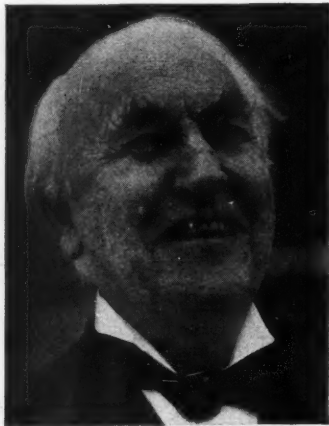
"Different elements in a story appeal to different readers. Girls took a powerful interest in the character of Doctor Molesworth in 'Behind Closed Doors.' Many of them wrote me while this novel was running serially, begging me not to kill him. It is amusing that he was a man very cool toward women." Here Mrs. Rohlfs smiled, as if at a frailty in her sex.

"In that novel," she went on, "I introduced the great blizzard of 1886. The publishers of the German edition wanted this blizzard taken out, on the ground that their readers would not believe such a blizzard ever happened.

"And speaking of probability, there is one experience I can never forget, and naturally I have often spoken of it. Mr. Rohlfs and I happened to be stuck in a cab in a jam in London. My husband stepped out to see what was holding up the traffic. It grew out of an accident to a push-cart, and the push-cart was piled full of—what? Of copies of 'The Leavenworth Case.' Think of the coincidences necessary for that incident to occur. The author had to cross the ocean, take a cab at a certain

moment, for a certain place, and at just the right instant reach the spot where the push-cart, full of copies of my first novel, managed to block the traffic. Many incidents in real life would have to be made more probable if they were to be used in fiction."

Believe me, fellow detective story fans, I found it hard to end my visit. But finally I did get away, leaving unmentioned a hundred topics I should have enjoyed talking over with the charming lady, with her quiet house, the garden behind, the desk with its row of thirty books that I dare say I shall be reading again when I have lived through twenty more years. The hold on me of those books from now on will be even greater, because I have come to know the sincerity and sweet enthusiasm of the lady on whose yellow pad they came into the world.



Thomas A. Edison

WE ALL know the sort of man—or woman—who loves to talk about his ailments. I once had a friend who was so absorbed in all the ills he thought he had that he, who once was most entertaining, became almost a bore. He thought so much about what was wrong with him that actually he made himself ill.

There are a lot of folks like that. Then there are some—like George Hurst, of whom you may read on page 26 of this issue—who refuse to bow to physical affliction. Thomas A. Edison is another of them. He is deaf, stone deaf. But he has made his deafness an advantage, not a handicap. His recital of how he did it was a thrilling adventure story to me. We will publish it next month.

[R. L.]





"Your people don't understand me. You don't love me any more. I shall go mad," screamed Jetta.

# The Misfit WIFE

A Short Story by that Amazing 18-year-old Novelist

Mollie Panter-Downes

Illustrations by Henry Raleigh

IT WAS at the manikin show that George Waring first saw her. He had gone there with his aunt, Lady Bertha Waring, feeling that it was a good afternoon wasted, but unwilling to offend his aunt, who had money. He was bored, also a trifle bad-tempered. The gilt chairs were hard, the music and women's chatter made his head ache, and his Aunt Bertha screamed like a macaw to make herself heard above the violins. She would prod at him and shriek, "Black dress—the one with

the silver embroidery—adorable—suit me, don't you think, Georgie?" George would smile charmingly, and say "Quaite." He loathed being called Georgie. He was a bad-tempered young man.

Tea was served. Russian tea with thin slices of lemon floating palely upon it. And *petits fours*. George ate rather a lot of *petits fours* defiantly. He was hungry. Always felt hungry after luncheon at Aunt Bertha's. Vast dining-room, priceless silver plate, but surprisingly little to eat.



Lancret came and talked to Aunt Bertha. This was Lancret's show. Rum sort of chap, Lancret. Heavily built, with sleepy dark eyes, and a little pointed imperial. His teeth flashed at one like an electric sky sign in Piccadilly. Off, and then on. Surprising. Lazy black pussy-cat of a Lancret, who looked as though he did not have a thought about dress in his head, and who could evolve with those thick, blunt fingers of his something startling and beautiful out of a few yards of material and a packet of pins. All his dresses had names. *Petit Soir. L'Argentine. Flamant.*

He murmured to Aunt Bertha, "That hat with the cock's plume—exquisite—don't you think?"

Aunt Bertha lamented, "But my dear man, the trouble is that I have an early Victorian head. The hats of the present day simply won't fit me. In these square crowns I look like a grotesque caricature of *L'Empire*."

Lancret's face undulated slightly. One could not call that gentle and well-bred phantom of laughter a smile. He whispered, as though speaking through a crack in the door of his aloofness: "So. But there are others. I am using felt for big hats—a revolution from the square types. Felt in blond shades—in deep purple—*ravissant!*" He waved his hand, he indicated width, he made one see Aunt Bertha in a big felt hat of deep purple looking *ravissante* also. Surprising Lancret.

George munched *petits fours*. He watched the manikins without interest.

There were six of them. Lancret had brought them over with him from Paris. They were of the Latin type which George did not admire, and they all walked bending a little at the knees, moving from the hips only. They appeared one by one between heavy velvet curtains, each creation being heraded by the most beautifully inappropriate music. "I've gotta cross-eyed par-par," mourned the violins as *Le Réve* floated in. "Whatulardo?" shivered the first violin, swaying like a pine tree in the wind. He was a beautiful man, was the first violin. "Whatulardo?" he cried in a tormented ecstasy, "Whatulardo?" George scowled. He detested syncopated music.

George murmured, "After this show may I see you? I'll wait." The astonishing manikin studied him coolly.

The manikins glided down the crowded room, looking at everybody, yet seeing nothing. Their mascara rimmed eyes stared blandly and blindly into people's faces. Their painted mouths were a little scornful. They were moving, one felt, in a world of their own. They were remote, indifferent, and perhaps hated the beautiful clothes they were wearing. George was a little frightened by them.

Aunt Bertha poked him and screamed in that appalling voice of hers, "Smart coat that, Georgie—made for these all-the-way-down figures—plaids outline one so."

George had a look. He jumped a bit. The coat didn't make him jump, but the girl who was wearing it did. He had not noticed her before. She was a queer looking girl, not pretty, but smart. Flat sort of white face. Big eyes which might have been blue if they hadn't been green, although as a matter of fact they were gray. And slightly full lips, beautifully rouged.

The coat  
chin, spring  
back, and  
A tight li  
hid all her  
very tall,  
quivered.  
the room,  
George an  
blandly th  
passed on.  
Lancret  
think? T  
"Odd lo  
Again th  
knows how  
He was  
Comtesse  
making he  
look like i  
Oh, ama



After this George watched for Jetta. She came again. Jetta, who had a flair for wearing clothes, in chinchilla. Snuggled in chinchilla, smoked silver softness, right up to her chin, standing up in a great rampart round her surprising head. For one had expected her hair to be black, but it was red. The most startling red, shingled, brushed very straight and sleek into little peaks above the ears, but leaving the ears uncovered. And they were the funniest little ears, dead white, with the tips of them faintly rouged.

George set about making her notice him. He set about it with a beautiful deliberation.

Now George wasn't the sort of person one could very easily overlook. For one thing, he was several inches over six feet high. For another, he had what one might call a cocktail sort of face. Mixed up a bit, but rather stimulating. Streaks of the best blood in England had gone to the mixing.

The Warings had given him his blue Saxon eyes, and the Mansells of Wroxall his nose, which was Norman and overbearing, while his straight, fine mouth was so like that of Gerald Ranksome, Warden of the Marshes five centuries ago, that old ladies would often mistake him for a Ranksome, which annoyed him very much. The tiny touch of Southern softness in his voice he had inherited from his mother, who was one of the Burnetts from Georgia, and a very beautiful and witty woman. George was not witty. He was like his grandfather, slow, rather stupid, but kind. Most Englishmen are like that.

And eventually Jetta looked at him. Aunt Bertha liked the dress she was wearing. She was beckoned over, revolved slowly in front of them. Lancet came and Aunt Bertha explained what she wanted done to it. Lancet listened patiently. Aunt Bertha was a good customer. Jetta stood there, beautifully tranquil. She looked through George. She simply did not see him. Aunt Bertha and Lancet were occupied, gesturing, chattering. George murmured, "After this show—can I see you? I'll wait—"

Suddenly, surprisingly, she saw (Continued on page 214)

The coat was of blue and beige plaid, buttoning high up at the chin, springing a whimsical little cape as a practical joke at the back, and ending just below the knees of an elegant pair of legs. A tight little black felt hat with a brush of bright blue feathers hid all her hair, but one felt that it must be black. She carried a very tall, slender black stick, and as she twirled it, its tassels quivered. The limelight played on her softly. She walked down the room, bending at the knees as the others did. Opposite George and Lady Bertha she paused, and for a second stared blandly through George's head. The violins quivered. She passed on.

Lancet passed. Soft pussy-cat Lancet. "Chic, don't you think? Those plaids—"

"Odd looking gal," trumpeted Lady Bertha in an aside. Again that expiring ghost of a smile. "Oh, Jetta—yes. She knows how to wear clothes—she has the flair—"

He was gone, silent and heavily moving, to murmur into a Comtesse's ear, "Ravissante, don't you think?" And he was making her see, with one large, lavish gesture, what she would look like in that coat. *Ravissante.*

Oh, amazing pussy-cat of a Lancet.



By ERNEST POOLE

# *The Last of the* Giants

*A Study of Two Generations in Two Pages*

Illustration by Pruett Carter

HE WAS a Norwegian mountaineer. Though he must have been nearly sixty years old, his thick hair was only patched with gray, and his square, powerful, wrinkled face was lined and tanned by wind and sun. He was short, but he had a chest like a bull, and huge slow hands. His voice was low. Some Norsemen in the ancient days were sea rovers, raiders, fighters. Other Norsemen stayed at home, and upon their mountain farms they fought with a stubborn rocky soil, and with the icy storms and darkness of long winters of the North. And through the ages giants were bred—and Haugen our host was one of these.

His farm was on a mountain slope, only some twenty miles away from the towering peaks of the Jotunheim—Home of the Giants. For ages past, his forefathers had been here before him; never have I seen a man who looked more rooted to the soil. Even the ancient farmhouse, of dark brown logs with deep little windows, seemed to have spread and settled down and become a part of the mountainside.

We were tramping in Norway and had arrived at Haugen's on a midsummer's night. It was cold, it had rained all afternoon—but in spotless little bedrooms we had changed into dry clothes; we'd had a good hot supper with several other trampers; and now in the snug living-room, as we lighted our pipes, my eye was caught by a large album of blue plush.

I opened it haphazard—and saw the picture of a girl, with a bright, strong, attractive face and clear, vigorous, smiling eyes. Her trim figure was set off by a street suit of American make, and she stood by the glamorous entrance to a small moving picture house, over which in big letters of gold was printed: Haugen's Prairie Bijou.

"You been in Minnesota?" a deep low voice behind me asked. I turned and met Haugen's small blue eyes.

"No," I said. "Is this your daughter?"

"No," he answered, "my son's wife."

"Tell me about her." And Haugen did—in slow, deliberate, broken English. I can still see his huge slow hand as it turned the leaves of the photograph album, illustrating the story he told.

The first of the pictures was taken on the old farm—perhaps about twelve years before. Against the stout brown beams of the doorway stood a Norwegian bride and groom. Though both were dressed in the bright-colored gala costume of mountaineers, and the bride looked only about eighteen, I recognized her instantly as the young dame by the Prairie Bijou—while the husky young groom bore a strong resemblance to the man who sat at my side.

"He, my son," the old man said. "My son a fine boy—he smart—he work. I was sure he will live here when I am gone. But he love this girl an' she start him plan how they can go to America. For a long time he say no. My son a Haugen—we go slow—be careful. This girl talk an' talk—she vary smart. An' my son love her—vary dear. So at last he say yes. They marry. They go."

The huge hand turned a leaf of the album, and showed me next a picture of the young farmer and his wife, standing in front of a small frame house on a Minnesota prairie. The prairie looked bare and bleak and flat; the house, forlorn—a cheerless, desolate little home. But as he looked, old Haugen smiled.

"When this come, I glad," he said. "In three year my son get a farm twice so big as my farm here—which cost us many hundert year. An' also the soil good, he write, an' vary rich—he grow big crops. I know my son know how to farm. He smart—he work hard. So now I do not feel so bad. He have one fine new home, I think—for Haugens—many hundert year.

"But—now you see." He turned the page to another photograph of his son, with smiling wife and baby, standing in front of a village store. "That girl she make him sell that farm an' buy this store," old Haugen said. "An' now you see their clothes."

90

His big brown finger pointed out the spruce brand-new American clothes. The son and wife and baby looked as though they had just stepped out from a mail order catalog.

"No farmers now," the Norseman said. "Never I think Haugens will be merchants in a town. An' I say to myself, my son will lose his money in such business quick. They will come home. But I was wrong. That girl she know just what she do. She dress herself an' baby fine—an' all her neighbor womens there—Norwegians, too—they look at her an' wish to have fine clothes like that. Their babies, too, an' boys an' girls.

"In church on Sunday, or at dance, they look at her an' wish for clothes. So all those womens talk an' talk to husbands, till they come to store. She make much money in that store—an' then she get moving pictures, too. She buy machine an' make my son learn run it, an' they give a show in store on every Saturday night. She have learn English vary fast—so when he make the pictures go, she read the words into Norwegian, so her neighbors understand. More people come, to look an' buy. That store, he crowded. An' soon they send some money home.

"BUT now you see what next she do." That slow, uneasy, anxious hand turned the page to the photograph which I had seen when I opened the book—of the wife in front of the Prairie Bijou. "They move again," old Haugen said. "This no village, this big town—maybe forty mile away. She make my son sell that good store an' buy this place." The mountaineer looked at it with quiet scorn. "Never I suppose a Haugen go in theater business," he said.

"So I write this to my son, an' say to him, 'Now you come home.' I wait. I write to him again. My son good boy—he come at last. He bring that girl an' children—two. They all look fine an' vary rich. My son he say that he have make five thousand dollar in three year. I try to make him stay at home. I like my grandson vary dear. A little Haugen—three year old. I want to see him farmer here. But his mother she say no. An' when I say—'You go an' go. Never will you make a home'—she only smile at me an' say, 'Yes, now we will. When we go back, we buy a house an' settle down.'

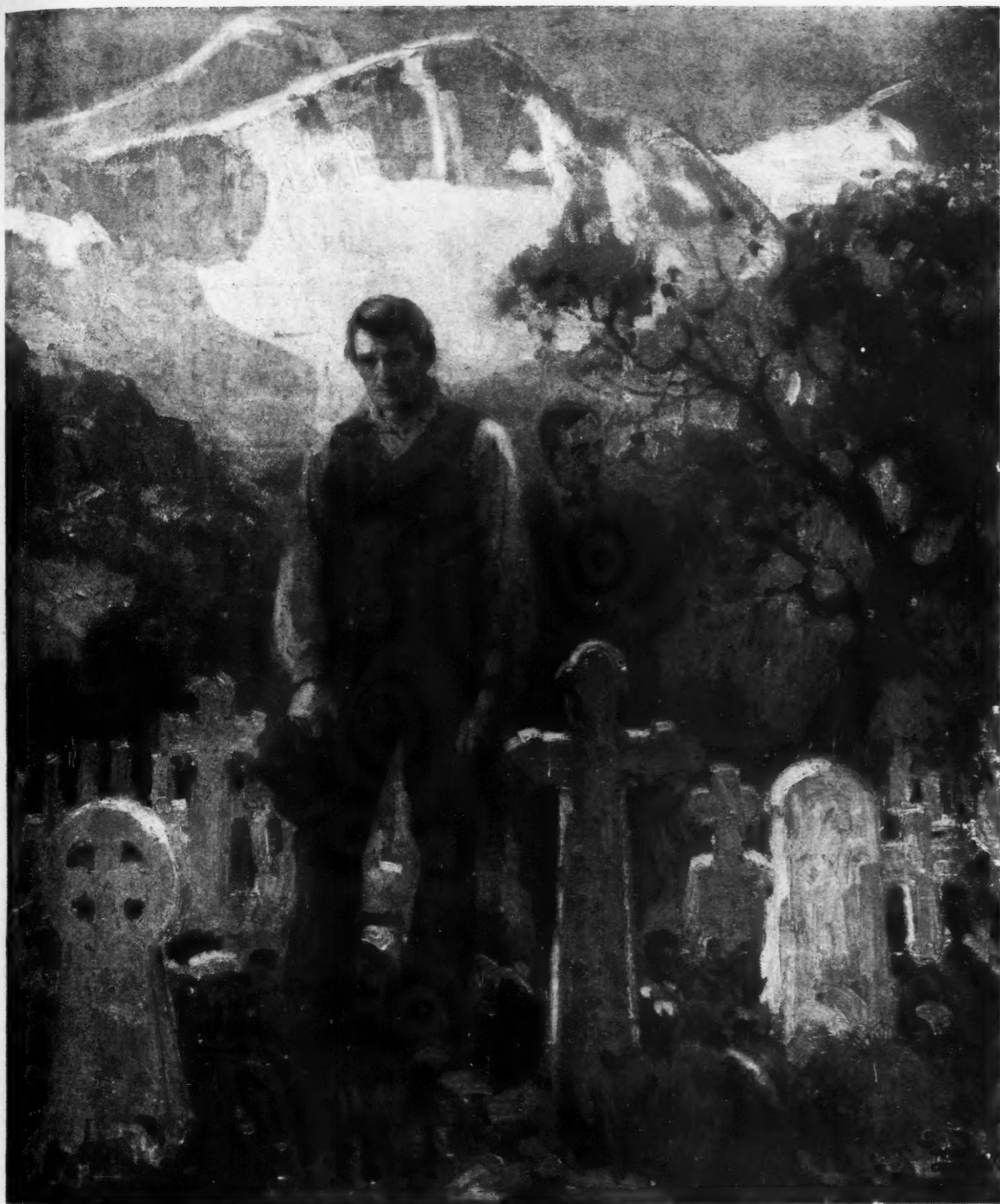
"But look—how fast she change her mind." He turned the page and showed the pair with three small children in a car, in front of an apartment house. "She move again!" old Haugen said. "Now over hundert mile they go, to this great town—Winona, Minn. Twenty thousand peoples here. No home at all! Some rooms in a house. No land, no soil—not so much as his hand." He slowly clenched it as he spoke. "An' now my son, he go an' go. He buy this car, an' every day he go to seven little towns, where he own moving picture shows."

The old mountaineer was silent a moment, and then went on, in a quieter tone:

"I write him again, an' he write back, 'Do'n' worry—I settled now for life. Never will I move again.' An' he speak true. They do'n' move yet. But now I show you what they do." And turning the page of the album once more, he showed a whole series of kodak prints. With a note almost of shame in his voice: "They run away from the cold," he said. "In Norway, Haugens a thousand year have laugh at cold. We vary strong. Here winter he come so cold an' dark, the sun he rise at nearly noon—in two hours it grow dark again. An' cold as hell! But Haugens stay! . . . But now my son in Minnesota listen to his wife. She say, 'It is too cold. We take children all in car an' we make big long trip down South.'

"You see? They go." His huge gnarled thumb pointed to a long low car, with a camping equipment on running-boards, one child with the father on the front seat, three others in with the mother behind.

"Look  
hundred  
French I  
Natural  
of the C  
shown a  
bathing-s  
behind m  
"So th  
am glad.  
keep that  
I don't thi  
slowly ne  
"maybe  
towns. N



**C.** *Haugen's heavy face was quiet now as a granite cliff—expressionless. "I stay," he said.*

"Look!" said Haugen, and in one jump they were over five hundred miles away, in Chicago, on the Lake Shore Drive. French Lick came next, and after that Virginia Hot Springs, Natural Bridge, then kodaks of camps high up in the sandy hills of the Carolinas. Another at St. Augustine—and last was shown a picture of all the six Haugens, large and small, in bathing-suits on a Florida beach! I heard a rough slow breath behind me.

"So they go," old Haugen said. "They have good time an' I am glad. Make plenty money. Glad again. An' maybe they keep that money now. My son smart man—a Haugen—careful. I don't think he lose it all. Maybe he make plenty more. But"—slowly now I saw again the big hand clench unconsciously—"maybe he lose something, too. For he go an' go, he live in towns. No farm, no land he call his own. A man like that is not

so strong. His children, too, grow not so strong. Here Haugens always *vary* strong. We stay one place, we grow deep down.

"You come now out with me," he said.

I followed him outside the house, where the mountain air was crisp and cold. The heavens had cleared, a vivid blue; and though it was nearly eleven o'clock, the sun had just set in the valley below, and was shining still on the snowy peaks of the Jotunheim, grand, silent, bleak, which reared into the northern sky. Across the road not far away was a lovely little waterfall, and near its foot, as we approached, I saw a small enclosure there with perhaps a hundred graves. Graves of the giants, Haugens all. The last of them stood by my side. His heavy face had lost all sign of any feelings stirred that night. It was quiet now as a granite cliff—expressionless.

"I stay," he said.

That

# Royle

A Novel  
of  
Mystery  
&  
Love



*Calvin counted off three coins and solemnly exchanged them with Joan for the beef pie.*

*This is the synopsis of the novel as it began in Hearst's International:*

IT WAS a hard school that had taught Joan Daisy Royle what she knew of life. Her adopted father, "Dads," for all his magnificent gestures and personal charm, lived by fraud; and her mother, a woman of flabby character, put herself to sleep every night with a glass of veronal. "Home," to Joan, was a constantly changing hotel room or flat, in which nothing except her own clothing was ever paid for.

Yet she herself had spirit and independence, and the rare ability to dream fine dreams; the latter especially after Fred Ketlar came into her life. Ketlar was the uneducated son of an unmarried manicurist; yet at twenty-four he had made himself the seven-day wonder of Chicago as a composer of jazz and the leader of a dance orchestra, pulling down a huge sum in salary and royalties, and covered with the easy adulation of sentimental women.

In Joan's dreams, however, he was always a potential Mozart, and she the one who would make him a true and great musician. So she held aloof from his arms and his lips—which served only to whet his desire for her.

Then Ketlar's wife Adele, who was living apart and had refused him a divorce, was murdered one midnight, and Ket was arrested as the murderer, and Joan was held as accomplice.

It happened that they had been talking together that night, Joan and Ket, in his apartment, and later in hers. She, as usual, had been urging him on to greater achievement; and he, as usual, had been attempting to maneuver her into his arms. Once, at her door, he had seized and violently kissed her, and this was just after he had gone out, down the street, towards Adele's apartment.

On circumstantial evidence Ket might have committed the crime; but Joan was sure he had not. Earlier that night she had walked alone down that same street toward the lake shore, and through Adele's window she had seen a man who looked startlingly like Ket, but was not, she felt certain. This man, she thought, must have committed the crime. Too, she had an alibi for Ket: he was at her apartment as the radio finished "Home, Sweet Home," when the shot had been fired.

So Joan Daisy Royle became overnight a front-page feature—the girl for whom a man had murdered his wife; and Ket was put in a steel-barred cell, and the sensational fight for his freedom began.

In this there was the seed of a curious drama.

The prosecution was to be handled by Assistant State's Attorney Calvin Clarke. As you might guess from the name, he came from New England. Not only that: though he was young, his family and his home were hoary with tradition, and he had high Puritanical ideals of justice, and as a blue-blood he held in contempt the "many-bloods" in America represented by Joan and Ket. So instinctively he was certain of their guilt.

Yet Joan Daisy Royle from their first midnight meeting stirred something in Calvin that had never been stirred before.

He found himself fighting down acute memories of her: her spirit as she first challenged him, head up for the fight; her slim white heels as she walked ahead of him, wrapped in a dressing-gown, up the apartment stairs; her contempt as she once called him—the aristocratic Calvin Clarke—a "ready-made man" without half the potentialities of a Ketlar in the making; his curious aggressive feeling toward Hoberg, her employer, when, before she was released from custody, Hoberg had threatened to get Joan away from the State with a writ of habeas corpus; the pleasurable pain he felt as, outside the grand jury room, she grasped his wrist, and one of her nails drew blood, and she told him she would beat him to a pulp at the trial.

Calvin Clarke told himself these emotions were absurd. They persisted and grew stronger.

He would win the case, he said; but his associates in the office, notably Ellison, were more skeptical. That Royle girl, with her clever "radio alibi" and her undeniable good looks, was no negligible opponent before an average jury.

One man at least weighed Joan at her full value as a witness. He was Max Elmen, Ketlar's attorney, and one of the shrewdest criminal lawyers in America. "Very, very good!" he commended her when she first related her story, and told him there was nothing she was ashamed of in her relations with Ketlar. "But what do you intend to tell upon the stand?"

"Why, the truth, first, last and all the time," cried Joan, who was sick of the tissue of lies that Ket had built up in his panic.



# e Girl

By  
Edwin  
Balmer

Illustrations by  
R. F. Schabelitz

"But you cannot stick to the truth," declared Elmen, "or Ketlar will certainly hang. For the truth cares nothing about consistency, and courts care about nothing else. No, we must work out a *consistent* account. And," he added later, sensing with cynical relish the situation between her and Calvin, "if you encounter Assistant State's Attorney Clarke again, why—by no means bridle your instincts. You have done very well in that quarter too."

**W** *Now you may proceed with the story from here:*

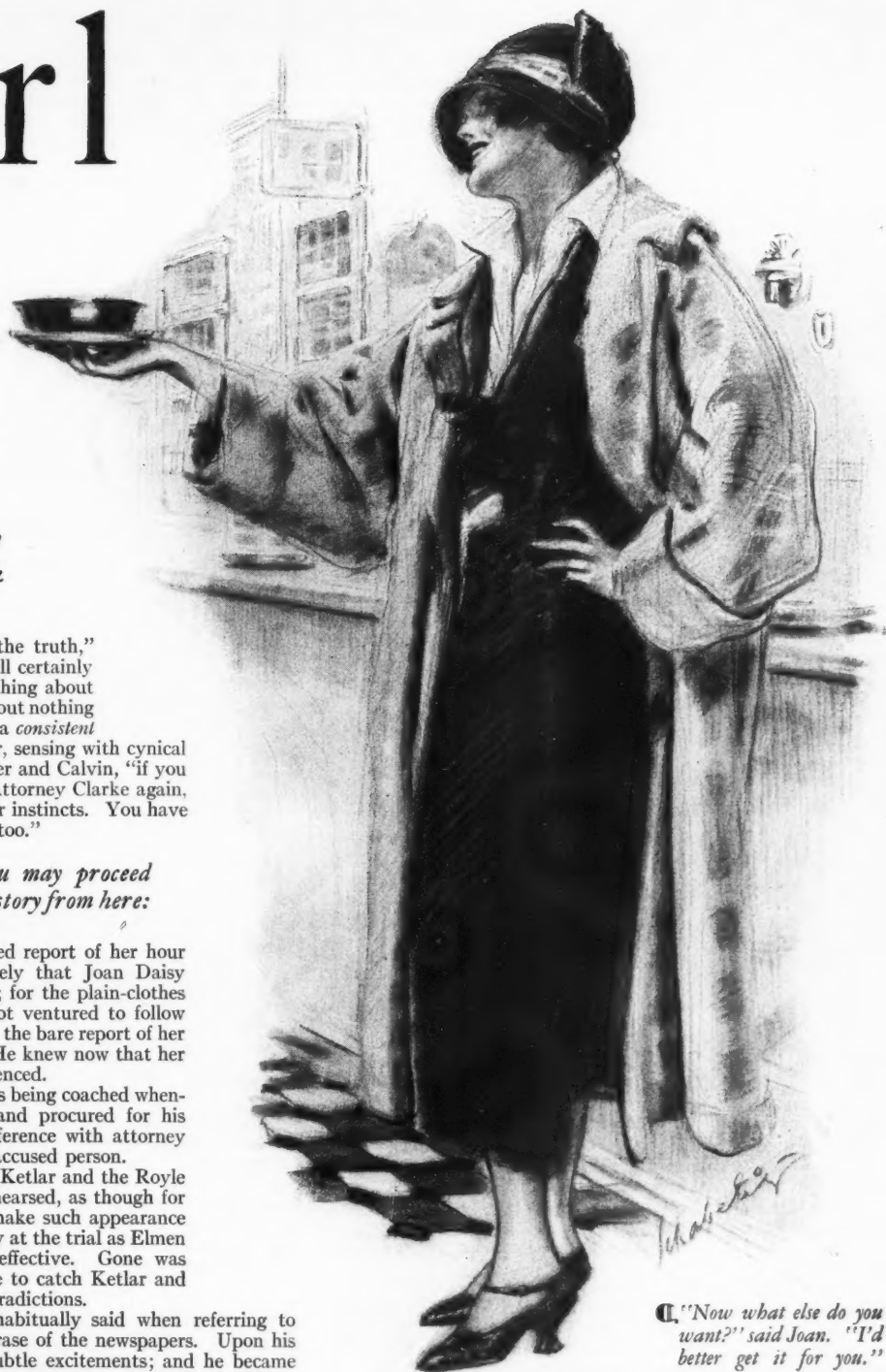
HEN Calvin received report of her hour with Elmen, he learned merely that Joan Daisy Royle had visited the lawyer; for the plain-clothes man who watched her had not ventured to follow into Elmen's office. However, the bare report of her call was enough for Calvin. He knew now that her course of coaching was commenced.

He knew too that Ketlar was being coached whenever Elmen entered the jail and procured for his client the right of secret conference with attorney which the law assures every accused person.

To Calvin, this meant that Ketlar and the Royle girl were being drilled and rehearsed, as though for theatrical parts, in order to make such appearance and to swear to such testimony at the trial as Elmen believed would prove most effective. Gone was any opportunity for the State to catch Ketlar and the Royle girl in further contradictions.

"The Royle girl," Calvin habitually said when referring to her, utilizing the common phrase of the newspapers. Upon his tongue it roused in Calvin subtle excitements; and he became conscious of purposely repeating the derogatory phrase for the peculiar stir it whipped within him. As "the Royle girl" he referred to her severely in a letter to his mother which he wrote on Friday night, not waiting until Sunday; and when the letter was mailed, he knew that he had attained a satisfaction from again condemning the Royle girl. It was undeniable to himself—as undeniable as the fact that, after he had turned out his reading lamp beside his bed, he switched on the light again to examine once more a small crescent mark on his wrist.

Not feeling sleepy, he set to arranging tomorrow's work in his mind and soon discovered that he was devising and inventing plausible excuses either for summoning that Royle girl to his office or for seeking her, when he had no real reason at all. Calvin Clarke brought himself to a realization of his occupation and he reached for a book; but, although he forced himself to read, he failed utterly to banish the extraordinary mood which was come upon him.



**Q** "Now what else do you want?" said Joan. "I'd better get it for you."

He arose and walked about his room. "This is loneliness," he said to himself, with a puzzled surprise. "I suppose this is loneliness," he repeated with interested rebuke of this unique and discreditable sensation. For loneliness was, of course, a weakness; it was a lack of self-sufficiency, a dependence upon others. Calvin Clarke was very used to being alone; in fact, he had lived all his life essentially alone, having been born the only child of his generation in the cool, severe, perfectly ordered old homestead beside the Merrimac. His mother's arms, when she had held him to her breast, had clasped him constrainedly; self-control had come in his suckling.

When he was in bed, with the light out again, he recalled that she had not yet made application at the jail for a visit to Ketlar and he wondered why. Was it because she did

not want to or because Elmen might have told her to delay? In either case, she was likely to appear soon, perhaps tomorrow, and so she would pass the Criminal Courts Building on her way to the jail and as likely as not come up to the State's Attorney's suite afterwards. Who knew?

Joan Daisy, having obtained permission from Elmen, did visit the jail on the next afternoon; she passed the steel door by which visitors, one by one, are admitted after inspection through a small, barred peep-pane, and she took her place in the queue of felons' friends shifting forward singly, each to report the name of the prisoner he desired to see, his own name and his connection with the prisoner. Then, if it was found that his name was on the list approved for the prisoner, a card was issued.

Upon the list approved for Ket was Joan Daisy's name; so she obtained her pass, entered the elevator and was lifted, in company with two men and four women and a child, to a floor where the guard announced, "This is Ketlar's; and Cribben's, too."

ONE of the women, and the most miserable looking, evidently was for Cribben, for she and Joan Daisy stepped out together; and the elevator, rising, left them shut in a small, tile-floored space completely enclosed by thick steel bars and gratings. A high, barred window to the west admitted a shaft of the sunlight of the cool October afternoon.

A guard inspected Joan Daisy's card and also that of the woman who had come to see Cribben; and he swung back a section of the steel barrier, admitting them into a sort of corridor, barred behind and screened in front by a closely woven brattice of steel, painted white and pierced by small square holes about a pencil's girth in size.

Voices spoke and the odor of sweat and tobacco smoke was on the steam-heated air, but at first Joan Daisy saw no one but the guards and her miserable companion who had come for Cribben. Joan Daisy did not realize that she had reached the visiting screen and that, on the other side, was a "bull-pen"; but Cribben's friend had visited before so she did not hold back. Immediately she pressed her nose against the grating, matched two of the little holes to her eyes and looked in.

Joan Daisy watched her with surprise and glanced at the guard, who took her look for question as to whether she might do the same. "Go ahead," bade the guard, smiling; and Joan Daisy pressed her nose to the grating, gazed through two holes and gasped.

A second grating, identical to that which pressed hard and cool against her brow, paralleled the first. It was pierced by identical holes placed opposite so that Joan Daisy, by staring straight ahead, could see through both screens, and after her pupils became adjusted to the dimness beyond, she discerned the outlines of the bull-pen and the figures of some of the prisoners. A yellow flare attracted her as some one struck a match; she heard separate voices and the shuffling of feet on the cement floor.

The ceiling of the pen was so low that a tall man easily could touch it with raised arm; the walls of the pen stood five or six paces apart and were sheer and straight, of solid steel.

A lock clicked, steel clanged, and Joan Daisy saw two figures shadow the visiting screen.

"Here I am, Jan," cried the miserable woman who had come for Cribben.

"Hello, Sadie," replied a low voice on the other side.

Through her holes in the screen Joan Daisy spied flaxen hair and a patch of white skin; gray eyes, queerly separated by strips of white-painted steel, stared at her. "Hello, Ket," she whispered, trying desperately to make her voice cheerful.

He did not answer. At Joan Daisy's elbow, Cribben's Sadie chattered excitedly and she crept away along the screen, Cribben following her, sullenly replying to her now and then.

"Ket, I'm Jo," said Joan Daisy pleadingly.

"Don't I know it?" he returned. "Ain't I breaking my neck to see you?"

She lifted herself to tiptoes and thrust her finger-tips into the little holes and pulled up to increase her height.

"Watch your step!" he warned her sarcastically.

"Why?"

"Somebody'll figure you're trying to slip me a saw or dope or dynamite or something."

"Oh!" she said. "That's why they've got this."

"That's why," replied Ket, "so you can't. Fat chance."

"Ket, how are you? You're well?"

"Well, I ain't sick in bed . . . Bed"—he repeated the word bitterly. "It's a cot, kid, between one on top of me and one

underneath. I've got the middle one; we're three in the cell. All night there, kid, between two"—his voice lowered to a whisper—"burglars. By God, you hardly can move. I gotta lie there in the dark all night and mosta the day, when they shove the chow into the cells. They shove it in on a plate on the floor under the bottom bar; you inhale it or stick in your fingers. They don't take a chance slipping anybody a knife and fork."

"Then all you gotta do is clean your cell and keep from scrap-pin' till they turn you out in the bull-pen. This's the big time, kid. You've come right at it. When we get real wild we play 'Hot hand' and 'How many fingers up?' We got a ball, too—a soft ball to bat with your arm or fist. No wood bat for the bull-pen. Then back to the cell with your bunksies and nothin' to do; nothin' to do, day and night, dark and light. Dark—damn the dark, the way it smells and snores!"

"Ket!" cried Joan Daisy.

"What?"

"I didn't know what this was."

"When you stuck me here, you mean."

"Oh, Ket, I'm so sorry!"

"Swell time to be sorry. Anyway, what's your trouble? You ain't in it."

"Ket, you mustn't—"

"Yea," growled Ket, remembering Elmen's admonitions.

"We mustn't scrap."

"We mustn't, Ket!" she pleaded and her voice through the screens softened him.

"I know you did your best, kid. Didn't I tell Elmen all right to send you along?"

"Oh!" she breathed, relaxing her clutch of the screen as she comprehended that the reason Elmen had forbidden her to visit Ket was that he had not wanted to see her.

"Kid," whispered Ket, "that was some kiss!"

"What?" she said, meeting his gray eyes in wonder at the way his bitter rebuke of her could give way so suddenly to this memory of his embrace and his ravish of her lips when he had seized her at the door on the night the police arrested him.

Through the holes in the screen he saw her face plainly enough to be sure that she remembered and he strengthened his memory to himself by repeating, "Some kiss, kid!"

"Yes," she replied, but did not summon within her the sensation of his embrace. She stared at him, thinking, "He's still Ket." And she let go of the screen, feeling more cheerful; she took a more general view through the holes and, peering into the bull-pen, now she noticed a shape which resembled a piano.

"Ket, is there a piano in there?" she asked.

"It's a bum box," he said. "But you can beat it."

"They let you play it?"

"Let me?" retorted Ket, with a touch of his old arrogance.

"They damn near tear my clothes off to make me, when playin's allowed. It's not in the bull-pen; it's behind bars outside for entertainers; so I'm let out sometimes at night to play to the boys in the cells."

"That's fine, Ket."

"Remember," asked Ket, "remember 'Teasing Tears' which you told me was so rotten?" he teased her deliberately. "Well, it goes great in the jail anyway. I think I'll change the name to the 'Jail Jazz.' I've timed it better, too. Like this—tum-dada-dum da dada da dum," he tongued, thumping the time also with his fingers on the screen.

JOAN DAISY stepped back a pace to thrill by herself at the inspiration which at that second had seized her.

"Like that better?" Ket demanded, ceasing to thrum.

"Yes; a lot."

"You weren't listenin' to it at all!" he accused her.

"I was . . . I mean I was thinking about you, Ket! I get it all better now!" she exclaimed thrillingly.

"What better?"

"This, you're having to go to jail, Ket, when you didn't do anything. But it's going to make you, don't you see?"

"Make me what?"

"A great musician; that's what it's for. Ket, that's what it must be for!"

"What must be for what?"

"Your trouble, Ket, to make you great! That's the way Wagner became great—through trouble. They banished him, I read in a program; and Schubert—he almost starved. Ket, Ket—this is your trouble, that's what it is, to make you great!"

She clung again to the screen, trying, as if by touch, to impart to him the hope which had inspired her and which seemed

suddenly  
self and  
"Ket,"  
you com  
lessons  
learn ju  
lots of t  
that, Ke  
him as h  
"Well  
make m  
"No."  
"You'  
"I've  
"I kn  
Joan I  
pursued  
know. I  
Orchestr  
"Ket,  
"Don't  
enough



**C.** "Magnificent morning, m'dear," Dads greeted Joan, pretending that he had ordered their meal.

suddenly to mitigate the terrible accusation against Ket and herself and the degrading wretchedness of this imprisonment.

"Ket, you'll be freed!" she cried. "And you'll be great when you come out; or you can be great! I'll bring you books, Ket, lessons on composing and the great pieces of music. You can learn just what you need to know and work it out in prison, as lots of the great men have—in prison. There's something about that, Ket, that helps!" But her words were as helpless to reach him as her two hands, held from him by the steel screen.

"Well, anybody's welcome to the help I'm gettin' here. You make me tired. Say, have you been over to the Echo?"

"No."

"You're lyin'."

"I've been by, Ket, but I didn't go in."

"I knew you were lyin'. Who's name's in the lights now?" Joan Daisy recoiled from the screen and did not answer so Ket pursued with: "Henny's, isn't it? Don't try to lie to me. I know. I seen the Echo ads in the paper. It's Henny's Dance Orchestra now—*mine*," he ended bitterly.

"Ket, I'll bring you the books," she tried to comfort him. "Don't bother about the Echo. They'll want you back fast enough when you come out; but you'll not want to go back."

"So Weigal thinks I ain't comin' back," Ket whispered, not hearing her. "That's Weigal for you. And I made that bird! And the dirty pup pulls down my name when I get into trouble and lights up Henny's—Henny's!"

"Ket!" pleaded Joan Daisy.

"Cut that stuff," commanded Ket. "It makes me sick." He stepped from the screen; a moment later steel clanged and Joan Daisy knew that he had returned to the bull-pen.

IT WAS a few minutes before this abrupt termination of Joan Daisy's visit with Ket that Calvin Clarke left his office in the Criminal Courts Building and turned the corner toward the jail, where he encountered a plain-clothes man, attached to the State's Attorney's office.

This was one of the officers detailed to the collection of evidence by shadowing Joan Daisy Royle.

Calvin of course did not speak to the man, who, upon recognizing Mr. Clarke, carelessly sauntered by and without turning his head gave the information, "She's inside."

Although he continued past the jail, Calvin completely forgot the errand which had been his excuse for going on foot in that



## That Royle Girl

evening when he was engaged in an affair which had nothing to do with the Ketlar case and which should not have suggested the Royle girl.

Calvin, in fact, was a guest at a dinner dance at the Casino, which is a center of social affairs of the families described in the newspapers as being most "exclusive." Of course nobody in Chicago who knew Calvin Clarke excluded him. He was sought after in a city where a lineage is ancient if it can be traced back to "the fire" of 1871, and where a family which dates back to the World's Fair held in 1893 is deemed old and established.

Calvin declined most of his invitations; he followed a consistent rule which did not permit him to attend entertainments that would interfere with his work and forbid him early hours on week-day mornings.

He knew some of the people who lived along the Lake Shore Drive and entertained at the Casino, through having an acquaintance with men who had gone East to college; but he felt very little in common with them beyond that circumstance. They had no roots either in the land or in that stratum deeper than the land, in traditions planted in the place, in ideals and ideas.

If they had, they would not dance until four o'clock or five on week-day mornings; they would not muddle their brains and poison their bodies with bootleg; they would do something for which they cared so much that

they would keep very different hours and dwell in a very different manner. Instead of living for pleasure, instead of setting an example of extravagance, they would set up some standards of self-control and self-denial and respect for law which would help

to create an orderly, strong society, in contrast to their present practise of displaying examples of laxness and self-indulgence begetting in their imitators the profligacies, crimes and murders exceeding those of any like population in

civilization, and which made their city universally a byword for lawlessness and violence.

Formally they praised the old American manner of life; but on the younger lips this formal commendation became almost mocking.

"You're Calvin Clarke of the historic home way down East, I believe," a debutante commented as they began to dance.

Calvin replied, "My home's in Massachusetts."

"Ancestors shot up by the noble aborigine on the same spot where the matutinal beans are still baked, and all that, I understand. It must be marvelous, Mr. Clarke. Arthur Todd is absolutely rhapsodic about it—and your mother. Will she come to Chicago?"

"No," replied Calvin quite positively. "I don't think so."

"Well, of course the stern and simple is strictly the one and only, if you can do it and don't weaken."

"One and only what?" asked Calvin.

"Life; what'd you suppose? You pack it with you, I understand from Arthur."

"With me?" said Calvin.

"Hours and habits and all that. Except when there's a murder on hand, you go to bed, I understand, as though you were rowing Yale tomorrow."

Calvin danced without comment.

"Of course there's absolutely no money in the State's Attorney's office compared to corporation law, but you must get a compensating kick at times," she suggested. "When that Ketlar case came up, for instance. Arthur says the police called you at his place and you dashed down in time to view the body and find the principals still in pajamas."

Calvin remained silent.

"Come on, tell me," his partner invited, pressing her soft body closer to him. "There must have been a pile that never got into the papers. You found them in his flat, didn't you?"



“Take a good look at George Baretta—‘Three-G George,’ and give him a good once-over.”

direction, and although he succeeded in recollecting it after he had reached the second block, he went no farther but turned back. As he re-approached the jail, he pretended a search in the leather portfolio which he carried, to make it appear that he had forgotten an important paper. But he might have spared himself this bit of pretense, because the plain-clothes man, for whose benefit it was enacted, had disappeared.

This must mean that the Royle girl had come out, and reckoning that she probably had gone to the street-car line, Calvin hastened to Clark Street, where he saw her standing on a corner waiting for a car. Even when she stood almost motionless on the corner, her posture and the lift of her head evinced a spirit which, in spite of him, set Calvin's pulses to pricking.

A car approached and halted; quickly she stepped up and was lost upon the rear platform as a man ran from a cigar store and boarded the car at the front. The fellow was the same who had spoken to Calvin before the jail.

When Calvin returned to his office, he ventured casually to Ellison, "What do you think of the advantage of keeping a watch on the Royle girl?"

"I was wondering," returned Ellison, "when that question would occur to you. Of course there's no use for us at all; but there might be some for Elmen. She's his star witness; he's the one to worry if she does anything foolish or skips away. If she only would, we ought to buy her a ticket and reserve her a lower."

Accordingly the surveillance of the Royle girl was relaxed, with a resultant to Calvin Clarke which surprised him on that

## Edwin Balmer

"No," denied Calvin. "She was up-stairs—with her mother."

"But she'd been in his flat."

"Yes."

"And just after he'd shot his wife!"

"No," objected Calvin again.

"Why, he certainly shot his wife!"

"But the Royle girl didn't go to his flat afterwards."

"What did they do?"

"That," said Calvin, "is the chief issue of the trial." And as he terminated the discussion, he realized that he had been defending the Royle girl against this girl in his arms.

She reminded him somewhat of the Nesson girl for her trick of obtruding her body; and he thought, contrastingly, how little had the Royle girl, whom he had found in pajamas, obtruded her form. To recall his first encounter with her was to recollect her spirit, her blue eyes and white brow and her dark hair, and her head up in challenge to him. Of course he thought too of her slender figure and slim white heels, but not of her displaying them.

Where was she just now? he wondered as he danced with this other girl. What was the Royle girl doing tonight? And remembering that, wherever she was and whatever she was doing, she was without police surveillance, he knew that if he hunted her up, no one would be the wiser.

This notion amazingly tantalized him during the next days and led him on Tuesday evening to travel by elevated train to the Wilson Avenue station, whence he debouched at six o'clock amid the typists and file clerks, shop-girls and manikias, hair-dressers, accountants and the others who were returning home.

Each girl and each man must be bound eventually to some such home as the Royle girl's, Calvin thought. No wonder that, after leaving the station, their feet lagged and they lingered.

Of course many sauntered into restaurants, of which establishments the district furnished an incredible number and variety. Most of all, the automat offended Calvin; it seemed to him a symbol of the complete disintegration of families; beyond the automat, destruction of the home could not go.

CALVIN knew, from the detective's report, that the Royle girl had dined at this automat at least twice last week and he passed and repassed the place, watching it with wonder.

When he turned toward it for the fourth or fifth time, a slender, alert girl in blue was just disappearing through the doorway; and though he had merely a glimpse of her, Calvin did not mistake her. She was the Royle girl. She was moving slowly along the wall, inspecting the little lidded compartments. Halting, Calvin saw her thrust in a coin and draw out a dish which seemed to be some sort of baked affair with a crust on top; with another coin she lifted a second metal and glass lid and procured rolls; then she placed herself, cup and saucer on her tray, in a queue of people procuring coffee or chocolate from measured jets set to squirting by coins thrust into the wall.

Calvin returned to the door and stepped in, though such an act was no part of the plan which had brought him up-town; and now, having no plan at all, he followed the line of people who were exchanging larger coins for nickels, and armed with the passports of the place, he moved mechanically to the wall.

A small blue baking dish, brownly crusted over, exhibited itself behind a locked glass lid. "Beef Pie—4 nickels," read the inscription beside it; and Calvin Clarke performed one of the few utterly irrational and wasteful acts of his life. Conscious that people on both sides were peering at him with amusement, he suddenly thrust in a nickel and then, realizing that he did not want the pie, he moved on.



*As the fellow moved away, Calvin realized that he must have been recognized.*

"Go back there and put in three more nickels or somebody else will," said the Royle girl's lively, pleasant voice and, looking around, Calvin saw her beside him.

"What?" he asked but she did not delay to repeat it. She went to the compartment of the beef pie, and, blocking off another patron, she thrust in three nickels in deft succession, twisted the handle, procured the pie and proffered it.

"Here's your pie, Mr. Clarke."

Calvin stared stupidly at the brown crust and, counting off three of the coins in his hand, he solemnly exchanged them with her for the pie.

"Now what else do you want? I'd better get it for you," she offered, looking up at him with her steady blue eyes alight.

"I don't want anything else, thanks," said Calvin stolidly.

"Where are you sitting, Mr. Clarke?"

"What?"

"Where are you going to eat that?"

He glanced vaguely over the tables. "There," he replied indefinitely.

"That's where I am; so come on. Sit down. Here's your fork," she said, selecting one. "Sure you don't want anything else?"

"Sure," replied Calvin positively.

"Don't worry," she whispered. "They don't know me here; nor you, any more than on the street. I want to talk to you. You're just the one I want. Put your pie down here."

Calvin deposited his solitary dish upon the table to which she led him and which was a small one for (Continued on page 131)

A D R A M A

By Alma



*"Shoot straight and quick," said  
Welling and turned his back.  
Kit raised the automatic slowly.*

# \$ 2000.00 REWARD

**G**RIM things were happening on Sick Steer Trail that winter night, with none to watch them but a hungry owl. The owl cruised in the thin cold air, just off the trail, with a drop of a thousand feet from its steady wings to the valley below. The trail snarled its way along the side of the mountain like a wind-tangled skein of thread. Midway in its gigantic stretch the owl picked out four moving dots on the greenish white of the snow, swerved in a little, and then sailed on.

98

The owl was hunting, and uninterested in anything bigger than a rabbit. Three of the dots were hunting too. They were men on horses. The battered nubbin of an old frozen-looking moon gleamed palely on their drawn revolvers.

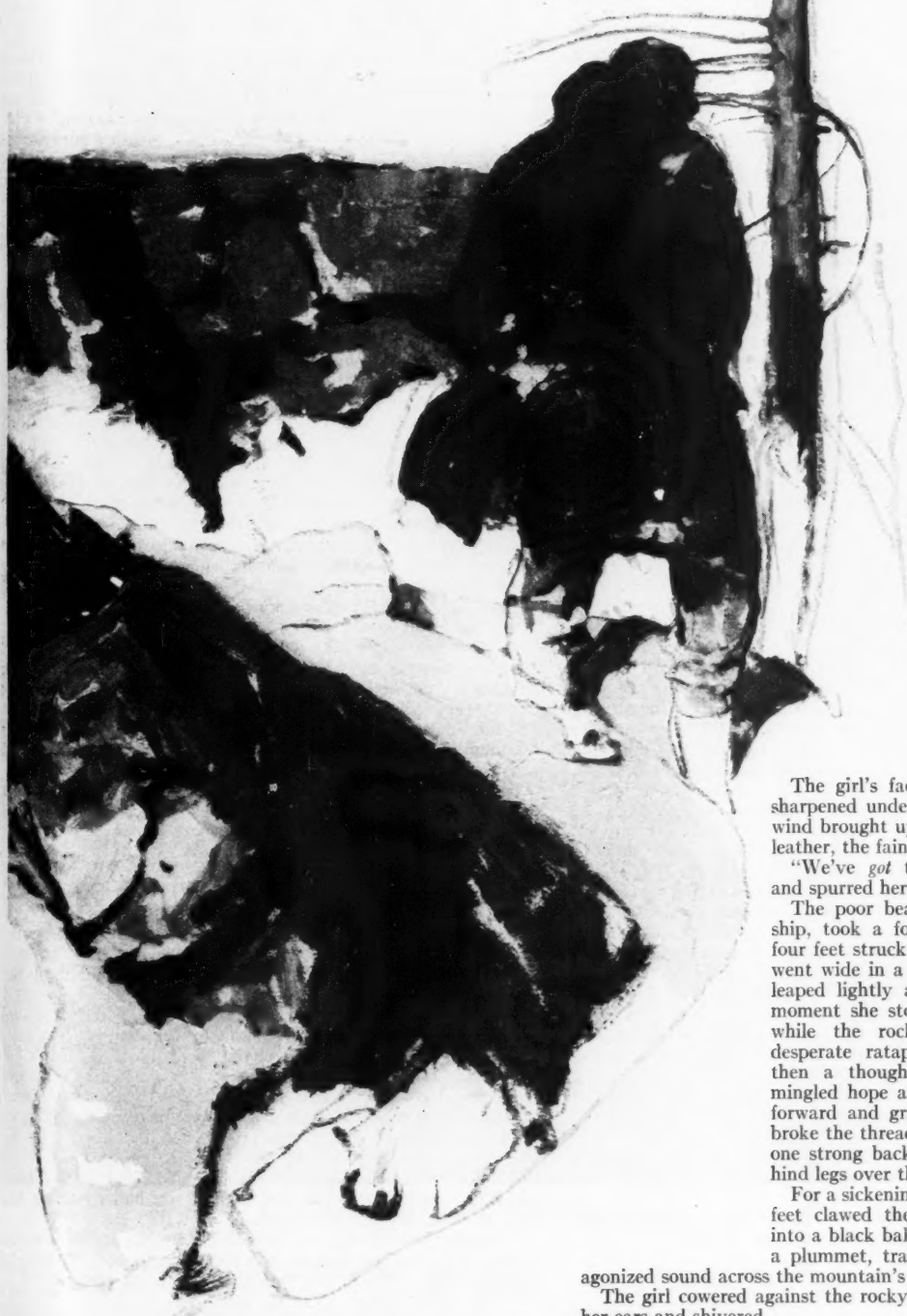
And ahead of them rode their quarry, hidden by the twists of the trail. Bent forward on her failing horse with the magic of the snow-covered mountainside for background and the moon for a *vis-à-vis*, she was instinct with grace and lithe clean strength: and

yet sh  
In its  
Her  
sorry  
spasm  
bitter-  
below  
There



# ON TOP OF THE WORLD

& Paul Ellerbe



*Illustrations by*  
Dean Cornwell

The girl's face grew pitiful; and then sharpened under the whet of fear, as the wind brought up the thin whine of saddle leather, the faint jingle of spurs.

"We've got to do it!" she muttered, and spurred her horse.

The poor beast lurched like a sinking ship, took a forward step, and then all four feet struck ice beneath the snow and went wide in a sprawling slide. Its rider leaped lightly and just in time. For a moment she stood back out of the way, while the rock-polished shoes beat a desperate rataplan for a foothold, and then a thought twisted her face with mingled hope and repulsion. She sprang forward and grasped the bridle-rein and broke the thread of the horse's climb with one strong backward thrust that sent its hind legs over the edge of the trail.

For a sickening moment the frantic forefeet clawed the ice, and then, bunched into a black ball, the poor animal fell like a plummet, trailing a long comet tail of

agonized sound across the mountain's quiet face.

The girl cowered against the rocky wall with her hands over her ears and shivered.

On the trail below the three men stopped.

"Good Lord! What's that?" said one of them, and stared up at the far granite peaks where they spurred the sky.

Then the black ball struck far down and bounded out into the moonlight, straightened itself into a long travesty of a horse and went looping and spinning from rock to rock towards the valley. The men craned their necks over the edge to see whether one lifeless thing or two danced that airy saraband, but the girl filled her lungs with the biting air and took the steep trail

yet she was not lovely to look at. Trapped things seldom are. In its desperation her face was as hard as the rocks she climbed.

Her horse, as it rounded an ou flung elbow of the trail, was a sorry sight in its coat of frozen sweat. Its lungs worked in spasmodic gasps, racking its spent frame with gulps of the bitter-cold, attenuated air. For they climbed, these two, just below timber-line, and that's eleven thousand feet above the sea. There isn't much there to breathe.

on foot. She didn't look back to see if her trick had succeeded until she could do it without pausing.

Two dark splotches were moving slowly downward over the snow. At the sight of them she strode on with the fresh zest of a fighting chance and looked for a hiding-place. But a granite wall swept up on the left that even the snow couldn't stick to, and on the right was the drop her horse had made. She climbed on up until the trail seemed hung in space with the Milky Way.

At the end of a hairpin turn she stopped and looked down on the three frost-covered beasts, with plumes of white breath curling from their nostrils, and the dark silent men on their backs. The rider in front was the sheriff . . .

A strange sound drifted down from the top of the range—a man's voice, singing.

Shakily she got to her feet and listened. It came again, clearer. It was not the wind. The singer was somewhere above her on the solid earth. Somehow she found breath to climb on.

The song came and went fitfully, as the trail twisted into or away from the wind, and under the voice slipped the ultimate touch of unreality—the supporting chords of a piano.

She swung at last round one final loop. On the forehead of the world, fronting the morning, grew a little house of gray granite, and from its open windows a tide of song billowed out over the far still valley and the innumerable cold armies of the mountains.

The girl slipped up to the door. It gave to her hand. She stooped, and with numb fingers took off her elkhide boots, stepped in silently and closed the door behind her. In spite of the open windows, the air in the room was so warm from a huge glowing wood stove that it made her giddy.

Her breathing hissed in her ears like escaping steam, her heart pounded, and the cold air that had come in with her walked through the room like a presence, but the man at the piano didn't notice. He seemed to exist but to sing.

She moved on the soft carpet toward a curtained opening that led into another room. A board creaked beneath her foot. But the man continued to sing.

She gained the friendly half-dark of the other room. Against the wall was a bed valanced like a bed out of an ancient tale. She glanced at nothing else but raised the valance and crawled under as silently as a snake—while the man, absorbed, sang on. She lay on the carpet and panted silently. The end of the song spread itself out like moonset on a calm wide sea. The man jumped up and stepped quickly across the room, muttering excitedly. She raised herself on an elbow and drew out the automatic. But when he had almost reached the door, he wheeled and walked away. She stopped breathing to listen.

"By golly, old son, you *did* it! It was glorious! *Done for?* I tell you, you'll have 'em fighting again for standing-room! You'll—let's do it again! Something heavier now, that'll try out the chest tones. Ha! That's it!" And he strode back to the piano and struck somber preluding chords.

Outside three horses climbed the steep road steadily.

The chords again, and then: "*Ay! del ay! que al alma llega!*"

He laid the liquid sorrow-stricken Spanish phrase tenderly on the still air, and the girl's face changed with understanding.

"He's killed something he cared about," she whispered, and shivered. She felt that it couldn't be just a song. It seemed torn out of him by the need to confess. It was like hearing a man cry.

The smooth full-throated notes swelled gloriously and then—crashed head-on into discord like a flock of southward flying geese hurtling into a storm-hidden mountainside. The great chest wheezed and coughed and clattered, the expert hands fell upon the keys in a jangle of notes. He lay sprawled across the keyboard like a sack of salt.

He raised his head at the ringing of hoofs on frozen ground. Then a voice cut through the night like the edge of a saw:

"Hello, the house!"

The girl laid the automatic ready to her hand. A heavy step crossed the room and the singer threw open the door.

"Hello! That you, Sheriff?"

"Howdy, Mr. Hampton. Anybody been by lately?"

"Not since yesterday noon. Who you looking for?"

The wall of the outward side of the house was a continuation of the face of the mountain. The three men had had an unobstructed view of one end of it as they approached. The sheriff pushed his horse on to the other end and peered carefully around the corner, his hand on his holster.

"Woman," he said, and turned his horse. "We'd 'a' had her by this, but she pushed her horse off'n the trail a ways back and had us climbing around to see if she went with it."

The other horses came up and stopped like run-down clocks. McQuade, Sheriff of Conifer County, swung down his cold-

stiffened limbs and stamped a little. "Any chance she's hiding around here?"

"Not unless she's a ghost. There's no entrance but that door, and it's a five-hundred-foot drop behind, you know. Come in."

"Thanks. If them horses don't get a breathing space, they're likely to die on us. Rub 'em down a little, will you, Bill?"

"Who's the woman?" said Hampton, opening a cupboard and producing a bottle and glasses.

"Never heard her called anything but Kit. She's a come-on for Dan Bradley's gang. Mebbe you've heard of 'em? No? Well, there was five altogether. They been hell-raisin' all over the State for four years now, an' last night, when they tried to crack the mining company's safe down to Goldville, they got their come-uppance. A few of us was expectin' 'em, an'—well, the other four—they're all men—are layin' out in a row behind the snow-shed waitin' for the coroner."

"And the woman?" said Hampton, letting an amber-colored liquid gurgle encouragingly into glass after glass. "This Kit?"

"Well, there's two thousand on her, dead or alive. She's five foot four, jimsy and dark-complected like a gipsy; striped skirt, leather puttees and sheepskin coat. And kinder pretty. But you better hang a gun on you, 'n case she does show up. She's desprit little devil. They say she was Dan's woman—when he couldn't find another one he thought better of. He'd took up recently with a real tony hellion called Diamond Daisy. Fact is, we paid the lady to go after him, knowing any flashy blonde could have him for crooking her finger. Kit never did have enough class for him, but he needed her in the business and—well, he's drove 'em tandem ever since I've knowed him."

There was the clink of glasses. Bill was called in. "Here's how!" A long heartfelt "Ah-h-h!" from Bill. "Holy suffering Santa Claus! I didn't know there was anything like that left in the world!" from the sheriff. A smack like the crack of a frost-riven tree from the third man, and they all tramped out again.

Hampton went to the piano and began to play. Long after the keenest ear could have heard the horses' careful steps, he shook out his shimmering magic curtains of sound. Then he rose and lighted a cigaret and walked into the bedroom.

"All right," he said casually. "You can come out now."

He stood blowing smoke and watching the valance curiously. It hung stiff and still. But a voice said suddenly: "Put your hands up!" and he felt the automatic leveled at him before he saw it, peeping between the folds at the foot.

"I'll do nothing of the sort." His voice was calm. It was an instrument he had learned to control. "Come out of there. I want to talk to you."

"Put your hands up," Kit repeated in a voice like the snap of a breech-bolt. "I'm not asking you again."

Suddenly he went ashy white and crumpled into a chair. But, "I'll be damned if I do," he said quietly. "Plug away."

"God!" said the girl under the bed. "Aren't you the nervy guy!" Keeping her gun pointed at him and dragging her boots she crawled out and stood looking down at him.

"My body's a coward," he said thickly, "but just the same I'm not afraid of you."

She laid the automatic on the floor and began pulling on her boots. "If you move before I'm through, I'll shoot."

"I don't believe it," he said. "If it was true, you'd have shot before. But take your time; I shan't move."

"How'd you know I was under that bed?"

"For one thing, I felt the cold air when you came in. And then, musicians have sharp ears. There's a board in the other room that squeaks in an upper F sharp. It broke in on the measure I was singing. But I was pretty well taken up with the song. Singing used to be my business, and for a minute or two I thought it would be again. It's doubtful if I would have paid much attention to you just then if you had come up and stuck your beastly gun in my face."

"You are the kind of a fool that thinks he can put it over any woman on earth, just because he's a man," she said. "Now you cut the gabble. Maybe you've noticed this is my busy day?"

"Come in here where I can see you."

She moved warily through the curtains into the light of a dozen candles, the automatic going before her. The light touched to soft brilliance a beautiful room, fragrant with a strange perfume, hung with silks and soft with cushions and aglow with color.

The man stood there soberly and looked down at the girl. He had the length of limb, the breadth of shoulder, the confident carriage of an old battle-breaking Norseman; and she—as the sheriff had said—was small and jimsy and dark, like a gipsy. There were a largeness, an authority, a freedom in his manner, that come only from the approval of thousands,

repeated  
The m  
while p  
"You  
I want  
trail st  
on the  
sheriff  
there y  
not eve  
Nobody  
Denver  
give yo



**C.** *A strange sound drifted down to Kit from the top of the range—a man's voice, singing.*

repeatedly expressed; and in hers the furtiveness of a hunted fox. The man looked at her attentively for a long, quiet moment, while pity for the tired hunted face came into his own.

"You want to escape. Well, so do I. You want to go one way, I want to go another. I'll help you if you'll help me. There's a trail starting just below here that will take you to a flag station on the narrow-gauge railroad in Roaring River Valley. The sheriff couldn't reach it in three days' riding. When you get there you'll have the range between you and him. And there's not even a telegraph wire running over it. Nothing but this trail. Nobody knows about it but me. You can board a train there for Denver at eight o'clock tomorrow. I'll show you the trail and give you three thousand dollars—if you'll do what I want."

Kit studied him intently for a moment before she replied. "Show me the trail and the money. How do I know you're not lying?"

"I don't know. But you do. However——"

He threw open the door, snatched up a coat and a hat, took a long pole from its place against the house outside and walked rapidly down the mountain for a hundred yards. There he prodded the snow between two high rocks with the pole. It gave way and revealed a narrow passageway—not a cave, but an alley.

"With a shovel you can always make it. I've been over it every month in the year. Now for the money, and you'd better wear a pair of my knickers instead of that skirt."





**C** "Look out!" the Singer called back. "There's been

The girl said nothing and he led the way back to the house. Throwing off his overcoat and hat, he thrust his hand into his pocket, and quick as the flicker of a snake's head she had covered him with the automatic. But he laughed and pulled out a key. He unlocked the door of a cabinet and took from it a small flat package.

"Here's three thousand dollars in hundred-dollar bills." He broke the paper band that held them together and counted them out on the top of the piano: "One, two, three, four—" up to thirty. "Three thousand dollars, eh?"

"If they're real."

He handed her the paper band. It bore the name of a Denver bank. And then one of the bills. She examined it, nodded and gave it back.

Keeping the money in one hand, he opened the door of a closet and brought out a pair of knickers and a shovel.

"Well, what about it?"

"I guess you know McQuade's got me hung up here on Sick Steer Trail like a cow on a trestle. There's men at both ends of it that'll shoot me on sight—for the reward." She stopped and ransacked his eyes with her own. "I'll do anything you say," she said very slowly, "if you're offering me that on the level."

102

He laid the bills on top of the piano and stood before them. "Then stand about ten feet away," he said coldly, turning on his heel, "and shoot me in the back until you're sure I'm dead."

She stared so long in silence that a chipmunk came out of a hole and blinked at them in the candlelight. The whole back of the room was windows.

The man looked out with unseeing eyes over the polished surface of his piano, toward the far cold peace of the moonlit valley and the mountains—waiting. Every line of his body spoke of the terrific restraint of force that seemed ready to burst from his very pores at a touch.

The chipmunk whisked itself forward like a flurry of brown snow, twitched its tail, stood up straight like a soldier and darted back to its hole as Hampton's voice broke the stillness.

"Good God!" he said—and he wasn't controlling his tones now; they were as harsh as McQuade's—"why don't you shoot, girl? Why don't you shoot?"

His passion of resentment and pain ripped off the rind of a kind of suffering Kit had never seen. It smote the mask of her face into a shudder of feeling. But before she could speak—

"I—I can't stand it any longer!" he said, and staggered into a chair. "You—you'll have to do it in front! Now! But

a snow

—for  
wobbl  
closed  
The  
great  
pushed  
as ice  
health  
"Ki  
In a  
"I n  
frighte  
He  
"Wi  
human  
"I—  
that w  
"Lo  
the m  
your p  
"I'm  
While



*a snowslide here." The white barrier sloped down smooth and solid across the way of the fugitives.*

—for God's sake—hurry!" His voice trailed off. His head wobbled over and lay loosely on his shoulder. His eyes were closed.

The girl went up to him incredulously. Raised one of his great arms and let it fall. Laid an expert finger on an eyelid and pushed it up. Felt the muscles of his shoulder that were as hard as ice. Noted the texture and color of his skin, that were as healthy as a baby's.

"Kit," she said, "you're learning something."

In a moment he sighed deeply and opened his eyes.

"I must have fainted. I did once before when I was terribly frightened."

He rose shakily, poured out a drink and tossed it down.

"What kind of a she-devil are you, that you can torture a human being like that?"

"I—I didn't get you. If it had been me, I wouldn't've felt that way. I—I'm sorry."

"Look here, you're not——" He wheeled about and saw that the money was still on the piano. "You're not going back on your promise?"

"I'm not. Every man I've ever known has double-crossed me. While I was under that bed McQuade gave me a jolt about the

only one I ever cared for that'd make it a pleasure to bump off anything that wears pants. I'll shoot you all right, but I'll do it at the other end of that trail. If it ends in a hole, it is going to be *you*, pardner, that's pushed off the other end of it. If it's a short cut to McQuade's back door, I'll guarantee to drop you where he'll find you when he comes out in the morning looking for the milk.

"Either you're up to something that I can't make out, or"—she studied the expression of his face shrewdly—"or you're a nut. And either way, this isn't the place for the shooting. I'll deliver the bullets at the railroad station, and you can hand the money over at the same place. And if there isn't any railroad station—you'll get shot just the same. And I'm not going a foot unless you walk in front and let me search you first."

"You must have had a hell of a time," he said gently, "to make you feel like that."

The little, dark, tired face twitched. Kit set her teeth. "Yep," she said tersely. "You said a mouthful. Let me change this skirt and then let's go!"

It was almost dark on Sick Steer Trail, but they found the moon again when they entered Hampton's short cut to Roaring River Valley—which proved to be a (Continued on page 124)

By Ed Howe

# An Old Story With A Different Ending



© U. and U.

Ed Howe

**S**UGGEST to an ailing man that he take a little care of himself, and probably he won't do it. Advise him to submit to a surgical operation, and he will be strongly impressed.

The one belief universally accepted seems to be that man was imperfectly created; I have never heard a dissenting voice. Knowing from long observation that a man's outside is wrong, we have come easily to the notion that he should be cut open, and a surgeon called to fix his inside apparatus.

I think I decided to go to a hospital because I heard so much talk of the subject, and was so generally advised that on my return I would enjoy perfect health. People who know nothing whatever about it will advise operations, as they recommend world peace and other plunges into big experiments.

Besides, I believed it was just my luck finally to be compelled to enter a hospital, and that I was weak and cowardly to put it off.

So one afternoon I braced my nerve, called the surgeon I had decided on, and told him I would arrive next day.

In traveling by railway train, I have long noted that cemeteries are usually located on a hill. Would it not be better to place them more modestly? During the short journey I was rarely out of sight of a cemetery. And across the aisle in the car in which I rode was a man returning from a hospital, where he had undergone an operation. This pale man told how sick he was from taking chloroform; how he hung between life and death for days, et cetera. Going over to a woman passenger, he began another recital of his operation. When he came to the more intimate details, he said in a low and confidential voice:

"You are a married woman?"

The woman said she was, whereupon he proceeded. But I thought the man indulged in some details that even a married woman would not care for.

The small town where I left the train is principally known because of its hospital and the surgeon who owns it. He is called Doctor Joe. His father is associated with him, and the older man is called Doctor Joseph. I had known them both a long time.

Doctor Joe did me the honor to meet the train; in fact he carried my valise up-town. I had expected to be operated on at once, but he set the hour for eight o'clock next morning.

I spent the afternoon wandering about town, accompanied by several citizens, but never heard a word they said. I was thinking about the services at the hospital at eight o'clock next morning.

In the evening I was a guest at dinner at the home of Doctor Joe, and beside my plate I found a little dry toast. I was to eat nothing else. This was the first actual preparation for the Event. The other guests "favored" me. If I made the most commonplace remark, it was accepted as witty or interesting, and they hung on my words to such an extent that I thought more than ever of eight o'clock next morning. Doctor Joseph, a man of about my own age, was present, and I observed him watching me rather closely. I had a faint hope that he might conclude my heart wouldn't stand an anesthetic.

It was ten-thirty p. m. when Doctor Joe and Bill Strong said they would "walk down with me," meaning down to the hospital, where I would go to bed for a Good Night's Sleep. Bill Strong

was the town's editor; I taught him his trade, and we still like each other. At a quarter to eleven—I somehow kept track of every moment that day—we started for the hospital. They were still being good to me, and they both offered to carry my valise.

Presently we came in sight of two large buildings and went up some steps into a place which seemed like an elaborate sepulcher. Then my two friends said good night and disappeared.

I was soon in bed, but did not close my eyes all night. Occasional noises floated to me from the interior of the building. Some one moaned, and then a man who seemed to be restless, as I was, softly hummed a hymn.

When I thought it must be near morning and looked at my watch, I found it was only one-thirty. And again I began thinking. I am certain I recalled all the principal events of my life and blushed at recollection of most of them.

**I** LOOKED out of the windows, after a very long time, and thought that surely daylight must be breaking. Again I looked at my watch. Less than half an hour had elapsed since I had last looked at the time.

The door which led into my room from the hall seemed unusual, and I began staring at it. I couldn't quite make out wherein it differed from other doors. Finally it came to me: it was wider than the usual door, to admit the vehicle to be brought in at eight o'clock to haul me out to the operating room.

I was dozing a little for the first time when the wide door opened, and a nurse came in. I asked her the time, and she replied that it was four-thirty. Three and a half hours to wait.

The nurse put a small thermometer under my tongue and left it there a minute or two. Meanwhile she felt my pulse. She asked if I had slept well. I replied that I had not slept at all, and she left the room through the wide door.

Then the radiators in the room began sizzling, and I knew the janitor was stirring the fires, in preparation for the operations of the day. I had heard somewhere I was first on the list.

The wide door opened again at seven-twenty, and a gentleman came in. I remarked that he had gray hair, was rather good-looking, did not seem to be as old as his gray hair indicated, and

---

**W**e Present, on these two pages,  
a pair who have made corn-fed

---

that he wore a white coat. "I am Doctor Carlisle," he said. "I will give you a hypodermic injection."

Then he pulled up the sleeve of my nightgown, rubbed a spot on my arm with a liquid which seemed quite cold, and gave me a hypodermic injection: another new experience for me.

"Why do you do that?" I asked.

"Nearly everyone has a little cold now," he answered; "this is to prevent the anesthetic irritating your throat."

He asked if I had slept well. On my replying that I had not slept at all, he departed, saying: "Well, I'll see you later."

That's what I had been thinking about all night: a strange gentleman or two and Doctor Joe, and a strange nurse or two, seeing me later in a strange room somewhere about the building.

My arm stung abominably where Doctor Carlisle had rubbed the cold liquid, and I was pushing up the sleeve of my nightgown to look at the wound when Bill Strong came in to give me another and final chance to forget it. I was surprised at his appearance at so early an hour, and concluded he was worrying. I shall always think more of Bill because of that little attention.

Then Doctor Carlisle came in again and said:

"Well, I believe we are ready for you."

So I proceeded to get out of bed. Doctor Carlisle pushed my slippers over to me, put a bath-robe over my shoulders, and I followed him out of the room.

I had been hoping all night that something would happen to save me, but here I was marching to I didn't know where.

In the hallway I noted that the doors of most of the rooms were open, and that sick people in the beds stared at me. I realized that I looked tough.

We turned to the right and passed through another wide door into a large room paved with white tile. Directly in front of the entrance door was a huge case of surgical instruments.

Following Doctor Carlisle into a little room on the right, I saw another nurse and I was introduced to Doctor Mathews, as I



By George ADE



# The Big MEN are Plain Folks *It's the little ones that Put on Airs*

George Ade

ONE item in the note-book we can back up by affidavit, after looking at the human comedy for a good many years. We know that all of the truly great are just plain folks—free from swank, side-show banners and high-sounding talk.

Small insects buzz loudly but giants need not pass out handbills advertising their size. The man whose importance is in doubt has to argue his case every minute. One whose caliber is recognized finds that he can be more comfortable on the ground than up on a pedestal.

When I was a reporter we setters and pointers of daily journalism never had any trouble in getting to the Chief of Police, but the patrolman with a story buttoned inside of his coat growled down at us from heights above. The millionaire was as common as an old shoe, when we finally broke in, but the he-secretary with the tall collar and the eyebrows treated us as if we were angworms. Prominent citizens belonging to exclusive clubs were nearly always genial and obliging when cornered by the sleuths of the press, but the flunkies who stood at the doors of these clubs regarded us with scorn and showed us, by most artful methods, that we were held in contempt.

Let memory check down some great men who were seen at close range: Theodore Roosevelt, Charles Frohman, James Whitcomb Riley, Levy Mayer, Joseph Jefferson, Sir Henry Irving, Walter Q. Gresham, Robert G. Ingersoll, Mark Twain, William Dean Howells, William F. Cody, General Lew Wallace.

A mixed-up list but all great men because each of them could render to his generation a service which others did not seem able to duplicate. Greatness probably means getting important results without straining. The intellect and the emotions are specially geared, and the mortal who is marked for distinction goes ahead and functions without special effort and becomes a whale of a fellow, often to his own surprise and embarrassment.

We have, in the history of our country, a prize model of simplicity and directness. He set a mark at which all of us will shoot in vain. Meaning Abraham Lincoln. He became a master of English merely by using as few words as possible and favoring those which were short, old-fashioned and Anglo-Saxon, instead of Latin. In an era of political pretense and hypocrisy he stood out as a miracle of sincerity because he said what was on his mind instead of trying to think up a good lie.

He was absolutely devoid of lugs. He didn't know how to put on airs. He couldn't think of a good reason why *any* man, at *any* time, should put on airs. His favorite poem was "Why should the spirit of mortal be proud?"

He saw things in perspective and must have understood, as all great men do, that any individual is a small item as compared with the spread-out universe. You can't expect a teacher of dancing, or a New York head-waiter, or the corresponding secretary of the local women's club, or the district golf champion, or the speed cop, or the young man in the theater box-office quite to get Mr. Lincoln's point of view. Those who have been mentioned feel that to get along one must put on lugs. Do not kill them. Try to remember that possibly *you* have put on lugs once or twice.

might have been introduced to another guest on attending a club dinner. I thought it was no time for the social amenities, but shook hands with Doctor Mathews and said I was glad to meet him, which I wasn't. Doctor Joe was standing in one of the rooms which looked like the operating section of a photograph gallery. He had on what seemed to be an oilcloth suit and something was pinned about his head.

Doctor Joe did not see me, apparently, and Doctor Carlisle told me to get up on the table. The table was so tall that I was compelled to climb; and when I lay down, I had my head where my feet should have been, and changed at Doctor Carlisle's suggestion. While changing my position, I saw another nurse; the second one I had seen in the operating room.

Then Doctor Carlisle placed a cloth over my eyes and one below my chin.

"Give up to us entirely," he said; "we will take care of you. The less you resist, the better it will be in every way."

He placed over my face a damp, pungent cloth, and I began taking the fumes with long, steady inhalations. The fumes were not very unpleasant, and I wondered why he had not tested my heart to see if I could stand an anesthetic.

I heard one doctor say—it was either Doctor Carlisle or Doctor Mathews; Doctor Joe did not enter the little room where I lay:

"He's going to sleep easily."

I had a vague fear that they might begin cutting me before I was thoroughly under the influence, so I said, steadying myself like a drunken man: "I didn't sleep any last night."

We have a family friend whom we call "Aunt Al." I was thinking I would write "Aunt Al" about the operation, but I couldn't think of her last name. When I can't think of a name I go down the alphabet, and usually this causes me to recall it. I began at A, and hesitated at S; then I recalled that "Aunt Al's" last name was Smith. It seemed so funny that I should forget the last name of a woman I had known all my life, and whose name was Smith, that I burst out laughing. That is, I thought I did, but the doctors say I did not; that I was perfectly quiet.

The next thing I knew, I was back in my room, lying on my back in bed. A nurse—the fourth I had seen—was sitting on the left, holding my hand. Doctor Carlisle and Doctor Mathews were standing by the bed, on the right side.

## *the latest PHILOSOPHY of the HUMOR known the world over.*

My head was low and I asked that it be placed on a pillow, whereupon Doctor Carlisle explained that keeping my head low was to prevent nausea. I felt no pain and was comfortable, except that I had a slight headache.

When both doctors left the room, Bill Strong came in with two of my friends from home who had come up during the night. I thought the three looked rather good-humored, considering the plight I was in, and I concluded they had been drinking.

In a little while they went away, as if to resume their carouse, and Doctor Joseph came in. I thought I must say something and asked faintly: "Was the operation successful?"

"I'll tell you about it," he replied. "I studied you rather closely last night at dinner and came over to the hospital this morning to investigate a little further. I had a good opportunity as you were unconscious in the operating room. You are now my patient, and I hope you won't be unfavorably impressed with me."

One of his diversions, it seemed, was keeping bees, and he began telling me about them. He had been interested in bees fifty years, and talked interestingly of the subject, without mentioning my condition. I think the impression he was trying to give was that he knew a lot about bees a man couldn't know who has not been closely associated with them half a century, as he had been, and that he gave them no medicine and never operated on them. Still, his bees got along about as well as creatures of that kind are expected to.

"You are about my age," he continued, more directly, "and I have the same trouble you have, so the younger men paroled you to me. In a few days I'll send you simple directions I have found valuable, but if you do not obey them, come back here in three months and the young men will do what they can for you."

There had been no operation, and I was free to go home: that's what my friends were laughing about, and I felt rather foolish. So in an hour I left the hospital with Bill Strong and my friends, and haven't been back since.

# By Adela Rogers St. Johns

## The Love Story of a Spoiled Beauty

**C** This is the synopsis  
of the novel as it be-  
gan in *Cosmopolitan*:

**N**O ONE knowing Sharon Kimm as a famous movie star, proclaimed the most beautiful woman in the world, could have dreamed that she was the same Sharon Kimm who, as a child of six, had lived in a squalid house down by the railroad tracks. Dirty, poverty-stricken, shunned by the neighbors, Sharon was then; and after her mother had died, tragically and shamefully, the child had grown up to a girlhood of penury and hard work.

Then she got a start in the movies. But she lost her job as one of the Savage bathing girls when the producer showed his interest in her too plainly, and made Mildred Rideout, the star jealous.

After that came hopeless days of tramping from studio to studio—days that showed plainly that Mildred Rideout's story had blacklisted her.

Sharon tried the Hirt studios among others, and it was there that she got her first glimpse of the great William Dvorak, the director, who had a strange talent for picking obscure people from the ranks and making them known and beloved from one end of the world to the other. Sharon stood at the gate of the Hirt lot, and with a pounding heart peeped in at him.

But the gray, mesmeric eyes swept past her and Dvorak turned away with never a quiver of prophecy to tell him that one day his life and hers would be joined in strange issues.

Nothing could have surprised Sharon more at that moment than to know that her future was being shaped by lovely Nadine Allis, Hollywood's most popular star.

Nadine wanted a girl to dance a Barbary Coast dance called "Walking the Dog" with Frisco Tate at the big party she was planning. Frisco chose Sharon. It was a gorgeous party.

106



Everyone that counted for anything in Hollywood was there. Mickey Reid was there. He was only a struggling juvenile, but he had a way with him—a way that made feminine hearts beat faster. And probably they speeded up all the more—those hearts—because young Mickey Reid was the kind of man who desires the One Woman and no other.

The saxophones began to play, and the hilarious crowd suddenly became still. A man and a girl were on the stage, "walking the dog." Everybody knew the man; nobody knew the girl.

Mi  
found  
eyes  
realiz  
Aft  
Mick  
Lucia  
"Y  
isn't

# The SkYROCKET

Illustrations by  
James Montgomery Flagg



**¶** Dvorak raised his glass. "I want you to drink with me to the most beautiful woman in the world."

Mickey Reid started to applaud with the others. But he found he could not. His eyes had met the strange, shy, eager eyes of the girl who danced. Stunned, horrified, Mickey Reid realized that this unknown, red-haired waif was his One Woman.

After that Sharon had work at the Kohl studios, and she saw Mickey every day. Sharon's roommate and life-long friend, Lucia Morgan, watched that affair with something like fear.

"You mustn't play with him, honey," she said to Sharon. "It isn't fair. He's too fine. He'll want to marry you."

"I don't want to get married," Sharon answered sullenly. "I'm not going to tie myself down. I'm going to be a star and have money and diamonds and beautiful things."

Some months later Dvorak's chief star failed him in the middle of a picture, and he remembered the haunting beauty of a girl he had seen playing a small part in one of the Kohl pictures.

"Get Sharon Kimm to come to my office," he said to Pepper O'Malley, a shrewd, black-eyed studio hanger-on.

So it was that the girl who a brief time before had been hopelessly seeking a job at this very studio, was asked by William Dvorak to star in "The Bath of Gold." The great director saw her as she really was—bizarre, exotic, unforgettable.

For Sharon a new life had started. She had become somebody. She was pointed out on the street. She surrounded herself with luxuries. She bought thousands of dollars' worth of clothes—and she bought them from Marie's, the most extravagant shop in Hollywood.

All unknowing—Sharon Kimm had made the acquaintance of the three witches who were to brew her fortune in their pot—the witches of desire and vanity and debt.

In one of her lovely new gowns the young star went to a tea given by

Mrs. Hirtfeltz, wife of the producer who owned the Hirt studios. Sharon had acquired much in recent days, but one of the things she still lacked was social poise. She felt wistful and lonely until a small, energetic, bird-like woman joined her. Sharon didn't know it, but she was talking to Mrs. William Dvorak.

**¶** Now you may proceed with the story:

**S**HARON felt instantly that this small woman was a personage. She had such charming manners. Sharon wished she





**C.** People were struggling desperately for a sight of this Sharon Kimm whom hitherto they had seen only on the grays of the silver sheet.

could handle her teacup like that. She wished she could walk across a room with that ease and dignity. She wished her voice had some of the clear, clipped, bell-like quality of this funny little brown person's. And yet she did not know why she wished these things.

"I don't believe we've been introduced," said the woman in brown, with her charming smile. "I don't think I know who you are, though you look as though I should."

"I"—Sharon hated herself for stammering at this point—"my name is Sharon Kimm."

The woman gave her a quick, surprised look.

"Are you, indeed!" she said graciously. "Now this is very nice. I'm Mrs. William Dvorak. I think I've heard my husband speak of you."

Which was more, unfortunately, than Sharon could say.

Other women came up then and gathered about Sharon. They had seen William Dvorak's last picture, if his wife had not. She admitted as much, with her bright, gracious smile. "Pictures bore me," she said apologetically. "Isn't it dreadful? I'm so ashamed, but I can't stand them—I really can't."

That was the one and only time Sharon had seen Mrs. Dvorak during the year. She had always known vaguely that Dvorak

was m  
Mrs. P  
mensel  
frankly  
even b  
If she  
though  
of Mrs  
first tri  
pose in  
couple  
eventu

**S** HAR  
denied  
through  
quiet.  
made s  
and th  
orname  
bracele

The  
been d  
softene  
green f  
beaten

Shar  
curled  
of her  
caresse  
throb o

A sw  
loping  
up the

A be  
membe  
sunshin  
thrilling

Not  
But wh  
road, si  
certain  
had bee  
the sun  
life—no

Her  
ever-gr  
had rai  
knew w  
her to l  
of her,  
was get  
that, or

So w  
glory st  
how cov  
A deter  
her unc  
the kitch  
just ou

"Mr.  
said yo  
bath no

"Oh,  
the min  
cream a

You  
very sli  
provoca  
had, to  
headlon  
that he  
was on  
Howeve  
Which

On t  
that it  
He onl  
were w  
and cir  
when h

was married. It hadn't interested her particularly. But after Mrs. Hirtfeltz's tea, she heard that Mrs. Dvorak was an immensely brilliant woman who wrote books on sociology, and was, frankly, just a little bored with her famous husband. She had even been known to laugh at him, lightly of course, in public. If she regarded him as a bit of a mountebank, he may have thought her a rather dry savant. Aside from the memory of Mrs. Dvorak, Sharon carried away from the Hirtfeltz tea the first triumphal knowledge that she could hold her grand-duchess pose in the face of a hundred women, and that her arrogance, coupled with her beauty and her new clothes, could reduce them eventually to a sort of hysterical and reluctant admiration.

SHARON KIMM awoke as the midday sun, no longer to be denied by drawn shades and pulled curtains, began to beat through the rose trellis outside her window. Everything was very quiet. Where the light crept through cracks and crevices, it made strange, heavy gold patterns upon the white bedspread and the polished floor. Patterns like some ancient Chinese ornament. Sharon reached out lazily and let one of them fall bracelet-wise across her bare arm.

The big house was very quiet. The air in the room, that had been dark and cool, was filling with a warm golden haze. It softened the much befigured wall-paper and the hand-painted green furniture. The scent of roses came in, sweetness actually beaten from them by the hot rays of the California sun.

Sharon kicked off the covers and turned on her side, knees curled under her chin, face snuggled against the priceless coverlet of her hair, short and thick upon the pillow. The warm air caressed her through the chignon of her nightdress and sent a throb of pure joy tingling to her finger-tips.

A swift year it had been. A glorious year. A year whose galloping feet had carried her, bound upon its back, in mad flight up the hill of success.

A hectic, confused, wonderful, terrible year, always to be remembered. Cuddling there in her bed, half naked in the warm sunshine, the memory of that year swept over her in a rich, deep, thrilling flow.

Not an easy year. There had been hours of supreme misery. But when she looked back and saw how far she had come upon the road, she could have screamed with ecstasy. The days of uncertainty and doubt were over. The new personality which she had been seeking had emerged from the cocoon and, warmed in the sunshine of the world's homage, fluttered amid the flowers of life—not as gorgeous as it was to be, but still very, very lovely.

Her salary had grown to meet her ever-growing needs, the ever-growing demands of her position, her way of living. Dvorak had raised her not so long ago to seven-fifty. The Hirt people knew what she was worth—knew that they would have to pay her to keep her from other companies. When they made a star of her, she'd have real money. Real money. Inez Laranetta was getting twenty-five hundred. Sharon Kimm would be worth that, or more.

So why worry about money? About anything? The path of glory stretched smoothly before her. And yet despite all this how could Lucia be such an old fuss-budget, such a wet blanket? A determined, angry little frown grew between her brows, and her underlip shot out, half pouting, half sullen. Downstairs in the kitchen she heard Ella, the new cook, singing. Fanny's voice just outside the door startled her from her drowsy day-dreams.

"Mr. Reid's come," it said, noncommittally. "He says you said you'd be ready at one and it's most two. I'm running your bath now."

"Oh, my goodness," said Sharon Kimm, and the picture in the mirror dissolved as though a wind had suddenly blown its cream and golden petals in every direction.

Young Michael Reid was very angry. He could be, upon very slight provocation, and in this case he felt sure that the provocation had been anything but slight. Young Michael Reid had, to be frank about it, a temper—one of those swift, hot, headlong tempers that, once unleashed, urged him to say much that he did not mean. That temper—understandable as it was—was one of the things that conspired against Sharon Kimm. However, without it Mickey would have been more than human. Which he certainly was not.

On this occasion Mickey's anger was so mixed up with hurt that it was hard to tell where the one left off and the other began. He only knew he was very, very miserable and his dark eyes were wistful with pain and blazing with wrath. There were lines and circles about them that had not been there a year before, when he kissed Sharon among the waves.

Perhaps it was that kiss, more than anything else, which had written the lines about Mickey's fine eyes, lines that a woman who loved him would have longed to smooth away with her finger-tips.

For with that kiss the gates of paradise had opened to Mickey. And yet some angel with a flaming sword still stood between him and his love. He had found her only to lose her, had won her only to be denied.

One reason for Mickey's discontent was that he had not seen Sharon for over a month. She had been on location, and now when he had come to see her she was hours late.

Furthermore, he was very discouraged about his own work. At the very moment when the whole world had gone crazy over bad men with hearts of gold, men with a dash of the devil, Allied Films had seen fit to give him a series of namby-pamby, wishy-washy, goody-goody heroes to play.

His ambition, though he seldom spoke of it except to Stud, was a strangely pure one. He cared nothing—he had never cared and would never care—for money. He wanted enough, of course. But he was afraid of the havoc money wrought. Concerning his work he cherished a real and honest ambition—a high ideal. His father had been an actor. His grandfather had been an actor—an actor who upon the London stage had contested great rôles with the best of them. His mother had been a concert singer, a sort of Irish nightingale, charming the hearts out of the audience with her voice. And back among the great-greats of his family tree, where it grew in Ireland, was one who painted marvelous pictures which still hung in glory in a Dublin gallery.

Mickey was doing his best. And he was an actor, a real actor. But the screen just at that moment didn't want actors. And Mickey, by an evil turn of fortune, was a handy and useful hero to be continually tempted by ladies of easy virtue—cinematically speaking—of whom the Allied Films had a surplus.

"If they'd only let me be human," Mickey raved between curses when he and Stud were alone, "if they'd only not insist on making me a prig and a sap. I'm—they give me goody-goody parts to play. You know they do. I am always too strong to yield to temptation, no matter how attractively it may be presented. I am always reading out of hymnals to ladies who care nothing about hymns. It's terrible. And you know how parts like that can damn a man. I am always playing the good brother of the heavy, who is a human and fascinating devil. Oh hell! And I could do Ramon Corral parts, if they'd let me."

But they wouldn't. Nor would they release him from his contract, which was as iron-clad and binding as any bondman's indenture ever drawn. He must work for Allied, or he could not work at all. And besides, Mickey Reid had the highest regard for his given word. Altogether, it left him about as helpless as a man could be.

And Sharon seemed so near to him. He could always awaken the love-light in her eyes, yet when he reached out his hand, he seemed to touch something as cold and hard as a diamond.

THE door opened and he turned quickly. But it was only Lucia Morgan, in a pretty blue dress with a soft little hat of blue straw drawn over her blonde hair.

Because his own heart was very tender, Mickey's first glance detected the trace of recent tears around her big, candid eyes.

"I say," he said, "you've been crying. What's up?"

Lucia smiled at him. "Nothing," she said, quietly. But she did not deny she had been crying.

Mickey went over and stood beside her in the big bay window. He liked Lucia. There was something fine, something steady about her. You always knew where she stood and what she stood for.

"Oh, yes, there is," he said. "Tell me. Is it about—Sharon?"

Lucia broke down and began to cry again. "Oh Mickey," she said, "I'm afraid. I'm afraid. She's angry with me because—I won't stay on and live with her in this big house. I told her before she rented it I couldn't go on living with her if she did. And yet I can't bear to leave her. I can't pay my share of a place like this. The rent's enormous. And she keeps Fanny all the time now, and Fanny has brought her sister to cook. And she has a chauffeur. That's all right. She—she can afford it, if she doesn't want to save anything or get ahead. But—mother doesn't think I should stay. She says we've got to keep our independence in this world, and if I were dependent on Sharon, pretty soon she'd look down on me and then, when she needed me most, I couldn't help her. Mother knows Sharon awfully well. But—I can't bear to leave her."

They were silent, but each well knew the other's thoughts.

"Damn William Dvorak," said Mickey Reid suddenly.

"Yes," said Lucia, turning from the (Continued on page 152)

# SADIE

## Sows A

# WILD

# OAT

AT THE time that this narrative begins the Polkoffs had been married ten years. The story of these ten years could be told in twenty-five volumes or in twenty-five words—depending entirely upon the point of view of the writer. They were happy and unhappy. They had their joyful moments and their moments of despondency. They kissed and they quarreled. The life, in short, of the average married couple.

They had a child—she was now nine years old—and they had their health and they both had sufficient work to do in their respective spheres to keep their minds occupied. Can a mortal ask for more? But now—well, the ten years were up, and here's the story of the Polkoffs:

Moey Polkoff had obtained an option upon a bit of real estate which suddenly became valuable. A rich corporation bought it and Moey found himself with more money on his hands than he had ever possessed before. He immediately opened two more stores—he was in the retail clothing business—and these stores prospered so quickly that Moey launched upon the "chain-of-stores" career. This new career kept him so busy that he had to work day and night. But money came pouring in, rolling in, avalanching in. And that's that!

Sadie hired her first servant. Then they moved to a bigger apartment and she hired two servants. Then she hired a governess to look after Elsie. And then Sadie found that she had nothing to do. And that's that!

When Sadie awoke in the morning, during the first ten years of her married life, there had always been enough work to keep her busy for twenty-nine hours a day. But with two servants and a governess and a liberal allowance of money and not the slightest worry in the world to occupy her attention, Sadie now awoke in the morning with but one thought in her mind. And that was: "What am I going to do today?"

If this, instead of being the story of the Polkoffs, were a modern novel, it might be worth while to devote several chapters to Sadie's psychology. It would be the easiest thing in the world to make a book out of the description of the moods and feelings and emotions that she passed through. You would be surprised if you knew how much women can go through. But the upshot of it all was that it was her husband's fault. And that's that.

Yes, after all the preliminary bewailing of the fact that she had no real mission in life and that her husband was busy while she was idle and that he had privileges which were denied to her and that he was absorbed in his life while hers was empty, she began to feel resentment that he did not devote as much time and attention to her as he had in that springtime when he courted her. Then Sadie commenced to realize, "with a dawning perception," as the lady novelists say, that he was leading a selfish

110



life, that he no longer really cared for her, that she had a soul and a destiny of her own, and that her husband was cruelly neglecting her. A magnificent mess and clutter of thoughts which had never entered her head in those days when she had to wash the dishes, cook the dinner and make her daughter's clothes.

A fair sample of a breakfast conversation: "I waited up until eleven o'clock for you to come home last night."

"Too bad," Moey would reply, sipping his coffee and reading the newspaper account of the woolen market. "I was terribly busy. You know I'm opening a new store."

"Oh, that new store! All I hear about is your stores. I don't think it's right for you to expect me to sit around all afternoon and all evening doing nothing just on account of your stores. You never take me out anywhere."

"I don't expect it," Moey would say, turning to the financial page. "I told you lots of times you ought to go to a theater or a movie show. I'd love to go with you but I ain't got the time. Don't be so cranky, Sadie. Things is going along fine now. In a little while I'll have plenty of time and maybe we can take a trip to Europe. But just now—you better get some girl to go out with and then the two of you can have a good time while I'm working. What's the matter with Mrs. Rosenheim?"

"Oh me tir  
"W  
Or do  
everyt  
do as  
Of  
Sad  
were  
real to  
If M  
thing  
have v  
happe



By

# Bruno Lessing

Illustration by  
Forrest C Crooks



C. "Why, Sadie!" Solly exclaimed. "If you're going to make so much fuss, what will you do when I ask you to kiss me?"

"Oh, she's always fussing with that son of hers. She makes me tired. All she can talk about is what her little Otto is doing."

"Well, get somebody else. I'll pay for the the-yater tickets. Or do something. But when you get cranky and blame me for everything, I get sore. And when a fellow has got as much to do as I have it don't do to go to the store feeling sore."

Of course, this tiny breach gradually widened. Sadie felt more and more aggrieved. True, her grievances were always vague and intangible but her unhappiness was real to her.

If Moey had become ill or had lost his money or if anything serious had happened to Elsie, all these grievances would have vanished. But none of these things happened. What did happen, however, was that Sadie became acquainted with Mrs.

Dobel. It was one of those casual acquaintances. Mrs. Dobel was about Sadie's age and had golden hair which Sadie immediately classified as artificially colored. Sadie remarked that her daughter Elsie had golden hair just like Mrs. Dobel's. Whereupon Mrs. Dobel admitted that she had an eight-year-old son whose hair was coal-black.

Shortly afterward, Sadie happened to pass the house in which the Dobels lived and saw the lady coming out. Mrs. Dobel insisted upon Sadie's stepping inside to see her little boy. Sadie said he was "a dear." A few days later she invited Mrs. Dobel to tea and Mrs. Dobel declared that Elsie was a "little angel."

During her visit Mrs. Dobel said: "Oh, my dear, I envy you so! If you only knew how unhappy I am! I never see anything of my husband. He's all wrapped up in his business. And I'm just bored to death all day long. Sometimes I actually think of committing suicide. Terrible, isn't it?"

But what is a woman going to do when she has to kill time forever and forever?"

Their acquaintance ripened into intimacy. Mrs. Dobel was by far the more sophisticated of the two and the bolder, and she quickly assumed the leadership of their tacit partnership. Each pitied the other as a neglected wife. Each had aspirations and dreams—very vague, to be sure.

Mr. Dobel, it seemed, was a kind-hearted, good-natured man, very much in the same position as Moey. He had worked hard all his life to provide a good home for his wife and son and was only now beginning to reap the fruits of his labor.

A subtle instinct told Sadie that it was a prearranged affair and that she was about to obtain a new and unexpected glimpse into the inner life of her friend. They had just taken their seats at a table in an up-town restaurant when a good-looking man rose from another table and approached them.

"Hello, Birdie! What on earth are you doing so far up-town?" was his greeting as he held out his hand.

"Hello, Alfred! Let me present you to Mrs. Polkoff, a friend of mine. This is Mr. Steiner, Sadie."

"Look here, Birdie," said Alfred, "I'm here with Solly Meyer. Why not get a table for four and have luncheon together?"

Yes, Sadie had the feeling that it had all been arranged beforehand. But there was something about the situation that gave her

a little thrill. It was all so much better than sitting at home with nothing to do. And when Solly Meyer had been introduced to her and she had observed that he had fine, soulful eyes and a clear, pinkish skin, the little thrill became a greater thrill.

Could it be, she asked herself, that she was now upon the threshold of real life?

"Mr. Meyer," she began—nervously.

"Oh, please cut out the formality," said he with charming geniality. "Call me Solly."

"Solly, then—"

And that's that!

It was perfectly innocent. Sadie kept impressing this conviction upon her own mind all the rest of the day. Not a word had been spoken that her husband could not have heard. Not a suggestion had been made that was wrong. True, when she left, Solly had placed her wrap over her shoulders and had permitted his hand to rest upon her neck longer than was necessary but, pshaw! why fuss about a trifle like that? Next Tuesday, when they had agreed to go for a ride in Solly's car, she would see to it that he took no such liberties. Yes, it was all perfectly innocent. Only she did not mention the matter to her husband.

To her great satisfaction Sadie found, in the next few days, that she did not feel quite so bored.

IT WAS with some slight embarrassment that she called upon her friend the next day to re-live the luncheon party in conversation. She was afraid that Mrs. Birdie Dobel might have some twinge of conscience for having accepted the invitation of these strange men so readily. But her mind was quickly put at ease.

"Alfred told me that Solly is crazy about you," were Mrs. Dobel's first words and Sadie felt herself blushing.

"What nonsense!" she exclaimed. "Why, I hardly remember what he looks like. Do you—are you sure it's all right for us to go out with them on Tuesday?"

"Bless your innocent heart, Sadie!" replied her friend. "If I couldn't step out once in a while and have some decent man pay a little attention to me, I'd just go crazy. D'ye think I'm going to hang around this house all day long waiting for that precious husband of mine to come home and then listen to his wearisome talk about business? Well, I guess not!"

Yes, thought Sadie, that was it—attention! Solly had been very attentive to her. He had listened to every word she uttered with the most eager and gallant concentration. And he had spoken to her only of things that interested her—theaters, pictures, books, women's styles, her favorite perfumes. All that her husband spoke about, all that interested him in life, were those endless stores of his. Surely there could be no harm in receiving attention from an attractive man!

The second meeting was just as innocent as the first. Oh, entirely so! They did nothing but ride over one country road after another, stopping at an occasional road-house for a surreptitious drink. And they did nothing but talk.

True, when they stopped a block from Sadie's house, in the evening dusk, she realized that Solly had been holding her hand for ever so long. But what was there in that? He was a charming man and he had divined all her troubles; in fact, he had recited them to her and she had gasped with amazement to find that any stranger could read her heart to the extent of knowing that she led a lonely life, that her husband did not properly appreciate her and that she aspired to higher things.

If Moey were only like that!

Yes, she had promised to meet them all for luncheon the next day.

Sadie dressed herself with unusual care the next day. When a woman goes to have luncheon with a man who understands her thoroughly—and who is not her husband—she always dresses herself with unusual care. She called for a taxi and drove to Mrs. Dobel's house. Just as Mrs. Dobel was about to step into the taxi her son, with a loud, boyish yell, came running along the sidewalk, followed by his governess.

"Where you going, mama?" he cried.

"I'm going out to luncheon," replied his mother, frowning. The governess approached leisurely.

"Can't I go with you, mama?" persisted the child.

"No, dear. You must eat your luncheon with Mam'selle." The lad stepped back, disappointed. The governess took him by the hand but he refused to budge until the taxi had driven off.

"Where to?" asked the chauffeur. Mrs. Dobel told him the name of the restaurant.

Now this party was not quite as nice as the other two had been. And Sadie was greatly disappointed. Which was really too bad.

In the first place, when they entered the restaurant, the head-waiter led them up a flight of stairs to a private room where the two men were waiting. And Sadie did not like this. It was very soothing to have a man who thoroughly understood her soul purring into her ear, but it was also delightful to see other well-dressed men and women around her. Sadie had not yet come to appreciate the *l'été-à-l'été* stage.

"Why can't we eat down-stairs?" she asked.

"Oh, what's the difference!" exclaimed Mrs. Dobel. "Let's eat anywhere."

In the second place, Sadie quickly had cause to suspect that both men had been drinking. Solly wasted little time in the friendly preliminaries which had pleased her so much before. And when she tried to withdraw her hand from his, he gazed at her reproachfully.

"Why, Sadie!" he exclaimed. "If you're going to make so much fuss about my holding your hand, what will you do when I ask you to kiss me?"

Sadie did not know what to reply. She was embarrassed. The thrill that she had anticipated upon meeting him would not come. Instead came the tremor of another sensation—something akin to fear.

Without a moment's warning, he seized her in his arms and kissed her, again and again, full upon the lips. In his eagerness he twisted her hat from its fastenings in her dark hair. Then instantly he desisted.

"Oh, I'm so sorry!" he said. "Please forgive me. I couldn't help myself. There's a little dressing-room right next door where you can fix your hair. Please try not to hate me."

Ah, yes. That little dressing-room. Sadie never forgot it.

Her mind was in a whirl when she entered it. All she saw was a mirror in a gilded frame hanging upon the wall that separated her from her companions. She could hear their talk plainly. But she was not listening. She looked into the mirror but she could not see herself. She removed her hat and arranged her hair from pure force of mechanical habit.

She could not understand what was wrong with her. She felt afraid of something but did not know what it was. It had never occurred to her that Solly would ever want to kiss her. No other man had ever kissed her since she first met Moey.

Her mind was in a daze. Quite clearly she heard the voices in the next room.

"What's the matter with your friend, Birdie? Is she a goody-goody or a dumbbell? She made an awful fuss when I kissed her."

"Oh, shut up, Sol. Birdie and I are busy. Settle your own troubles. Don't bother about him, Birdie. Tell me, dearest—are you half as crazy about me as I am about you?"

Sadie tried to think clearly. But all her thinking faculties seemed to be topsy-turvy. And then, suddenly—a crash of a chair upset, a faint scream and—a moment's silence. Sadie felt all her senses returning. She fastened her hat quickly, and listened intently. It was a voice she had never heard before.

"Sol! Here's where you are! Mam'selle heard you tell the chauffeur just by accident—and they told me down-stairs—"

He spoke so slowly! Sadie felt that her heart would stop beating. Something seemed to choke her.

"I—I don't know these gentlemen. But Mam'selle telephoned me at the office. She said she tried to get you here but they didn't know you. The—the—the boy fell down the stairs and hurt his spine. The doctors—the doctors—"

Sadie walked swiftly out of the dressing-room and down the corridor. She would have sworn a million oaths that, as she passed the open door of the private dining-room, her eyes never for an instant turned in that direction. But she would have sworn just as many oaths that a man, with his back turned to the corridor, stood in the doorway and that, over his shoulder, a woman could have been seen huddled upon a chair, and two embarrassed men standing in the background.

And that is that!

Moey came home quite late that night. He was exceedingly tired. Imagine now his sensations upon seeing his wife, clad in a becoming house gown, approach him with outstretched arms and an eager smile upon her face.

"Hello, Sadie!" he cried. "I never expected to find you up so late. What's the idea? Going to a party?"

"No, dear," she replied. "I was just waiting up for you. I was just thinking today how terribly selfish I've been. I never asked you a single question about that new store on Grand Street. Won't you tell me how it's getting on? I've got some supper saved for you—"

And that is that!



Ton  
app  
giv  
fres

ton  
but  
sta  
me

A  
you  
Re

E  
so  
ful

# Soup makes the whole meal glow!

Ask me why I feel so happy,  
Full of vim and always snappy,  
On my toes, a sparkling dancer—  
Campbell's Soups the simple answer!

Those first delicious tastes of Campbell's Tomato Soup! What a tonic it is to your appetite! Every piping-hot spoonful of it gives you a new relish for your food—refreshes, nourishes, invigorates you.

The pure tomato juices and the luscious tomato "meat," blended with rich country butter in this most appetizing of soups, start you "just right" to enjoy the whole meal.

And to taste Cream of Tomato just as you like it, prepare it with Campbell's. Read on the label how easy it is.

Be sure your soup is always hot. It tastes so much better and is so much more cheerful and inviting.

21 kinds  
12 cents a can

**Campbell's**  
CONDENSED  
TOMATO  
SOUP  
CAMPBELL SOUP COMPANY  
CAMDEN, N. J., U.S.A.

## Campbell's SOUPS

LUNCHEON

DINNER

SUPPER



## The Painted Veil by W. Somerset Maugham [Continued from page 45]

have me, of course I shall be glad to come," she sighed.

THE Townsends lived on the Peak in a house with a wide view over the sea, and Charlie did not as a rule come up to luncheon, but on the day of Kitty's arrival Dorothy—they were Kitty and Dorothy to one another by now—told her that if she felt up to seeing him he would like to come and bid her welcome. Kitty reflected that since she must see him she might just as well see him at once and she looked forward with grim amusement to the embarrassment she must cause him.

She saw very well that the invitation to stay had arisen in his wife's fancy and notwithstanding his own feelings he had immediately approved. Kitty knew how great his desire was always to do the right thing. But he could hardly remember that last interview of theirs without mortification; to a man so vain it must be galling like an ulcer that would not heal.

And now, sitting with Dorothy, she waited for him to come in. They heard a motor drive up and Charlie strode into the room.

"Am I late? I hope I haven't kept you waiting. I had to see the Governor and I simply couldn't get away." He went up to Kitty and took both her hands. "I'm so very, very glad you've come here. I know Dorothy has told you that we want you to stay as long as ever you like and that we want you to look upon our house as your home. But I want to tell you so myself as well. If there's anything in the world I can do for you I shall only be too happy." His eyes wore a charming expression of sincerity; she wondered if he saw the irony in hers. "I'm awfully stupid at saying some things and I don't want to seem a clumsy fool, but I do want you to know how deeply I sympathize with you in your husband's death. He was a thundering good chap, and he'll be missed here more than I can say."

"Don't, Charlie," said his wife. "I'm sure Kitty understands."

In accordance with the luxurious custom of the foreigners in China, two boys in uniform came into the room with savories and cocktails. Kitty refused.

"Oh, you must have one!" insisted Townsend in his breezy, cordial way. "It'll do you good and I'm sure you haven't had such a thing as a cocktail since you left Hongkong. Unless I'm very much mistaken you couldn't get ice at Mei-tan-fu."

"You're not mistaken," said Kitty. For a moment she had a picture before her mind's eye of that beggar with the tousled head in the blue rags through which you saw the emaciated limbs, who had lain dead against the compound gate.

They went in to luncheon. Charlie, sitting at the head of his table, easily took charge of the conversation. After those first few words of sympathy he treated Kitty, not as though she had just traversed a devastating experience, but rather as though she had come in from Shanghai for a change after an operation for appendicitis. She needed cheering and he was prepared to cheer her. He was a tactful man. He began talking of the autumn race meeting and the polo—by Jove, he would have to give up playing polo if he couldn't get his weight down—and a chat he had had that morning with the Governor. He spoke of a party they had been to on the Admiral's flagship, the state of affairs in Canton and of the links at Kowloon. In a few minutes Kitty felt that she might have been away for no longer than a week-end.

"Why, she's looking better already," said Charlie to his wife. "She was so pale before tiffin that I was quite startled; she's really got some color in her cheeks now."

But while she took her part in the conversation, if not with gaiety—for she felt that neither Dorothy nor Charlie with his admirable sense of decorum would approve of that—at

least with cheerfulness, Kitty observed her host. In all those weeks during which her fancy had been revengefully occupied with him she had built up in her mind a very vivid impression of him.

His thick curling hair was a little too long and too carefully brushed, in order to hide the fact that it was graying; there was too much oil on it; his face was too red, with its network of mauve veins on the cheeks, and his jaw was too massive; when he did not hold his head up to hide it you saw that he had a double chin; and there was something apelike in those bushy, grizzled eyebrows of his that vaguely disgusted her. He was heavy in his movements, and all the care he took in his diet and all his exercise did not prevent him from being fat; his bones were much too well covered and his joints had a middle-aged stiffness. His smart clothes were a little tight for him and a little too young.

But when he came into the drawing-room before luncheon Kitty had received quite a shock—that perhaps was why her pallor had been so marked—for she discovered that her imagination had played an odd trick on her. He did not in the least look as she had pictured him. She could hardly help laughing at herself. His hair was not gray at all—oh, there were a few white hairs on the temple, but they were becoming; and his face was not red, but sunburned; his head was very well placed on his neck; and he wasn't stout and he wasn't old. And of course he did know how to wear his clothes; it was absurd to deny that; he looked neat and clean and trim.

Whatever could have possessed her to think him this and that? He was a very handsome man. It was lucky that she knew how worthless he was.

At last the coffee was brought in and Charlie lighted his cheroot. He looked at his watch and rose. "Well, I must leave you two young women to your own devices. It's time for me to get back to the office." He paused and then with his friendly, charming eyes on Kitty said to her: "I'm not going to bother you for a day or two till you're rested, but then I want to have a little business talk with you."

"With me?"

"We must make arrangements about your house, you know, and then there's the furniture."

"Oh, but I can go to a lawyer. There's no reason why I should bother you about that."

"Don't think for a moment I'm going to let you waste your money on legal expenses. I'm going to see to everything. You know you're entitled to a pension; I'm going to talk to H. E. about it and see if by making representations in the proper quarter we can't get something extra for you. You put yourself in my hands. But don't bother about anything just yet. All we want you to do now is to get fit and well. Isn't that right, Dorothy?"

"Of course."

He gave Kitty a little nod and then passing by his wife's chair took her hand and kissed it. Most Englishmen took a little foolish when they kiss a woman's hand; he did it with a graceful ease.

IT WAS NOT till Kitty was fairly settled at the Townsends' that she discovered that she was weary. The comfort and the unaccustomed amenity of this life broke up the strain under which she had been living. She had forgotten how pleasant it was to take one's ease, how lulling to be surrounded by pretty things, and how agreeable it was to receive attention. She sank back with a sigh of relief into the facile existence of the luxurious East. It was not displeasing to feel that in a discreet and well-bred fashion she was an object of sympathetic interest. Her bereavement was so recent that it was impossible for entertainments to be given for her, but ladies of consequence came to drink a quiet cup of tea with her.

These ladies used Kitty as though she were a piece of porcelain which was as fragile as it was precious. She could not fail to see that they looked upon her as a little heroine, and she had sufficient humor to play the part with modesty and discretion. She wished sometimes that Waddington was there; with his malicious shrewdness he would have seen the fun of the situation.

Kitty did not know whether it was by chance or by design that she never found herself for a moment alone with Charlie. His tact was exquisite. He remained kindly, sympathetic, pleasant and amiable. No one could have guessed that they had ever been anything more than acquaintances. But one afternoon when she was lying on a sofa outside her room reading he passed along the veranda and stopped.

"What is that you're reading?" he asked.

"A book."

She looked at him with cool irony. He smiled.

"Dorothy's gone to a garden party at Government House."

"I know. Why haven't you gone too?"

"I didn't feel I could face it and I thought I'd come back and keep you company. The car's outside; would you like to come for a drive round the island?"

"No, thank you."

He sat down on the foot of the sofa on which she lay. "We haven't had the chance of a talk by ourselves since you got here."

She looked straight into his eyes with cool insolence. "Do you think we have anything to say to one another?"

"Volumes."

She shifted her feet a little so that she should not touch him.

"Are you still angry with me?" he asked, the shadow of a smile on his lips and his eyes melting.

"Not a bit," she laughed.

"I don't think you'd laugh if you weren't."

"You're mistaken; I despise you much too much to be angry with you."

He was unruffled. "I think you're rather hard on me. Looking back calmly, don't you honestly think I was right?"

"From your standpoint."

"Now that you know Dorothy, you must admit she's rather nice?"

"Of course. I shall always be grateful for her great kindness."

"She's one in a thousand. I should never have had a moment's peace if we'd bolted. It would have been a rotten trick to play on her. And after all, I had to think of my children; it would have been an awful handicap for them."

"I've watched you very carefully during the week I've been here. I've come to the conclusion that you really are fond of her. I should never have thought you capable of it. She believes in you with all the strength of her sincere and trustful nature. Have you never thought that you owed her any loyalty?"

"What the eye doesn't see the heart doesn't grieve for."

She shrugged her shoulders. "You're despicable."

"I'm human. I don't know why you should think me such a cad because I fell head over ears in love with you. I didn't particularly want to, you know."

It gave her a little twist of the heart-strings to hear him say that. "I was fair game," she answered bitterly.

"Naturally I couldn't foresee that we were going to get into such a devil of a scrape."

"And in any case you had a pretty shrewd idea that if anyone suffered it wouldn't be you."

"I think that's a bit thick. After all, now it's all over, you must see I acted for the best for both of us. You lost your head and you ought to be jolly glad that I kept mine. Do you think it would have been a success if I'd



# "Mother says she wants FELS-NAPTHA!"



Real Naptha! You can tell  
by the smell

Fels-Naptha is a helpful "room-mate" for those who board. So convenient and safe for the little daily washes of handkerchiefs, stockings, and underthings—even with cool or lukewarm water!

## What temperature for wash water?

Use water of any temperature with Fels-Naptha. Boil clothes with Fels-Naptha, if you wish. You are bound to get good results. The real naptha in Fels-Naptha makes the dirt let go, no matter whether the water is cool, lukewarm or hot.



The original and genuine naptha soap comes in the familiar red-and-green wrapper. Buy it in the convenient ten-bar carton.

Any woman who really knows Fels-Naptha will tell you why she uses it regularly—why nothing can take the place of Fels-Naptha.

She wants its *extra* helpfulness. Not only on wash day, but every day.

She wants, too, the deep, sweet cleanliness in her clothes that Fels-Naptha gives—a deep, thorough cleanliness she gets so easily and safely.

Many mothers say they wouldn't be without Fels-Naptha just for those little daily washings of children's clothes—that it cleans them so quickly and so gently.

There's a reason for this *extra* helpfulness of Fels-Naptha. There's a reason why it has an extra washing value that you cannot get in any other way.

Fels-Naptha is more than just "soap." It is splendid soap and naptha—*two great cleaners in one golden bar*. Naptha loosens the dirt. Soapy water flushes it out. Simple as A-B-C.

Give Fels-Naptha a trial in your home. Let it prove its *extra* helpfulness. Use it for everything—from sheets and shirts to your finest things. Order a bar or two from your grocer today!

**TEST** Fels-Naptha's extra washing value. Send 2 cents in stamps for a sample bar. Address Fels-Naptha Soap, Philadelphia.

# FELS-NAPTHA

THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR

© Fels & Co.  
Philadelphia

done what you wanted me to? And you haven't come to any harm. Why can't we kiss and make friends?"

She almost laughed. "You can hardly expect me to forget that you sent me to almost certain death without a shadow of compunction?"

"Oh, what nonsense! I told you there was no risk if you took reasonable precautions. Do you think I'd have let you go for a moment if I hadn't been perfectly convinced of that?"

"You were convinced because you wanted to be. You're one of those cowards who only think what it's profitable for them to think."

"Well, the proof of the pudding is in the eating. You have come back and if you don't mind my saying anything so objectionable you've come back prettier than ever."

"And Walter?"

He could not resist the facetious answer which came to his mind. Charlie smiled. "Nothing suits you so well as black."

She stared at him for a moment. Tears filled her eyes and she began to cry. Her beautiful face was distorted with grief. She did not seek to hide it, but lay on her back with her hands along her sides.

"For God's sake, don't cry like that! I didn't mean to say anything unkind. It was only a joke. You know how sincerely I feel for you in your bereavement."

"Oh, hold your stupid tongue!"

"I'd give anything to have Walter back."

"He died because of you and me."

He took her hand, but she snatched it away from him. "Please go away," she sobbed. "That's the only thing you can do for me now. I hate and despise you. Walter was worth ten of you and I was too big a fool to see it. Go away. Go away."

She saw he was going to speak again and she sprang from the sofa to her feet and went into her room. He followed her, and as he entered, with instinctive prudence, drew the shutter so that they were almost in darkness.

"I can't leave you like this," he said, putting his arms round her. "You know I didn't mean to hurt you."

"Don't touch me. For God's sake, go! Go away."

She tried to tear herself from him, but he would not let her. She was crying hysterically now.

"Darling, don't you know that I've always loved you?" he said in his deep, charming voice. "I love you more than ever."

"How can you tell such lies! Let me go. Damn you, let me go!"

"Don't be unkind to me, Kitty. I know I've been a brute to you, but forgive me."

She was shaking and sobbing, struggling to get away from him, but the pressure of his arms was strangely comforting. She had so longed to feel them round her once more, just once, and her whole body trembled. She felt dreadfully weak. The sorrow she felt for Walter shifted into pity for herself.

"Oh, how could you be so unkind to me?" she sobbed. "Don't you know that I loved you with all my heart? No one has ever loved you as I loved you."

"Darling," He began to kiss her.

"No, no," she cried.

He sought her face, but she turned it away; he sought her lips; she did not know what he was saying, broken, passionate words of love; and his arms held her so firmly that she felt like a child that has been lost and now at last is safe at home. She moaned faintly. Her eyes were closed and her face was wet with tears. And then he found her lips and the pressure on them shot through all her body like the flame of God. It was an ecstasy and she was burned to a cinder and she glowed as though she were transformed. In her dreams, in her dreams she had known this rapture. She was not a woman, her personality was dissolved. He lifted her off her feet—she was very light in his arms—he carried her and she clung to him, desperate and adoring . . .

"Would you like a drop of water?"

She shook her head. He went over to the

washing-stand, filled the tooth-glass and brought it to her. "Come along, have a little drink and you'll feel better." He put the glass to her lips and she sipped the water. Then, with horrified eyes, she stared at him. In his eyes was a twinkle of self-satisfaction.

"Well, do you think I'm such a dirty dog as you did?" he asked.

She looked down. "Yes. But I know that I'm not a bit better than you. Oh, I'm so ashamed!"

"Well, I think you're very ungrateful."

He went out of the room with a jaunty step. Kitty sat for a while hunched up like an imbecile. Her mind was vacant. A shudder passed through her. She staggered to her feet and going to the dressing-table, sank into a chair. She stared at herself in the glass. Her eyes were swollen with tears; her face was stained. She looked at herself with horror.

It was the same face. She had expected in it she knew not what change of degradation.

"Swine!" she flung at her reflection. "Swine!"

Then, letting her face fall on her arms, she wept bitterly.

Everything was gone now. She had thought herself changed, she had thought herself strong, she thought she had returned to Hongkong a woman who possessed herself; new ideas flitted about her heart like little yellow butterflies in the sunshine and she had hoped to be so much better in the future; freedom like a spirit of light had beckoned her on and the world was like a spacious plain through which she could walk light of foot and with head erect.

Weak, weak! It was hopeless, it was no good to try . . .

But next morning Kitty rose early and leaving a note for Dorothy to say that she was gone out on business, took a tram down the hill. She made her way through the crowded streets with their motor-cars, rickshaws and chairs, and the motley throng of Europeans and Chinese, to the offices of the P. & O. Company. A ship was sailing in two days, the first ship out of the port, and she had made up her mind that at all costs she must go on it.

Flight: that was her only thought. Flight! She sent a cable to her father to announce her immediate return—she had already cabled to him to say that Walter was dead—and then went back again to the Townsends' to tell Dorothy what she had done.

"We shall be dreadfully sorry to lose you," the kind creature said, "but of course I understand that you want to be with your mother and father."

Since her return to Hongkong Kitty had hesitated from day to day to go to her house. She dreaded entering it again and meeting face to face the recollections with which it was peopled. But now she had no alternative. Townsend had arranged for the sale of the furniture and he had found some one eager to take on the lease, but there were all her clothes and Walter's, and there were books, photographs, and various odds and ends. She agreed that two of Dorothy's boys should come and assist in the packing.

The house had been left in charge of the head boy and he opened the door for Kitty. It was curious to go into her own house as though she were a stranger. It was neat and clean. Everything was in its place, ready for her use, but although the day was warm and sunny there was about the silent rooms a chill and desolate air. It was as though the house had been left empty but a minute before and yet that minute was fraught with eternity.

The boys fetched up the trunks from the box-room and she stood over them watching them pack. Kitty reflected that in the two days she had it would be easy to get everything done. She must not let herself think; she had no time for that.

Suddenly she heard a step behind her and turning round saw Charles Townsend. She felt a sudden chill at her heart.

"What do you want?" she said.

"Will you come into your sitting-room? I have something to say to you."

"I'm very busy."

"I shall only keep you five minutes."

She said no more, but with a word to the boys to go on with what they were doing, preceded Charles into the next room. She did not sit down, in order to show him that she expected him not to detain her. She knew that she was very pale and her heart was beating fast, but she faced him coolly, with hostile eyes.

"I've just heard from Dorothy that you're going the day after tomorrow. She asked me to ring up and find out if there was anything I could do for you."

"I'm grateful to you, but I can manage quite well by myself."

"So I imagined. I didn't come here to ask you that. I came to ask if your sudden departure is due to what happened yesterday?"

"You and Dorothy have been very good to me. I didn't wish you to think I was taking advantage of your good nature."

"That's not a very straight answer."

"What does it matter to you?"

"It matters a great deal. I shouldn't like to think that anything I'd done had driven you away."

She was standing at the table. She looked down. Her eyes fell on the Sketch. It was months old now. It was that paper which Walter had stared at all through the terrible evening when—and Walter now was . . .

She raised her eyes. "I feel absolutely degraded. You can't possibly despise me as much as I despise myself."

"But I don't despise you. I meant every word that I said yesterday. What's the good of running away like this? I don't know why we can't be good friends. I hate the idea of your thinking I've treated you badly."

"Why couldn't you leave me alone?"

"Hang it all, I'm not a stick or a stone. I thought after yesterday you'd feel a little more kindly to me. After all, we're only human."

"I don't feel human. I feel like an animal. Oh, I don't blame you; I was just as bad. But it wasn't me, it wasn't the real me. It was only the animal in me, dark and fearful like an evil spirit, and I disown and hate and despise it. And ever since, when I've thought of it, my gorge rises and I feel that I must vomit."

He frowned a little and gave a short, uneasy snigger.

"Well, I'm fairly broad-minded, but sometimes you say things that positively shock me."

"I should be sorry to do that. You'd better go now. You're a very unimportant little man and I'm silly to talk to you seriously."

He did not answer for a while and she saw by the shadow in his blue eyes that he was angry with her. He would heave a sigh of relief when, tactful and courteous as ever, he had finally seen her off. It amused her to think of the politeness with which, while they shook hands and he wished her a pleasant journey, she would thank him for his hospitality. But she saw his expression change.

"Dorothy tells me you're going to have a baby," he said.

She felt herself color, but she allowed no gesture to escape her.

"I am."

"Am I by any chance the father?"

"No, no. It's Walter's child."

She spoke with an emphasis which she could not prevent, but even as she spoke she knew that it was not the tone with which to carry conviction.

"Are you quite sure?" He was now roguishly smiling.

"I would rather kill myself than have a child of yours."

"Oh, come now, that's nonsense! I should be awfully pleased and proud. I'd like it to be a girl, you know. I've only had boys with Dorothy. You won't be able to be in doubt very long, you know; my three kiddies are absolutely the living image of me."

He had regained his good humor and she knew why. If the child was his, though she

FRE

THE AL  
1603  
Please s  
The  
Fac  
and  
A  
If you  
Co., L  
Englis  
Squar  
Name  
City  
State

SEN





"A SKIN YOU LOVE TO TOUCH"—Painted by Guy Hoff

## Begin TODAY- to free your skin from complexion troubles

Each day your skin is *changing*—*You can make the new skin what you will*

**A** SMOOTH, fine skin, free from blackheads, blemishes, conspicuous pores—you can gain it by the right care!

Each day your skin is changing—old skin dies and new takes its place. This new skin you can make what you will.

Begin today the right Woodbury treatment for your skin, and see what an improvement will follow.

Day by day your complexion will grow smoother, clearer, lovelier!

The famous Woodbury treatments for each type of skin and its needs are given in the booklet "*A Skin You Love to Touch*," which is wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

Get a cake of Woodbury's today, at any drug store or toilet goods counter! A 25-cent cake lasts a month or six weeks. Or for convenience—buy Woodbury's in 3-cake boxes.

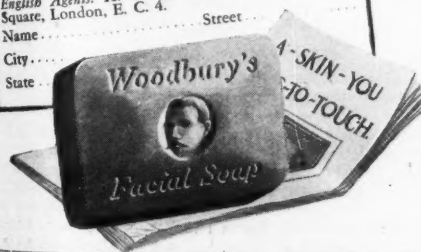
**FREE!** A guest-size set of three Woodbury's skin preparations, with new, large size trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

THE ANDREW JERGENS CO.  
1603 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio  
Please send me free

The new, large-size trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, samples of Woodbury's Facial Cream and Facial Powder, and the treatment booklet "*A Skin You Love to Touch*."

If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 1603 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ontario.  
English Agents: H. C. Quelch & Co., 4 Ludgate Square, London, E. C. 4.

Name ..... Street .....  
City .....  
State .....



### To give your skin the charm of "*A Skin You Love to Touch*"

Use this treatment to free your skin from blackheads.

Each night before retiring, apply hot cloths to the face until the skin is reddened. Then with a slightly rough washcloth work up a heavy lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap and rub it into the pores thoroughly, always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with clear, hot water, then with cold—the colder the better. Whenever possible, rub your face for thirty seconds with a piece of ice. Dry the skin carefully.



**EACH** day your skin is changing. Begin, tonight, to give your skin the special Woodbury treatment it needs, and see how quickly the whole tone of your complexion will improve.

Copyright, 1925, by The Andrew Jergens Co.

**SEND COUPON TODAY FOR THE NEW FREE GUEST-SIZE SET OF WOODBURY SKIN PREPARATIONS**

might never see him again, she could never entirely escape him. His power over her would reach out and he would still, obscurely but definitely, influence every day of her life.

"You really are the most vain and fatuous ass that it's ever been my bad luck to run across," she said.

AS THE ship steamed into Marseilles Kitty, looking at the rugged and beautiful outline of the coast, glowing in the sunlight, on a sudden caught sight of the golden statue of the Blessed Virgin which stands upon the church of Sainte Marie de la Grace as a symbol of safety to the mariner at sea. She clasped her hands in supplication to what power she knew not.

During the long, quiet journey she had thought incessantly of the horrible thing that had happened to her. She could not understand herself. It was so unexpected. What was it that had seized her? Rage filled her and disgust of herself obsessed her. She felt that she could never forget her humiliation. She wept.

But as the distance from Hongkong increased she found that she was insensibly losing the vividness of her resentment. What had happened seemed to have happened in another world. She was like a person who has been stricken with sudden madness and, recovering, is distressed and ashamed at the grotesque things he vaguely remembers to have done when he was not himself. But because he knows he was not himself he feels that in his own eyes at least he can claim indulgence. Kitty thought that perhaps a generous heart might pity rather than condemn her. But she sighed as she thought how woefully her self-confidence had been shattered. The way had seemed to stretch before her straight and easy and now she saw that it was a tortuous way and that pitfalls awaited her. If she could only regain her self-respect at the cost of a bitter conflict—well, she must find the courage to confront it.

The future was lonely and difficult. At Port Said she had received a letter from her mother in answer to her cable. Mrs. Garstin expressed her regret at Walter's death and sympathized properly with her daughter's grief. She feared that Kitty was left inadequately provided for, but naturally the Colonial Office would give her a pension. She was glad to know that Kitty was coming back to England and of course she must come and stay with her father and mother till her child was born. Doris was expecting again and they hoped for another boy.

Kitty saw that the point of the letter lay in the definite date set for the invitation. Mrs. Garstin had no intention of being saddled with a widowed daughter in modest circumstances. It was singular, when she reflected how her mother had idolized her, that now, disappointed in her, she found her merely a nuisance. How strange was the relation between parents and children! When they were small the parents doted on them, passed through agonies of apprehension at each childish ailment, and the children clung to their parents with love and adoration; a few years passed, the children grew up, and persons not of their kin were more important to their happiness than father or mother. Her mother need not worry; as soon as she could she would make herself a home of her own. But she must have a little time.

But when they docked two letters were handed to her. She was surprised to recognize her father's writing; she did not remember that he had ever written to her. He was not effusive and began "Dear Kitty." He told her that he was writing instead of her mother who had not been well and was obliged to go into a nursing home to have an operation. Kitty was not to be frightened and was to keep to her intention of going round by sea; it was much more expensive to come across by land, and with her mother away it would be inconvenient for Kitty to stay at the house in Harrington Gardens.

The other was from Doris.

Kitty darling: I expect father has written to you. Mother has got to have an operation. It appears that she has been rotten for the last year, but you know she hates doctors and she's been taking all sorts of patent medicines. I don't quite know what's the matter with her as she insists on making a secret of the whole thing. She has been looking simply awful and if I were you I think I'd get off at Marseilles and come back as quick as you can. Best love.

Doris  
I'm awfully sorry about Walter. You must have had a hell of a time, poor darling. I'm simply dying to see you. It's rather funny our both having babies together. We shall be able to hold one another's hands.

Kitty, lost in reflection, stood for a little while on the deck. She could not imagine her mother ill. She never remembered to have seen her other than active and resolute; she had always been impatient of other people's ailments. Then a steward came up to her with a telegram:

Deeply regret to inform you that your mother died this morning. Father.

KITTY rang the bell at the house in Harrington Gardens. She was told that her father was in his study and going to the door she opened it softly; he was sitting by the fire reading the last edition of the evening paper. He looked up as she entered, put down the paper and sprang nervously to his feet.

"Oh, Kitty, I didn't expect you till the later train."

"I thought you wouldn't want the bother of coming to meet me so I didn't wire the time I expected to arrive."

He gave her his cheek to kiss in the manner she so well remembered. "I was just having a look at the paper," he said. "I haven't read the paper for the last two days."

She saw that he thought it needed some explanation if he occupied himself with the ordinary affairs of life.

"Of course," she said. "You must be tired out. I'm afraid mother's death has been a great shock to you."

He was older and thinner than when she had last seen him. A little lined, dried-up man, with a precise manner.

"The surgeon said there had never been any hope. She hadn't been herself for more than a year, but she refused to see a doctor. The surgeon told me that she must have been in constant pain; he said it was a miracle that she had been able to endure it." He paused and looked at Kitty. "Are you very tired after your journey?"

"Not very."

"Would you like to go up and see her?"

"Yes, I'll go now."

"Would you like me to come with you?"

There was something in her father's tone that made her look at him quickly. His face was slightly turned from her; he did not want her to catch his eye. Kitty had acquired of late a singular proficiency at reading the thoughts of others. After all, day after day she had applied all her sensibilities to divine from a casual word or an unguarded gesture the hidden thoughts of her husband.

She guessed at once what her father was trying to hide from her. It was relief he felt, an infinite relief, and he was frightened of himself. For hard on thirty years he had been a good and faithful husband, he had never uttered a single word in disparage of his wife, and now he should grieve for her. He had always done the things that were expected of him. It would have been shocking to him by the flicker of an eyelid or by the smallest hint to betray that he did not feel what under the circumstances a bereaved husband should feel.

"No, I would rather go by myself," said Kitty.

She went up-stairs and into the large, cold

and pretentious bedroom in which her mother for so many years had slept. Mrs. Garstin lay on the bed, her hands folded across her breast with a meekness which in life she would have had no patience with. With her strong sharp features, the cheeks hollow with suffering and the temples sunken, she looked handsome and even imposing.

Grief Kitty could not feel, for there had been too much bitterness between her mother and herself to leave in her heart any deep feeling of affection; and looking back on the girl she had been she knew that it was her mother who had made her what she was. But when she looked at that hard, domineering and ambitious woman who lay there so still and silent with all her petty sins frustrated by death, she was aware of a vague pathos. She had schemed and intrigued all her life and never had she desired anything but what was base and unworthy. Kitty wondered whether perhaps in some other sphere she looked upon her life with consternation.

Doris came in. "I thought you'd come by this train. I felt I must look in for a moment. Isn't it dreadful? Poor darling mother."

Bursting into tears, she flung herself into Kitty's arms. Kitty kissed her. She knew how her mother had neglected Doris in favor of her and how harsh she had been with her because she was plain and dull. She wondered whether Doris really felt the extravagant grief she showed.

"Would you like to come and see father?" Kitty asked her when the strength of the outburst had somewhat subsided.

Doris wiped her eyes. "No, I don't think I will. I shall only cry again. Poor old thing, he's bearing it wonderfully."

Kitty showed her sister out of the house and then went back to her father. He was standing in front of the fire and the newspaper was neatly folded. He wanted her to see that he had not been reading it again.

"I haven't dressed for dinner," he said. "I didn't think it was necessary."

THEY dined. Mr. Garstin gave Kitty the details of his wife's illness and death, and he told her the kindness of the friends who had written—there were piles of sympathetic letters on his table and he sighed when he considered the burden of answering them—and the arrangements he had made for the funeral. Then they went back into his study. He mechanically took from the chimney-piece his pipe and began to fill it, but he gave his daughter a doubtful look and put it down.

"Aren't you going to smoke?" she asked.

"Your mother didn't very much like the smell of a pipe after dinner and since the war I've given up cigars."

His answer gave Kitty a little pang. It seemed dreadful that a man of sixty should hesitate to smoke what he wanted in his own study.

"I like the smell of a pipe," she smiled.

A faint look of relief crossed his face and taking his pipe once more he lighted it. They sat opposite one another on each side of the fire. He felt that he must talk to Kitty of her own troubles.

"You received the letter your mother wrote to you to Port Said, I suppose. The news of poor Walter's death was a great shock to both of us. I thought him a very nice fellow." Kitty did not know what to say. "Your mother told me that you were going to have a baby."

"Yes."

"When do you expect it?"

"In about four months."

"It will be a great consolation to you. You must go and see Doris's boy. He's a fine little fellow."

They were talking more distantly than if they were strangers who had just met. Kitty knew too well that she had done nothing to begot her father's affection; he had never counted in the house and had been taken for granted, the bread-winner who was a little

# The DUCHESSE de RICHELIEU

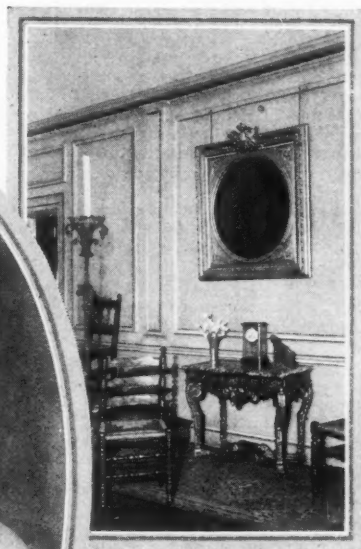
## tells how to have A Lovely Skin



"The woman whose life is given not only to Society but to concert-singing must always appear with a complexion fresh and radiant.

"Care of her skin, second only in importance to the care of her voice, can best be obtained by the daily use of Pond's Two Creams. They keep the skin exquisitely soft and lovely."

*Duchesse de Richelieu*



THE DUCHESSE de RICHELIEU

Twice an aristocrat. Before her marriage to the head of one of the oldest houses in France she was a "Baltimore belle" of one of the first families. Today she is a social leader in France and the United States. Above, a glimpse of the music-room of her New York home, "The House on the River."

**H**AIR full of golden lights, shadowy blue eyes and a cream-and-white complexion which makes everybody turn to look, women with envy, men with delight. The charm of a nature gay, generous and sincere.

These make the Duchesse de Richelieu a woman everybody loves to see—and to know. And to hear, too, for she has a lovely soprano voice of limpid tone.

In the exclusive social set of Baltimore—always famous for its "Baltimore belles"—she spent her gay girlhood. But since her marriage to the head of one of the oldest titled families of France, she is often seen in the smart circles of Paris. And in New York, too, where her home, "The House on the River" is the scene of many gatherings of the socially elect.

Among its lovely old furniture, books and *objets d'art* from France—many of them handed straight down from the great Cardinal de Richelieu, himself—she moves, a hostess full of grace and charm.

The Duchesse de Richelieu was determined that her cream-and-white skin should remain always as fresh and youthful as it is today. For, she said, "the woman whose life is given not only to society but to concert-singing is compelled to appear fresh and radiant."

When she learned of the Two Creams that beautiful women everywhere depend upon to cleanse and protect the skin, she

declared: "They keep the skin exquisitely soft and lovely." This is the method the Duchesse approves:

*Pond's Cold Cream for Cleansing.* At least once a day, always after any exposure, smooth the cream liberally over your face and neck. Let its pure oils bring to the surface dust, powder and excess oil. Now wipe off all the cream with a soft cloth. Repeat the process. Just look at your skin now—as refreshed as rose-petals washed with dew!

*Next, Pond's Vanishing Cream for a Delicate Finish and Protection.* Smooth on just as much as your skin will instantly absorb. Now see how soft and even the surface looks—transparently lovely. How well this cream takes your powder, too—holding it in a velvet grip long and evenly—and how perfectly it protects you from soot, wind and cold.

Try for yourself, today, this method which all the world's lovely women are pursuing. You will find that Pond's Creams will keep your skin as creamy-white, as soft and fine as the Duchesse de Richelieu's own. The Pond's Extract Company.

THE PRINCESSE MARIE DE BOURBON  
THE PRINCESSE MATCHABELLI  
THE VICOMTESSE DE FRISE  
LADY DIANA MANNERS  
MRS. MARSHALL FIELD, SR.  
MRS. CONDE NAST  
MRS. O. H. P. BELMONT  
MRS. JULIA HOYT  
MRS. GLORIA GOULD BISHOP  
MRS. CORDELIA BIDDLE DUKE

are among the women of distinguished taste and high position who approve Pond's Method of caring for the skin.

**FREE OFFER:** Mail the coupon and we will send you free tubes of these two famous creams and an attractive little folder telling how to use them.

The Pond's Extract Company, Dept. C  
141 Hudson Street, New York.

Please send me your free tubes, one each of Pond's Cold and Vanishing Creams.

Name.....

Street.....

City..... State.....



## The pipe-tobacco case is closed for Mr. G. E. M.

An open mind is all very well—up to a certain point. But there comes a time when a man tires of experimenting with tobaccos. Particularly, it seems, if he has once known the pipe satisfaction of "good old Edgeworth."

So G. E. M., as he writes, has reached the stage where he is willing to let others do the experimenting while he sticks to his tried and true favorite.

Here is his deposition:

Larus & Brother Co.,  
Richmond, Va.

Gentlemen:  
After reading some of the letters in the different magazines, written by Edgeworth boosters, I have decided to sing a few words of praise for Edgeworth also.

I find it to be the only tobacco giving me complete satisfaction. It certainly is a pleasure to smoke a tobacco with a pleasant taste, which at the same time does not bite the tongue. I have tried many brands of tobacco recommended by friends, but have only been able to enjoy one tobacco thoroughly, Edgeworth. Now, I take tips on good tobaccos from no one, as I am satisfied in my own mind that there is no better tobacco sold than Edgeworth.

Please put me down as an Edgeworth booster. It's a smoke fit for a king.

Yours sincerely,

G. E. M.,

Los Angeles, California.

Which proves again that tobacco taste is an individual matter. Two friends may agree on the merits of a book, a play, or almost anything—and at the same time be as far apart as the north and the south poles on their opinions of a tobacco.

Let us send you free samples of Edgeworth, so that you may put it to the pipe test. If you like the samples, you'll like Edgeworth wherever and whenever you buy it, for it never changes in quality. Write your name and address to

Larus & Brother Company, 4C South 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

Edgeworth is sold in various sizes to suit the needs and means of all purchasers. Both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed are packed in small, pocket-size packages, in handsome humidor holding a pound, and also in several handy in-between sizes.

We'll be grateful for the name and address of your tobacco dealer, too, if you care to add them.

**To Retail Tobacco Merchants:** If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Edgeworth Plug Slice or Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

despised because he could provide no more luxuriously for his family; but she had taken for granted that he loved her just because he was her father and it was a shock to discover that his heart was empty of feeling for her. She had known that they were all bored by him, but it had never occurred to her that he was equally bored by them.

His pipe was not drawing and he rose to find something to poke it with. Perhaps it was an excuse to hide his nervousness.

"Your mother wished you to stay here till your baby was born and she was going to have your old room got ready for you."

"I know. I promise you I won't be a bother."

"Oh, it's not that. Under the circumstances it was evident that the only place for you to come to was your father's house. But the fact is that I've just been offered the post of Chief Justice of the Bahamas and I have accepted."

"Oh, father, I'm so glad! I congratulate you with all my heart."

"The offer arrived too late for me to tell your poor mother. It would have given her a great satisfaction."

**T**HE bitter irony of fate! After all her efforts, intrigues and humiliations, Mrs. Garstin had died without knowing that her ambition, however modified by past disappointments, was at last achieved.

"I am sailing early next month. Of course this house will be put in the agent's hands and my intention was to sell the furniture. I'm sorry that I shan't be able to have you to stay here, but if you'd like any of the furniture to furnish a flat I shall be extremely pleased to give it to you."

Kitty looked into the fire. Her heart beat quickly; it was curious that on a sudden she should be so nervous. But at last she forced herself to speak.

"Couldn't I come with you, father?"

"You? Oh, my dear Kitty!" His face fell. She had often heard the expression, but thought it only a phrase, and now for the first time in her life she saw the movement that it described. It was so marked that it startled her. "But all your friends are here and Doris is here. I should have thought you'd be much happier if you took a flat in London. I don't exactly know what your circumstances are, but I shall be very glad to pay the rent of it."

"I have enough money to live on."

"I'm going to a strange place. I know nothing of the conditions."

"I'm used to strange places. London means nothing to me any more. I couldn't breathe here."

He closed his eyes for a moment and she thought he was going to cry. His face bore an expression of utter misery. It wrung her heart. She had been right; the death of his wife had filled him with relief and now this chance to break entirely with the past had offered him freedom. He had seen a new life spread before him and at last after all these years, rest and the mirage of happiness. She saw dimly all the feelings that had seethed in his heart for thirty years. At last he opened his eyes. He could not prevent the sigh that escaped him.

"Of course if you wish to come I shall be very pleased." It was pitiful. The struggle had been short and he had surrendered to his sense of duty. With those few words he abandoned all his hopes.

She rose from her chair and going over to him knelt down and seized his hands. "No, father, I won't come unless you want me. You've sacrificed yourself enough. If you want to go alone, go. Don't think of me for a minute."

He released one of his hands and stroked her pretty hair. "Of course I want you, my dear. After all I'm your father and you're a widow and alone. If you want to be with me it would be very unkind of me not to want you."

"But that's just it—I make no claims on

you because I'm your daughter; you owe me nothing."

"Oh, my dear child!"

"Nothing!" she repeated vehemently. "My heart sinks when I think how we've battered on you all our lives and have given you nothing in return. Not even a little affection. I'm afraid you've not had a very happy life. Won't you let me try to make up a little for all I've failed to do in the past?"

He frowned a little. Her emotion embarrassed him. "I don't know what you mean. I've never had any complaint to make of you."

"Oh, father, I've been through so much, I've been so unhappy! I'm not the Kitty I was when I went away. I'm terribly weak, but I don't think I'm the cad I was then. Won't you give me a chance? I have nobody but you in the world now. Won't you let me try to make you love me? Oh, father, I'm so lonely and so miserable; I want your love so badly!" She buried her face in his lap and cried as though her heart were breaking.

"Oh, my Kitty, my little Kitty," he murmured.

She looked up and put her arms round his neck. "Oh, father, be kind to me! Let us be kind to one another."

He kissed her, on the lips as a lover might, and his cheeks were wet with her tears.

"Of course you shall come with me."

"Do you want me to? Do you really want me to?"

"Yes."

"I'm so grateful to you."

"Oh, my dear, don't say things like that to me. It makes me feel quite awkward."

He took out his handkerchief and dried her eyes. He smiled in a way that she had never seen him smile before. Once more she threw her arms round his neck.

"We'll have such a lark, father dear. You don't know what fun we're going to have together."

"You haven't forgotten that you're going to have a baby?"

"I'm glad she'll be born out there within sound of the sea and under a wide blue sky."

"Have you already made up your mind about the sex?" he murmured with his dry smile.

"I want a girl because I want to bring her up so that she shan't make the mistakes I've made. When I look back upon the girl I was I hate myself. But I never had a chance. I'm going to bring up my daughter so that she's free and can stand on her own feet. I'm not going to bring a child into the world, and love her, and bring her up, just so that some man may want to be with her so much that he's willing to provide her with board and lodging for the rest of her life."

She felt her father stiffen.

"Let me be frank just this once, father. I've been foolish and wicked and hateful. I've been terribly punished. I'm determined to save my daughter from all that. I want her to be fearless and frank. I want her to be a person independent of others because she is possessed of herself, and I want her to take life like a free man and make a better job of it than I have."

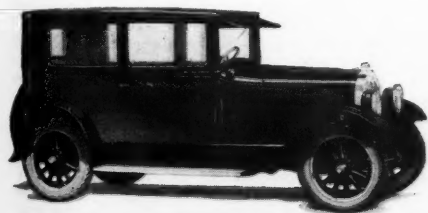
"Why, my love, you talk as though you were fifty. You've got all your life before you. You mustn't be down-hearted."

Kitty shook her head and slowly smiled.

"I'm not. I have hope and courage. The past is finished; let the dead bury their dead. It's all uncertain, life and whatever is to come to me, but I enter upon it with a light and buoyant heart. There's so much I want to know; I want to read and I want to learn. I see in front of me the glorious fun of the world, people and pictures and music and dancing, and I see its beauty, the sea and the palm-trees, the sunrise and the sunset. It's all confused, but vaguely I discern a pattern, and I see before me an inexhaustible richness, the mystery and the strangeness of everything, compassion and charity, the Way and the Wayfarer, and perhaps in the end—God."

THE END

# The Success of the Coach as BUICK builds it



## Standard Six Coach

**\$1295**

## Master Six Coach

**\$1495**

Prices f. o. b. Buick Factories: government tax to be added. Ask about the G. M. A. C. Purchase Plan, which provides for Deferred Payments

Everyone who has seen the Coach *as Buick builds it* knows why *this* Coach has found such immediate and sweeping public favor.

The Buick Coach is a real closed car—built to Buick's high standards of closed car comfort, sturdiness and appointment. The Fisher body shows the graceful lines of the finest enclosed types. The two wide doors, hinged at the front, enable rear seat passengers to enter or leave either door without disturbing people in the front seats. Duco finish. Different colors for each of the two coach models.

And the chassis! The identical chassis that has given Buick performance world-recognition for dependability and economy! Valve-in-Head engine with Buick's exclusive automatic heat control on the carburetor for immediate cold weather starting. All driving units *sealed* in iron and steel housings to keep mud, dirt, water out and lubrication in. Buick 4-wheel brakes which act with unimpaired efficiency in any extreme of weather.

And the price! Never before has it been possible to have a closed car with these quality features at such low cost.

*These are the reasons for the phenomenal success of the Coach—as Buick builds it!*

BUICK MOTOR COMPANY, FLINT, MICHIGAN

Division of General Motors Corporation

Pioneer Builders of Valve-in-Head Motor Cars

Branches in All Principal Cities—Dealers Everywhere

Canadian Factories: McLAUGHLIN-BUICK, Oshawa, Ontario

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT, BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

## These soft foods you eat



## are hurting teeth and gums

**M**OST appropriately, dainty foods are the choice of dainty women. But dainty foods are ever soft and creamy. They lack that wholesome roughage that makes the coarser foods so good for gums.

Your dentist will tell you that much of the gum trouble so prevalent today is the result of understimulation. Deprived of work and exercise, gums grow soft, flabby, congested. "Pink toothbrush" warns of trouble to come.

### Why dentists like Ipana

Thousands of dentists now recommend Ipana Tooth Paste as a splendid home aid in keeping gums healthy and hard. In stubborn cases of bleeding gums, many practitioners direct a daily massage of the gums with Ipana after the usual brushing.

For Ipana contains ziralol, a healing anti-septic and hemostatic used by dentists in their practice. It is the presence of ziralol that gives Ipana its remarkable power to tone and to strengthen weak, undernourished gum tissue.

### Try a tube of Ipana today

If your gums are soft or tender, go to the drug store today and buy your first tube of Ipana. Before you finish using it, you will note the improvement. And you will be delighted with its smooth, rich consistency, its delicious flavor and its clean, refreshing taste.

# IPANA TOOTH PASTE

—made by the makers of Sal Hepatica

#### BRISTOL-MYERS CO.

Dept. H-35, 42 Rector St., New York, N.Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE without obligation on my part.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

## A Man Who Refused to Be Beaten by Fate

(Continued from page 27)

an unusual accomplishment merely by the complete employment of the average man's equipment of courage and will. Believing this as he does, he is almost fanatically eager to broadcast to average people the fact of which he is proof, the fact that the worst human affliction is just as bad and no worse than the person afflicted permits it to be; the fact that it is within the province of average human power to decide whether loss of eyesight, for example, is a horrible, all-paralyzing curse, or just an inconvenience.

**P**ICTURE him as I saw him last in his office on a clear October day, seated in a swivel chair before his desk, a man of the Henry Ford type, tall, spare, strong, sensitive, smoking a good deal, freely using expressive hands and features to emphasize his words, aglow with the emotional urge to get his message of hope across.

"Tell people in trouble, particularly people faced with the trouble that I've had to meet, that if they'll just keep on going and do everything that they can do, it isn't anywhere near as bad as imagination pictures it."

"The most horrid vision of all to me was that of going for life into an inky blackness. It isn't like that at all. Not a bit of it. It is like a great colorless shell which may be dull and forbidding or glowing and luminous with light and hope, according to the soul each man puts into it."

"Be sure to get this over, for I believe that the principle holds good for adversity in all its million phases. Don't let people be bluffed out of their courage!"

"Very seldom is anything as bad as we are accustomed to believe before we have experienced it. If people will screw their courage to the sticking point and hold it there until the first sickening shock is passed, I can absolutely guarantee them, if the case is one of blindness, that they will come through all right, and that there will be plenty of things worth living for still left to them."

"Tell them to put their best into what is left of them and keep their minds full of interesting enterprises. Don't let them think that they die when they go blind. They don't! That thing we call our soul, tell them to keep that bright and strong and steadfast."

"Tell them to convert static fortitude into kinetic courage. There's a whole world of difference between the two states."

"How are they to go about doing that?" I asked.

"You have to stand fast," he explained. "It's like bathing in a heavy surf. A big wave sweeps over you and you have to hold your breath until it has passed. You know that it will pass and that when it does you can lift your head above the surface and get air again. When the spiritual waves of melancholia sweep over you the same thing is necessary."

"One of the first big jobs I had was to cut out rebelliousness, bitterness and resignation. All bad. A sweet resignation may perhaps be genuinely religious, but often it is only bootlicking on a huge scale. When a man resigns himself to the idea that some one away up in the azure has deliberately singled him out and hurt him, he might as well quit. He's a shadow fighter from then on. Meek acceptance of affliction is a detached neutrality at best, like lying down when the fighting is at its hottest."

"At first I was horrified by the delusion that blindness was a fixed condition, alike for all people and unchangeable. The blindman was a fixed character in my mind, like the stage Jew or the mother-in-law. Hand-organs, white dogs, shoe-laces and whisk-brooms all belonged to the blind."

"I had to banish those ideas from my mind. I know now that it was legitimate riddance."

They were lies. All lies. The fact is nothing like the anticipation. I know now that it is not so much what is taken from a man as what is left to him that determines what he will do and what he can do. Lots of things were left to me. Books, music, business and people. Life is the same now as it was before, except that the rules were suddenly changed for me. It is still a game, though, and a good one."

"You see things mentally?" I asked.

"Pictures of the world about you?"

"Of course," he said emphatically. "Vividly. A voice creates for me the picture of the person who speaks. It may be erroneous, but it is a clear picture."

He paused and pointed to a number of pasteboard counter advertisements on his desk-top.

"Obviously I've never seen those," he said. "But I designed them. I know what they look like, have a perfectly clear picture of them in my mind. I know the shape and location and appearance of every spot of color on them. I get so clear a vision of things which are described to me that in recalling a scene I often have to stop and think whether it was one I actually saw or one of which I heard. When my eyes were going I used to test them by holding my hand before my face. I can't tell when I last actually saw it; can't determine the precise time when vision ceased and imagination went on unaided."

He paused for a moment and re-lighted his pipe. I have been told that people who have lost their eyesight soon lose their taste for tobacco. Not George Hurst. He smokes with as keen a relish as anyone I have ever seen.

**"A**UDACITY!" he went on suddenly, emphatically. "Audacity and then more audacity! Tell people in trouble to keep audacity for their watchword. Tell them not to readjust themselves to the world, but to make the world readjust itself to them. Say this: Convert fortitude into courage. Keep on going as nearly as possible as though nothing had happened. As long as there is a chance of evading, averting or avoiding a catastrophe, fight! When you see it is inevitable, then forget it!"

"Never take the world's word for it that you cannot do what you are trying to do. Make the world prove the impossibility of whatever you are attempting and prove it absolutely. The minute you get absolute proof that you are making a futile assault on an impregnable position, quit. Don't waste time or strength or further effort. Figure out a new line of attack and go that way. But don't take hearsay evidence from anyone that anything is impossible. Make them prove it."

"Then have a God. I don't mean a creed necessarily, but a God. As sparks of a moment, it is great to feel, as we flash, that we are flashing for our moment with the Eternal as a background. Get the idea that life is not just a short story, but a chapter in a long one. If you haven't got a God, make one. Make Him what you yourself in your best moments would be if you were infinite. Maybe the real lesson of this life is to get well through it without any absolute evidence of a God. Anyway, have one, a fixed point in this tossing sea of a world. That's important."

Hurst paused and thoughtfully fingered some small object on his desk.

"I guess it all sounds trite and old-fashioned," he said. "There is nothing new about it, but it works; it worked for me."

Trite and old-fashioned! Just so. Trite and old-fashioned and true. Nothing of the conjuror's trick about it. No suggestion of the tight-rope walker accomplishing a circus stunt by virtue of an uncanny instinct for



# Do You Envy the Health of Others?

*Read these remarkable statements  
of what one simple food can do*

**T**HESE remarkable reports are typical of thousands of similar tributes to Fleischmann's Yeast.

There is nothing mysterious about its action. It is not a "cure-all," not a medicine in any sense. But when the body is choked with the poisons of constipation—or when its vitality is low so that skin, stomach and general health are affected—this simple, natural food achieves literally amazing results.

Concentrated in every cake of Fleischmann's Yeast are millions of tiny yeast-plants, alive and active. At once they go to work

—invigorating the whole system, clearing the skin, aiding digestion, strengthening the intestinal muscles and making them healthy and active.

Fleischmann's Yeast for Health comes only in the tinfoil package—it cannot be purchased in tablet form. All grocers have it. Start eating it today! You can order several cakes at a time, for Yeast will keep fresh in a cool, dry place for two or three days.

**Dissolve one cake in a glass of water  
(just hot enough to drink)**

before breakfast and at bedtime. Fleischmann's Yeast, when taken this way, is especially effective in overcoming or preventing constipation. Or eat 2 or 3 cakes a day—spread on bread or crackers—dissolved in fruit juices or milk—or eat it plain.

Write for a free copy of our latest booklet on Yeast for Health: Health Research Dept. K-26, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York.



(MISS BRIAN, CENTER)

"AFTER A SEVERE ILLNESS last winter, due to overwork and faulty elimination, I began taking Fleischmann's Yeast cakes twice daily.

"In two weeks' time marked improvement was noticed. The soreness of my body disappeared, daily evacuations were established, and life took on a rosier hue. Steady improvement continued, and this past summer has been wonderful in many pleasures. I feel that I owe much of my splendid physical condition now to Fleischmann's Yeast.

"I have outlined a course in Yeast for several of my students, and in every instance the desired result—overcoming constipation—has been obtained."

(Miss Celia E. Brian, R. N., Brattleboro, Vt.)



"ONLY THOSE WHO HAVE SEEN ME perform in 'Kid Boots' have any idea of the tax on my energy. After six months on Broadway, I felt my 'pep' waning, and I began to fear for my health. I was tired out; couldn't sleep well; every part of me just ached. A friend suggested Fleischmann's Yeast. My doctor said 'Try it.' I did. Three cakes daily . . . Soon, darned if I didn't begin to lose that draggy feeling. Improvement was steady. Best of all, sleep was restored. Fleischmann's Yeast is part of my daily diet now—like milk."

(Eddie Cantor, New York City)

(ABOVE TO RIGHT)

"AS OWNER and MANAGER of a Beauty Salon, I come in daily contact with all manner of skin disorders. I unhesitatingly recommend Fleischmann's Yeast. About five years ago I was generally run down and unable to work. I was suffering from chronic constipation, indigestion, loss of vitality, and skin eruptions. I began taking Fleischmann's Yeast, three cakes a day. At the end of two months all skin eruptions had disappeared, and as if by magic I found all other troubles disappearing also. At the end of three months I was well and back at work."

(Miss Katherine Fitzgibbon, Denver, Colo.)



(ABOVE TO RIGHT)

"I AM AN EX-BRITISH NAVAL MAN and have lived in Canada eighteen years. Soon after my arrival I commenced to suffer from indigestion and as I travelled for a fur company attributed my complaint to the inferior food at the small hotels on the branch lines in the West. For days I drank water only or soup and became so irritable was a source of annoyance to all whom I came in contact with. Having tried almost every drug advertised for indigestion commenced taking your now famous yeast cakes three daily. Result: No Indigestion—three square meals a day, splendid appetite, and feeling as fit as a fiddle strung to concert pitch."

(Reginald J. Seymour, Edmonton, Alberta)



There are many delicious ways of eating yeast—dissolved in water, fruit juices or milk, spread on bread, or eaten plain

## FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST



**CHAMPION** is outselling throughout the world because it is the better spark plug.

It is better because of its unbreakable double-ribbed sili-manite core, its special alloy electrodes, and its two-piece construction which is gas-tight and allows the plug to be taken apart for cleaning.

A full set of Champions at least once a year means more power and speed, better acceleration and a real saving in oil and gas.

More than 95,000 dealers sell Champions. Champion X for Fords is 60 cents. Blue Box for all other cars, 75 cents. (Canadian prices 80 and 90 cents). Insist on Champions.



**Champion Spark Plug Co.**  
Toledo, Ohio

Champion Spark Plug Co. of Canada,  
Ltd. Windsor, Ont.

Champion is the standard spark plug for Ford Cars and Trucks and Fordson Tractors. Recognized by dealers and owners for 13 years as the most economical and efficient spark plug. Sold by dealers everywhere.

**CHAMPION**  
Dependable for Every Engine

balance. Just an average man who had fought his fight with the old-fashioned weapons of faith and courage and will, and fought with them to such purpose that for the last eleven years he has done his work successfully without eyesight to aid him.

This, I think, is the great lesson George Hurst has written in the record for all who will to read. He stripped his trouble of all the horrible accouterments of superstition, delusion and tradition, and when the dread monster was thus denuded, it stood forth as merely an inconvenience.

## \$2000.00 Reward (Continued from page 103)

ledge about the width of a railroad track, thrust out on the right wall of a deep canyon.

When they had gone a short distance he stopped. "Bad place here." He threw the ray of an electric flash into a three-foot fissure that ran across the trail. "Let me help you."

"Listen." Kit's voice was as sharp as steel. "There's not going to be any helping on this trip! If you're figuring on rolling me down into the bottom of that canyon, you might as well say so right now and save yourself a lot of scrambling around in the dark."

When he had gone on she jumped the fissure. For half an hour there was no sound but the crisp dry creaking of snow under their feet.

And then, "Look out!" he called back. "There's been a snowslide here."

It sloped down smooth and solid across the way. They couldn't have gone on without the shovel. Shedding his overcoat, he braced himself carefully and began to dig, with strong, choppy, unpractised strokes. Halfway through, when he stood in the shadow of the snow wall ahead of him, he asked Kit to hold the flashlight. Its beam showed the muscles of his back rippling under his coat.

**W**HEN he had cleared the way he sat in the snow, panting, and she stood looking down at him. In their rock-walled crevasse they were locked away from outside sounds. The lightest tone carried far.

"Then you're not a lunger?"

"A what?"

"A lunger? T. b. case?"

"Good Lord, no! Do I look like one?"

"You look like somebody—her voice was like a hungry man's who watches another throw away food—"who's had too much to know what it was worth! I'll bet you never been sick in your life."

"No. You're right there." He slipped into his overcoat and felt for a cigaret.

"Or busted, or in jail, or hunted like a mad dog!"

"No. I guess I wouldn't be much good if I had to face that kind of thing."

"And you want to die! God! isn't the world a funny place?"

He looked at her intently over the flare of the match, let it burn to a spark, flicked it into the canyon and watched it thread its wavering way into the heart of the dark.

"Isn't there anything in it to you," he asked, "but keeping out of jail, having enough money, and not being sick?"

"There's quite a lot; but give me those three cards, and I'm not quitting, see?"

"Well"—there was a weariness as deep as the canyon in his delicately responsive tones—"well, I am—thank God!" And then, after a bit: "There are kinds of misery, my girl, that you don't know anything about."

"I'm glad to hear it," she said sententiously. "There are fifty-seven varieties that I do."

He rose without answering and went on down the trail, and she followed him.

After a while, "Everything that's got breath in it and isn't sick," she said explicitly, "wants to live. Come on, now. What's the matter with you? Can't you talk about it?"

"We've talked too much already," he said coldly. "The world's one place to you and

I came away from my last meeting with him, my imagination lively with clear-seen figures of men I have known whose stock in trade was courage. Sergeant Yorke, Eddie Rickenbacker, Omar Bundy, General Harbord, Tex O'Reilly, Sam Dreben, Wolf McLean, General Smedley Butler and many others from here and there, a valiant, gay, triumphant gang of trouble-teasers. And clearest seen of all the lot was the tall, spare form of George Hurst of Glastonbury—who lost his eyes but not his vision—the fightin'est fool of the whole hard-boiled fighting lot.

another to me, and talk won't change it. If I tell you what you want to know, you'll argue—and end by going back on your word."

"You're wrong there," she said reasonably. "I don't see any reason for not passing on if this world don't suit you. But the thing you are paying me three thousand dollars to do for you because you haven't got the nerve to do it for yourself is not a pretty job, you know, and when it's done it's probably going to be harder for me to go on living than it would have been for you. Come on, now, have a heart: give me some notion of what I'm up against after I've bumped you off. What was it you did?"

"I killed a man," he said slowly, in his somber troubled bass.

"No!" said Kit sharply. "You? Never! You couldn't've stuck a needle in the end of his finger. What do you mean, killed?"

In the windless silence, "I killed a great artist," he said softly, and almost to himself.

She stopped abruptly and turned the flashlight on him.

"Did you say your name was Hampton?"

He hesitated, then faced her. There was a faint flush on his face. "Yes, Hampton—Richard Hampton."

"You're lying," she said calmly, and stepped out again, snapping off the light. He too moved on, ahead of her. "Your name is Shayne Welling. Your tailor wrote it in the pocket of the blue coat that's on a chair in your bedroom. I saw it while I was in there changing my skirt. You scratched it off your hair brushes and maybe all your other stuff, but you didn't think to look in that pocket. You never had to make your living out of noticing things like that."

"Well," he said indifferently, "what of it? In an hour I won't be anybody, if you keep your promise."

"Funny! I couldn't think where I had seen that name Welling until you talked about 'killing a great artist.' That's what the papers said you were when you disappeared from New York—a great artist. A while back they were pretty nearly as full of you as they used to be of the war. Everybody wanted to know where you'd gone."

"Yes," he said tonelessly. "They've forgotten now."

"And who was it you think you killed?"

"Never mind. As far as you are concerned, it was nobody—I was lying again."

"Do you think I don't savvy it was yourself you were talking about?"

"I don't think, and I don't intend to tell you, anything about it. What's the use? You wouldn't understand. You couldn't."

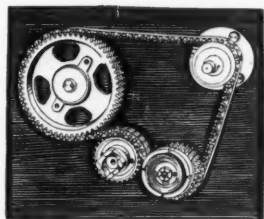
"Why not? Do you think fur-lined coats and cork-tipped cigarets and a lot of money make a person different inside?"

"No. But living and thinking and feeling as differently as you and I have do. Are you really a thief?"

"Yes," she answered as bluntly. "What are you?"

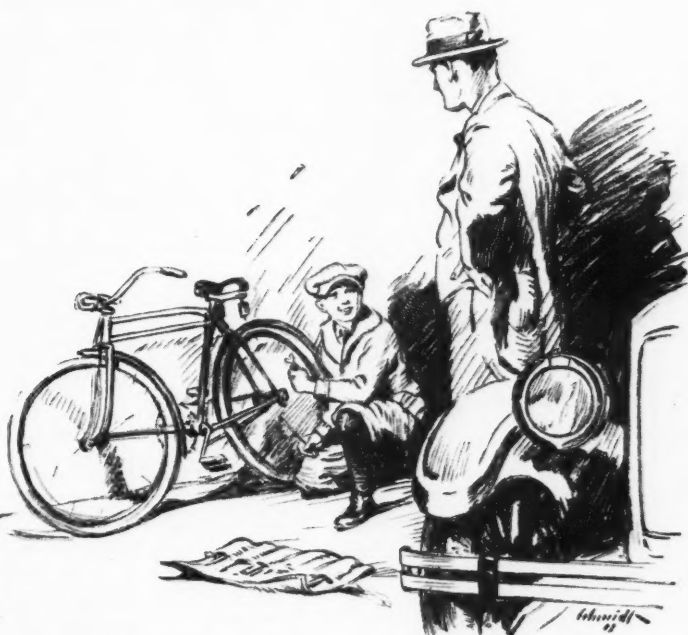
But he made no reply, tramping ahead of her in sullen silence.

Her voice came after him like the crack of a whip. "Whatever you are, I'll bet I've known fellows that've been through ten times as much, and all they wanted was a cup o' coffee. I'll bet—"



"Yes, sonny, that chain in your bicycle gets longer because the links wear. And you move the wheel back to 'take it up.' The same thing happens to the chain in the front end of our motor—but we don't have to 'take it up.' There's an extra sprocket on a kind of spring pivot; it pushes on the chain all the time and keeps it tight.

"Some cars use chains without the automatic take-up; that means a 'bicycle' job later. Others use gears, but they get noisy. We'll never have to bother with our chain, and it will stay quiet always."



## How Paige-Jewett Engineers Produced Motor Cars of a New Permanence

You would never know about the Paige-Jewett automatic take-up chain unless told of it. Because you could drive for years and never even hear it. Two years' use in the Paige motor without a complaint. Now it's in the Jewett, too.

Do you want a car that's a joy to own because it stays good? Think then of this carefully progressive Paige-Jewett engineering: the automatic chain was first tested by our laboratory equivalent of five years' use. Then proved right by two years' use in the Paige. Finally incorporated in the Jewett—permanently.

### Permanent Engineering

This is a typical instance of our 16 years' work to develop the Paige and Jewett of today. Great strides have been taken recently, because many long-tested ideas have been proved permanently sound.

The final, vibrationless balancing of six-cylinder motors is now an accomplished fact. Many have despaired, and offer new motor types to get this wanted smoothness. We have achieved it with costly, balanced crankshafts and other refinements—retaining the simplicity and economy of six-cylinders—smoothness that is absolute.

### Smooth Silence—Abundant Power

With all their smooth silence Paige-Jewett motors are of exceptional power. Power that comes from generous, costly size coupled with engineering niceties that get the utmost from today's gasoline.

We could build smaller motors and gear them to do almost as much. But at what cost to you? An overworked motor is like an overworked boy. His old age comes early. And we are building for permanence.

So Paige and Jewett have power plants that are unmatched in high gear activity. Fast getaway. Slow, hard pulling. Hill climbing. And this perfected performance stays new because these motors are never overworked.

### Brakes—Tires—Results

Four-wheel brakes (Lockheed hydraulic type) are now available at slight extra cost on the Paige and Jewett with balloon tires. Additional strength has been built into axles and bodies to withstand the stress of quick stopping. And lastly, redesigned springs and steering give you full comfort from balloon tires.

### New Bodies—Colors—Values

Twelve new body designs in new color combinations add the final touch of beauty and substantial comfort to cars that perform and endure amazingly. All told, the extra cost of what we have done comes to \$150 to \$200 per car. But prices remain unchanged.

Choose Jewett for your car of convenient size and modest cost. Paige as your car of utmost power and comfort. They are alike in quality and service. Built for Permanent Perfected Performance.

(519-A)

New  
PAIGE  JEWETT

PERMANENT PERFECTED PERFORMANCE





"You know about as much about my kind of trouble," he cut in ruthlessly, "as a garter-snake does about God!"

"All right; it's more, at that, than you know about mine. Listen—God knows why I'm telling you, but maybe it'll do you good, and I guess there never was a woman born that didn't want to do a little good sometimes if she got the chance. I was Dan Bradley's woman all right, just like McQuade said I was, but"—her voice broke, and then hardened protectively—"I loved him! And I've always meant to marry him—though forty rings and a dozen preachers couldn't've made me any more his wife than I was—and live in a bungalow on Park Hill, down in Denver, and have a baby—just like anybody else."

HE DIDN'T answer. But she went on.

"And so—I'm a thief in the eyes of the law, like I told you; but, just the same, I never stole anything. I went ahead and got things ready. Told Dan what to do and how the land lay. Got folks out of his way, and all that. But when it came to splitting up, I never would let 'em count me in. All we ever got out of it was Dan's share. And what I got was what he gave me." Her voice was devoid of any trace of self-pity.

"Kind of a darn fool way to look at it, but it seemed to me the best I could do. I—I kind of wanted something to fall back on, if you know what I mean."

"Humph!" he said brusquely. "Why didn't you make Bradley quit and go straight?"

"Couldn't. He was always promising, but he wouldn't keep his word. Said he'd never had a chance, and the bulls wouldn't let him go straight if he tried—and there was something in that, too."

The trail was broader now. Welling slackened his pace until they walked abreast.

"How'd you fall in with him?"

"My father was mine boss up at the North Star Mine. There was an accident that killed ten of the men. It was the company's fault, but they loaded it onto him. They could, because he was drunk. He didn't have any more to do with it'n you did. He was too drunk to know he was living. But they sent him to Canyon City for life. It saved 'em a lot of money." The strong rhythm of her step didn't falter, but the coldness of the crunched snow crept into her voice. "Poor old boy! He died there. He never did much for me, but—he wanted to! And that's something!"

"Yes," said Welling in his grave responsive bass, "that's a lot. I don't believe there is a living creature who wants to do anything for me. If there was, it might be different. Go on. Tell me the rest."

"Well, I was seventeen. It was Dan Bradley or washing dishes in the Two Mile High Lunch Room or throw myself down the mine shaft. Dan was sweet on me. He was a high-grader even then, but I didn't know it. I thought he was straight. He said we were going to be married. He—he went on saying it for six years. He said it last week. God! it's funny to think he's dead!"

"And you loved him even when you knew he was chasing around with other women?"

"I didn't know about that till McQuade said it." Her tones were as flat as the sound of a snow-crusted bell. "I had a hunch it was so for a long time, but I wouldn't pay any attention to it. I had a hunch it was Diamond Daisy. It was her tipped me off with a telegram so's I could make a getaway. I guess he was rotten all right, Dan Bradley! The man I was sweetheart and mother and partner and slave to for the six best years of my life!" She laughed a hard little laugh with the trace of a sob in it.

"Got any money?"

"Four pawn tickets and half a dollar."

"Any kind of work you want to do?"

"No. I don't know anything."

"What do you want to live for? What's the sense of it?"

"I'd want to go on living," the girl said in

her strong vibrant voice, "as long as I could smell those spruce trees and hear a brass band and taste pie and coffee and stretch my arms and legs and see things like that jazz moon over there! I'd want to go on living—oh, most any old way!"

"Good Lord!" he said. "It must be wonderful to be so—so simple—like the beasts and the birds!"

"And like most folks," she added dryly. "It's not wonderful. It's—here's another snowslide!"

"Stand back a little," he said, "and hold the light."

He worked prodigiously for half an hour. Towards the bottom he came to streaks of ice. The trail tilted downward perilously. The footing was precarious. A jutting rock shut off the light of the moon which silvered the trail's edge but left the travelers in the dark. Kit had to hold the flashlight for every shovel stroke.

"More to one side," he panted. "I can't see for my shadow."

There was a gasp, the clatter of the falling flashlight, a thud on the snow, and Kit found herself face downward on the shelving trail with her feet sticking over the edge into the moonlight and her body slipping rapidly.

"Catch me quick!" she gasped, clawing and scrambling wildly. "I—I'm going over!"

There was nothing to cling to and her efforts increased the speed of her slipping. In the stunned second before he threw himself down at her side Welling saw the silver line of the moonlight creeping steadily higher across her body; he heard the desperate scratching of her fingers, caught the quick, agonized breath.

Then he was sitting on the trail, digging in his heels and groveling for her hands. His eyes, blinded by looking at the illuminated side of the snow bank for half an hour, were useless in the shadow. For a few moments there was no sound but that clawing in the snow: his hands jumpy, feverish, frantic; hers strained and steady, scraping slowly downward.

When he found her hands at last the silver line was touching her shoulders. But her hard little fingers wound themselves firmly into his long, soft, steel-strong ones, and she waited without struggling to be pulled in.

He did it slowly, horribly aware of the fragility of the rucked up ridges of snow against which he had braced his heels. Only those little ridges stood between the two of them and the far rocky bottom of the dark.

THE girl dangled there coolly and encouraged him. "Easy does it—don't let yourself get rattled—take it quietly." As he pulled her up she lay flat to the ground like a lizard and threw her weight as far forward as she could.

But the ridges of snow began to give. His feet moved imperceptibly downward. And then a little faster. The pulling and the slipping balanced, and then the drag of gravitation, so simple and useful until you step one terrible fraction of an inch beyond the safety line, began to win. The blackness sucked at them like a pursed and thirsty mouth.

"Can't make it! Lemme go! There's no use for you—" She strove to free her hands.

But Welling's eyes were shut, his jaws locked, his face set in the rigid mask of one who fights back thought with all the power of his will. He could hang on the edge of death only by turning the back of his mind to it; by making all his conscious thoughts look the other way. But that he did, and his hands and his will-power held fast while the blackness slowly drew into itself the girl and the singer.

"Lemme go! Don't be a fool! Don't—" She twisted in his grip, increasing the speed of his slipping.

The heels of his shoes came to the edge. Paused there. Caught on something. Stopped. The something held. It was an upturned flange of rock. It stood the strain. Painfully he pulled her back upon the habitable earth.

As limply as a wet cat she crawled across the

# WARREN G. HARDING and the grateful Diplomat

## PRINCESS YEDIGAROVA of Russia

### Mrs. FRITZ KREISLER and her famous collection



PRINCESS YEDIGAROVA  
OF RUSSIA

#### PRESIDENT HARDING

"Official Washington was on its way to a formal White House reception. Motors drew up at the West Gate in rapid succession. Finally one of the proudest of the Old World's ambassadors descended from his limousine, his military accoutrements shining, his creamy broadcloth uniform spotless.

"Just then Laddie Boy, fresh from burying a bone, dashed past the diplomat and in a frenzy of high spirits leaped against him leaving the prints of two dirty paws. A footman hurried to the rescue and made matters worse by brushing. Embarrassed aides were escorting the unfortunate gentleman to a dressing room when President Harding passed along the corridor.

"Now, President Harding was one of the most correct and perfectly groomed of our Presidents. White flannels and linens were his joy.

"My dear sir, please let my valet repair the damage for you. I am sure he can take it out at once with Lux as he uses it



successfully for me. I am sure we can make this right."

"The cordial sympathy of the President restored the somewhat ruffled diplomat to good humor and he appeared in the East Room later as spotless as before Laddie Boy's assault."

MARY MEADER, Massachusetts

#### PRINCESS MARIA YEDIGAROVA

"Most of you in America have no conception of the intense, penetrating cold of my Russia. We must wear woollens else we would suffer. It wasn't always easy to keep these garments soft—comfortable. That is why I feel we owe a debt of gratitude to your Lux. With it, all the woollens so important are kept soft and elastic."

PRINCESS MARIA YEDIGAROVA

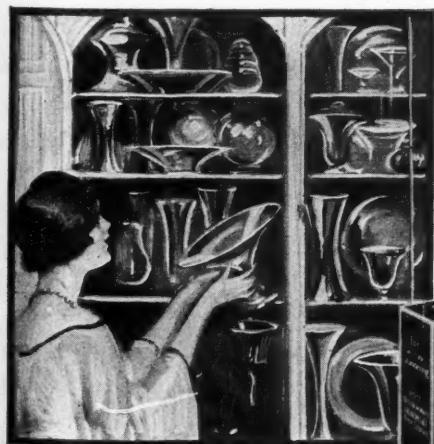
#### MRS. FRITZ KREISLER

"The number of uses that are found for Lux in my household—not only in New York but in Vienna! It keeps my collection of old Bohemian glass clean and sparkling. It is used, too, for the rare old pieces of Viennese porcelain that form part of my collection."

MRS. FRITZ KREISLER

**Important uses for Lux.** In addition to the well-known uses—silks, woollens, fine cottons and linens—try Lux for

Family Laundry, Dishes, Babies' Milk Bottles, Linoleum, Paint, Porcelain, Shampoo, Rugs



*Lux won't hurt anything  
that water alone won't injure*

Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.

trail and cowered against the mountain's friendly wall.

Welling dragged himself weakly to her side and lay down in the snow, with his face in his arms. His chest heaved. His body shook and twitched. Long mounting waves of nausea broke over him.

"Take it easy," she said brusquely. "You'll be all right in a minute."

He didn't answer. Bending over him, she saw that he had fainted again.

She rubbed his hot temples with snow until consciousness returned.

"How you making it?" she said awkwardly. "Feeling any better?"

"Yes." He sat up, still shaking. "I've always been like that on a high place, if I ever let myself think about it."

She lighted a cigaret, got it going and stuck it between his lips. He pulled at it gratefully. They sat in silence, while behind them the east grew faintly green with the feelers of the day. But there was a new quality in their silence, and she sat trustfully close to his side. Twice she seemed on the point of speaking, but when he guessed at last that he could walk, she rose without having said what was on her mind.

But she stepped off ahead of him, and that told more than she could have put into words.

For a while there was only the creaking crunch of their feet, while the trail dropped down among the top ranks of the trees. Kit walked slowly, to give him a chance to catch up, but he remained behind.

At last, "I got the wrong number on you. I"—there was a new timidity in her voice—"I haven't had much chance to learn about men like you." Never saw one of 'em before, in fact. Most of the men I know have got nerve enough to kill anything with breath in it, and they'd sit and grin in the electric chair, waiting for the current to be turned on, but—well, they'd all of 'em've tried to kiss me and hug me before this; and all the way round they'd've treated me—different. You—you're a white man! And—"

He came up and took hold of her arm. "Look," he said quietly, and pointed through the trees. "There's a mesa out there." They could see it stretching away, level, gray and dim, its farther edge bisecting the whitening moon. They were done with the mountains. "From the other side you can see the railroad station and the town. That's where you'll take the train. Off to the right, before you leave the mesa, there's a dead pine tree. Beside it there's an arroyo. It's deep and full of snow. And that's—" He paused, but without emotion. He seemed purged of emotion by their recent danger and unconscious of the girl's personality or feelings. His voice was as remote as the day-stricken stars. He hadn't been listening to anything she said! "That's where my trail ends."

She had a sudden sense of helplessness. His spirit seemed infinitely far from hers. She made a little human thrust to find it.

"I'm sorry I—called you a fool. And—a coward."

There was a dreaminess in his face as if he were looking at her through a veil.

"I'm both a fool and a coward. You were right enough about that. Where you were wrong was in thinking it made any difference. That's rather the point, you see: it doesn't—to anyone alive. Least of all to me. Since I can't sing, I'd just as soon think myself a coward and a fool as a wise man and a hero."

"Honest now, are you quitting just because you can't sing?"

He smiled in the wan light. "Yes, just because I can't sing," he said. The quiet searching tones of his voice crept deep into her consciousness and touched into sudden aching life an unguessed cord of sympathy, because it was his desire to move her. "I was born and trained and protected, and I lived and ate and slept and exercised and loved and hated and studied and slaved to do that one thing,

and I learned to do it better than almost any man alive. My name was as well known as the President's. The world poured itself out in one big tide of admiration at my feet. And then—a bit of steel dust or something lodged itself in just the right place in my throat and wiped me out.

"Specialists all over the world have tried their tricks but—I can sing a little, at long intervals—just enough to remind me of what I used to be—and then my voice goes all to pieces, as it did while you were under the bed. Singing was living, for me, and now I'm a high-powered automobile that won't run, an immensely expensive gun that won't shoot. Thank God that old tree marks the end!"

They had come out upon the mesa and the blasted pine stood black against the whitening west, like a gibbet.

"The money's in my right pocket. You can take it out—afterwards. The edge of the arroyo goes down straight. Roll me over and I'll sink through the snow to the bottom, and not even the coyotes can find me until the middle of May. You can throw your gun in after if you like so that it'll look like suicide."

Kit's face whitened in the cold prelude of morning.

"Haven't you got a wife or a mother or a sister or somebody?"

"No. There was a woman, of course: there always is. I thought she loved me, and—maybe she did love me rich, but she made it as clear as McQuade did about Bradley that she didn't love me poor!"

Kit opened her mouth to speak, and closed it as he added coldly: "But the point is, my friend, are you a good shot?"

"They say I am," she said.

They walked to the arroyo's edge. He stuck out his hand.

"Good-by. You're a good kid, and I like you. Good luck."

She took his hand tentatively and turned him about.

"It's a pretty fine old world you're leaving. Look at it."

The brilliant winter sun was shooting its rays straight up behind the mountains and raking the eastern sky, but he turned away.

"Be quick, please," he said shortly; "and aim well."

She shut her lips in a desperate line.

"All right," she said harshly. "I'm through! Turn your back and I'll do it; but you're going to get the straight of this first. Just as one human being to another I've got to tell you I'm ashamed of you! A great, big, hulking, man like you, hiring a girl to shoot him!"

"It's good of you, but it's no use. I really don't care, you see. The kindest thing you can do is to plug away, straight and quick. Now!" And he turned about.

And as he did so his agile mind dramatized with sickening circumstantiality the bullet's thud; and he shut his eyes and drew in a long shuddering breath.

The sound of it rent its way through the girl behind him. She raised the automatic slowly, but her hand shook like the piñon branches in the dawn wind, and she let it fall again. She sank suddenly into the snow with a short rattling sob in her throat.

"I can't do it! I can't! I can't! I can't!"

It shattered Welling's trance and turned him about dazed and shaken and drunken looking. He stared down at her while his brain spun madly.

"You—you—!" He kicked savagely into the snow to ease his temper. "You're a fake! A cheat! A liar! You're—"

He stopped; collected the shreds of his self-control; bent forward a little, full of incredulity. The crumpled figure in the snow, as limp as a dead bird, was weeping bitterly—as if life's long batterings had at last broken down all the walls she had built so sturdily for her protection. As he towered awkwardly above her, the come-on for Dan Bradley's gang seemed incredibly small and feminine and weak. Too

much the artist not to feel the authenticity of her grief, he was terribly shaken. He sagged down suddenly upon one knee beside her.

"What's the matter?" he said gently. "Nothing's going to happen to you."

"I—I never killed anybody! I c-couldn't! I'm not hard—because I—want to be—but—because I—have to be! I'm not a murderer!"

Beat any man back far enough, cut him deeply enough, and you rouse an animal courage as elemental as the mountains. Something of the sort rose from the wreckage of Welling's manhood.

"I'll do the trick myself," he said quietly. "And you can have the money anyhow. Hand me the gun, and the whole thing's over."

But the flood-gates were down. The banked-up grief of a starved and frustrated life came rolling through.

"It's not—not the money I want! I want—O my God, I want to be different! C-can't you see?"

"Yes," he said slowly, getting at last a facet of her nature that he could understand. "And you could be easily; and the money will help you to make a start, won't it?"

But she only hid her face deeper in her arm and shook with a passion of wretchedness.

"No! No! No! Money wouldn't do any good. N-nobody else ever—ever treated me like you did. Y-you said nobody—nobody c-cared. But I do! I n-need you! I want—I want you to go on living!"

SHAYNE WELLING stood up to his six feet two and cast a startled glance over an awakening world. Above him the dead pine rose stark and black. The snow-cushioned arroyo opened downward at his feet. He was suddenly ashamed of the theatricality of his plan. Behind him fire-edged mountains stood rigidly across the way back to his cabin and his piano. Before him, off across the mesa, the tiny distant symbols of human life etched themselves meagerly into the huge background of the Thin Air Country.

And then the rising sun found a gap in the range and poured in his face an intolerable tide of fierce white light. In that twinkling moment the mesa sprang from flat dullness into color and life. Out of the freshly powdered plain a flock of little juncos rose suddenly like bursting snow bubbles from their downy sleeping places and sped twittering off.

A jack-rabbit broke from nowhere and went bounding away to meet the sun in long negligent bursts of strength. Color and life yelled out of the east, spilled over the mountains and drenched the high white mesa till it glowed like the inside of a shell fresh from the sea. To the eyes of Shayne Welling every snowflake and piñon needle quivered with an intense vitality of its own. Beauty and life rolled overwhelmingly toward him.

He stretched out his big arms to the morning and breathed deeply. "You are right," he said. "Here's a clean break, and a brand-new day; come on, let's go!"

Kit raised a startled tear-stained face. "Go? Where?"

"Wherever you like. Wherever you're safe and there's life, and people."

"Do you mean" she said painfully, rising slowly to her feet and coming close to him, almost impersonal in the intentness of her interest—"mean you want to go with me?"

He nodded, suddenly shy. A little red crept into his face. "If—you'd go with me—knowing—how yellow I am. I could at least give you a chance to go straight," he said humbly.

The little snow-splotted disheveled figure shook with exhaustion, but the clear eyes looked up into his with fierce sincerity.

"Don't forget," she said—and behind the wall of her will he saw the wistful desire for shelter and peace—"don't forget I've tried to go straight all my life, and figure on trying till I die."

"That's the reason," he said gravely, "that, as soon as you've had breakfast and rested up a bit, I'm going to ask you to marry me."

two per  
preempt  
her own  
sever  
"Se  
ing to  
"You  
mented.  
"Oh,  
worry;  
chair—  
make a

SHE  
servin  
arrange  
before  
Suppose  
State's  
he thou  
paper re  
automat  
against  
"I ca  
curiousl  
"Then  
she ques  
as she h  
"I mu  
"You  
than yo  
flushing  
dishes w  
turned b  
behind  
He w  
eyes of  
eyes. S  
himself  
untouch  
and sin  
assign h  
proceed  
had live  
the form  
path w  
Ketarar  
night of  
So, w  
the seco  
the cour  
pace, re  
approach  
hand, y  
him aga  
"Who  
"Date  
fronted  
court.  
glance a  
doing so  
"Oh!  
that too  
Of co  
seeing t  
your su  
"You  
hate yo  
nickel  
Honest  
at Haro  
it for t  
so funny  
"Comin  
choking  
"No.  
She p  
petually  
less, a  
"No.  
"Wh  
"You  
ing tom  
"I w  
with m  
it timin  
ing for  
way yo



# That Royle Girl by Edwin Balmer (Continued from page 97)

two persons only. She had not previously preempted it, he observed, for she transferred her own dishes from a near-by table where several other people were dining.

"See you some other time," she said in parting to another girl at that table.

"You've a friend with you," Calvin commented.

"Oh, no; we were just speaking. Don't worry; not a soul'll know us. That's your chair—sit down or it'll look like I'm trying to make a pick-up; then they'll throw us out."

SHE seated herself and placed a plate and a serving spoon on his side of the table and arranged her chicken pie and rolls and coffee before her; but Calvin stubbornly stood. Suppose Ellison or some one else from the State's Attorney's office happened to come in, he thought; suppose Elmen saw him or a newspaper reporter chanced upon him dining in an automat with the girl who was the chief witness against the State!

"I came in here," said Calvin, "merely curiously, without any intention of dining."

"Then what'd you start to buy that pie for?" she questioned, casting him upon the defensive as she had always done.

"I must go on," he replied.

"You mean you won't eat with me any more than you would at the hotel," she countered, flushing deep red, and she gathered up her dishes without another glance at him and returned to the other table, leaving him on foot behind a chair and before him his beef pie.

He was conscious of eyes upon him. Not eyes of recognition but amused, half hostile eyes. Several girls snickered and Calvin felt himself flushing hot. He deserted his absurdly untouched beef pie and strode out to the street; and since he now more definitely needed to assign himself to an errand in this locality, he proceeded to the side street upon which Ketlar had lived, and he turned toward the lake with the formal purpose of timing himself over the path which the defense would testify that Ketlar and the Royle girl had followed on the night of the murder.

So, with his watch in hand, Calvin went to the second door of the big building surrounding the court; he proceeded to the shore at a normal pace, returned to the building and duly reapproached the second entrance, watch in hand, when the Royle girl's voice surprised him again.

"Who's your date with here?"

"Date?" said Calvin, halting as she confronted him in the dim light at the corner of the court. He recollected his watch, and after a glance at it, thrust it into his pocket. "I was doing some timing," he explained.

"Oh! Of Ket and me! Mr. Elmen's done that too. How'd your time work out?"

Of course he did not reply to this. He said, seeing that she was quivering, "I hope you had your supper."

"You figure you spoiled it for me? Don't hate yourself so! You just left us all a four-nickel beef pie and a forty-dollar laugh. Honestly, some of the girls were going to look at Harold Lloyd after supper; but you spoiled it for them. They figured he couldn't be half so funny." And she laughed, but almost cried. "Coming in here?" she asked him, suddenly choking.

"No."

She glanced up at Ket's window, now perpetually dark, and then to her own, also lightless. "Want to time yourself up-stairs?"

"No."

"Where will you let me talk to you?"

"You can come to the Criminal Court Building tomorrow morning."

"I won't," she said boldly. "You come with me now, down to the lake. You can call it timing Ket and me; or you can call it searching for new evidence or fool yourself any other way you want to. Come on! I won't ride you

any more. I just want to try to explain something to you about Ket and me."

She pulled him by the sleeve and he went beside her down the walk. "I'm not sore that you wouldn't eat with me—how could you, thinking what you do? And knowing what you do," she corrected. "For some of what you know is right. I mean about Dads and mama—he's a dead-beat and a souse and she's a dope. You've had us all looked up, Mr. Elmen says; you've gathered the goods on us. Well, that night you came to the flat I told you everything in our place was got by fraud but my clothes, and that Dads was dizzy and mama was doped; but my clothes were paid for; I paid for 'em myself; and that's true."

She halted, breathless, for they had been hurrying along; when he looked down at her, he saw her bosom heaving in her intense trying to make him believe her, and unexpectedly he was caught by a twinge of pity.

"Come on now," she said, again pulling at his sleeve. "Will you?"

"All right."

When they walked, she said: "There wasn't what you think between Ket and me; there wasn't. I was just trying to make him a musician, Mr. Clarke—a real musician who'd compose the great music, not jazz. Music we talked—music, Mr. Clarke, not murder, that night in his room. Can't I ever get into your head what Ket was to me?"

"Why, before I met him I was nothing. Can't you guess from your own report what life was to me? It'd been dead-beating and dodging sheriffs and being thrown out of flats and hotels as long as I can remember. Oh God, it was disgraceful! and I couldn't get out of it. I couldn't figure anything to do but to make my own money and pay what else I could. There was nothing ahead for me but more of it, until Ket came along."

She stopped and Calvin twinged at her tug on his sleeve.

"When I found that boy I thought I'd have my chance to show something in the world, Mr. Clarke, to make up for the disgrace I'd been through. The boy had big talent; everybody saw it; he was full of it, but turning out just jazz when he might almost as easy turn out music. The big music, I mean, Mr. Clarke; the sort of music they play in Orchestra Hall and print programs for. He might be like Mozart! I was telling him that that night we were in his room and you figured we were cooking up to kill Adele. That's what we scrapped over that night. I wouldn't tell him some jazz was great, for it wasn't; and it wasn't what he could do if he tried."

"I was trying to make him try. You don't believe it, I know; and I don't expect you to," she cried, holding to his sleeve as he pulled it away. "That's not what I wanted to tell you. It's about the jail, Mr. Clarke. I've been to the jail and seen Ket. The jail," she repeated in a whisper of awe—"I'd no idea what it was. It's a terrible place, isn't it?"

"A jail," Calvin replied, "is designed to be a place of punishment."

"Then it certainly makes good—and before a man's found guilty, too. But I'm not kicking on that, Mr. Clarke," she said hastily. "What's the use, to you? I just want you to help me get some books into the jail to Ket, will you?"

"What books?" asked Calvin suspiciously.

"Music books."

"Some of his, you mean?"

"No; some I'm buying him. He hasn't got them; for he'd never buy them for himself. They're books about point and counterpoint—that's musical composition, probably you know."

"I know the terms," said Calvin.

"I didn't; I heard them today at Lyon and Healy's, where an awful nice man gave me a list of books just made for Ket. I want to get them into the jail, for he'll read 'em there when he never would outside. He'll try good things over on the piano in there and get inter-

ested in composing before he knows it. My trouble's to be sure he gets the books all right. It's not easy to get books into the jail, I hear; they hold them up because prisoners' friends put steel saws in bindings sometimes, I hear, and dope in the back or between pages. So when I saw you in the automat I thought you're just the one to do it for me."

"Oh," said Calvin, "I see; but you want me to do exactly what?"

"Why, buy the books yourself and send them in for me; then there can't be any question. He'll get them and get started to be like Schubert and Wagner and Mozart."

"Like Mozart," murmured Calvin, looking down at her pityingly. Her hand had left his sleeves and touched his side. She turned and walked off toward her home. Putting his hand into the side pocket of his coat, his fingers encountered an unexpected object which proved to be three dollar bills and a white slip of paper folded about a half-dollar.

"Barsoni's Point and Counterpoint \$3.50," Calvin read at the top of the slip as he smoothed her money. On the list were several other books with notations of prices which the Royle girl evidently meant to provide later. "She thinks three dollars and a half can make him like Mozart," Calvin repeated to himself, with tingling twinges running from his fingers which held her money.

Some one approached and Calvin closed his hand on her money. "Bunkum!" he warned himself. "Elmen coached her, of course; Elmen thought up that and taught it all to her. He'd like to see me buying a music book to make a composer of a man I'm trying to hang."

HE STARTED after her when he noticed that the man, who had approached, was standing at the dark edge of the sidewalk a few paces away and apparently was awaiting him.

Now the fellow stepped up and said, "Take a good look at George Baretta."

"What?" asked Calvin.

"Take a damn good look at George Baretta," the fellow repeated distinctly in a low, careful tone; and Calvin discerned that he was a young man, short but broad-shouldered. He spoke in a resonant voice, which, together with his mention of Baretta, suggested to Calvin that he was an Italian.

"Who?" asked Calvin.

"Baretta," the fellow again repeated. "Three-G George. Say, ain't you State's Attorney Clarke?"

"Yes," Calvin admitted.

"Then you know Baretta, and give him a damn good once-over," the fellow reiterated and backed away, suddenly turned and hurried off across the street, leaving Calvin to the realization that when he had visited the automat he must have been recognized.

As the fellow had assumed, Assistant State's Attorney Clarke well knew George Baretta, whom he considered to be one of the most menacing of the mongrel men in Chicago. Baretta bore an Italian patronymic because his father, killed in a knifing several years ago, probably had been predominantly Neapolitan. A huge, florid matron who invariably appeared in court when Baretta was arraigned and who testified that she was his mother, gave her own birthplace as Livonia, near Riga.

Her son George was tall, florid, and although he testified that he had been born in Chicago only thirty years ago, already he was gray-haired—an evidence of premature aging which popularly was attributed to the pace set in the city dance halls and the county road-houses owned or operated by Three-G George.

The three G's referred to gambling, gin and girls—commodities in which George trafficked spectacularly. Arrest him and witnesses promptly suffered from complete lapse of memory. There had been a willing witness against Baretta in the days before Calvin Clarke came to Chicago; and one evening, when

## They burned her— because she talked with the Saints!



### Do you know her thrilling story?

Do you know how Joan of Arc, the savior of France, was led through the praying multitudes to burn for her faith? Have you read how, with a rude cross to her lips she climbed the cruel steps to the stake?

A whiff of smoke sweeps upward past her youthful face. For one moment terror seizes her and she cries "Water! Give me Holy Water!" But now the red flames roll up and hide her from sight. Only her voice is heard, still strong and eloquent in prayer.

You know about Joan of Arc, but do you know that her story has never been told so beautifully and thrillingly as by Mark Twain, America's best loved writer?

You think of Mark Twain as a humorist. But his greatest book is this masterpiece, *Joan of Arc*!

Amazing, isn't it, that the homely Mississippi River pilot, the boisterous comedian who tickled the ribs of the world with his "Tom Sawyer" and "Pudd'nhead Wilson"—could ascend at will into the regions of pure pathos, of sublime tragedy.

There is nobody like Mark Twain any more—no humorist who can "walk with kings" as he did and change in a moment from side-splitting humor to glorious inspiration.

Why not let Mark Twain be your companion, as he wished to be? To his publishers he said, "Let's make an inexpensive edition of my books so that everybody can have them." This wish has now been fulfilled by the publication of the splendid Author's National Edition in 25 volumes.

This is the only complete uniform edition of Mark Twain's writings. Everything is included—the witty short stories, all the novels, all the brilliant fighting essays, all the humorous ones, all the historical ones! Among the multitude of shoddily bound and carelessly edited sets of catch-penny books now flooding the market, this superb edition of Mark Twain comes as a blessed relief.

Send today for the attractive free book that tells about it. It is necessary only to mail this coupon.

### As an introduction, read this Free Book

Know more about this wonderful opportunity. Let us send you, free, a copy of an interesting little book, "Your Friend, Mark Twain"; it is not only worth reading in itself, but it contains full information on how you can own all of Mark Twain, beautifully printed and bound, at a price so low and on terms so easy that you can have it in your library tomorrow.



There's no obligation—the book is yours for the asking. Just tear off this coupon and mail it—today.

P. F. Collier & Son Company,  
416 West 13th Street, New York City.

Send me, free, a copy of "Your Friend, Mark Twain," containing full information about the Author's National Edition, and how I may procure it by small monthly payments.

Name { Mr. \_\_\_\_\_  
Mrs. \_\_\_\_\_  
Miss \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_ 3043-M.T.K.-L

the complainant was driving alone, another car suddenly appeared beside him, an automatic pistol pumped six shots and the complainant's car crashed to the curb with the enemy of George Baretta dead at the wheel. The State never succeeded in legally connecting the murder with the complaint against Three-G George; but also the State never succeeded in obtaining another person to give competent evidence against Baretta in any case whatever.

Calvin considered this as he watched the short, broad-shouldered youth hasten away and he knew that if he overtook him, the fellow would tell him nothing more. The man's purpose, probably, merely was to warn the State's Attorney that Three-G George would repay watching at the moment.

IN BED that night Joan Daisy lay repeating to herself the phrases of the program of the concert when Ket's great symphony would be played, hoping tonight to regain her dream. But she did not succeed, for Mr. Clarke kept cutting across the vision she summoned.

Sometimes he was official and stern, as he was when first he had appeared for the State; sometimes he was "Mr. God-looking" and she hated him; but then he became amazed and bewildered, like a boy, as he had when she had "handed it to him" in the hotel room; and then he was flushed and absurd in the automat.

At this her waking memory became distorted by a vivid vagary of dreaming; she laughed, caught the bedclothes closer, and so she fell asleep.

Calvin was not yet in bed, although he had reached his rooms long before she had returned to hers. He was restless with a new excitement, broken now and then by moments of embarrassment when he thought of his performance in the automat, but mostly pleasant. Not being given to evasion, and least of all to self-evasion, he squarely realized that he had sought the Royle girl and followed her when he found her for his personal desire to be with her, that he had wanted to remain with her longer, and now he wanted to see her again.

Switching off his lights, he raised the window-blind and gazed out over the city at the nightly miracle of three million of people established upon this shore under the gossamer of the refulgent haze hanging above their gleaming, endless avenues and boulevards.

The spectacular presence of the immense modern city at times offended Calvin Clarke and antagonized him. But the offense which he felt held a large share of fascination which kept him in the city, hate it as he might. For here he moved among people who, though he called them many-bloods and mongrels and despised them, created a current at this dynamo center of national life which made that of people of his own blood, in his own home, feel feeble in comparison.

Why else had he remained here? Why else had he not found, among girls of his own blood and breeding, a wife, as had his fathers?

He did not think of himself as having come to Chicago to seek women of another sort; he realized only that if he had found a wife from among the cool, constrained, self-contained neighbors in Massachusetts, he would have followed the pattern of his fathers and never come to Illinois. He did not think of himself as having sought for a wife among the flip and cynical or over-sophisticated girls of the Chicago social sets into which he had been introduced; he realized merely that none of his partners of the dance clubs had interested him. For none had he stirred with longing, with impatience for the time of meeting again, as he had been roused tonight by that Royle girl.

Not by her herself, Calvin argued; for she was of the very people he despised. Herself, she had been—Calvin was sure—a consort of Ketlar. So Calvin denied he wanted her herself; he would have her qualities in another, her blue, even eyes and her white brow with the lovely shaping behind it; her small, strong

hands he would have and her slim white heels; he would have her quickness and alertness, her spirit, her head up to fight; and he would have her dream which made her imagine that, with a three-dollar-and-fifty-cent book, she could transform a jazz band leader in jail and make him a Mozart.

For Calvin had ceased to credit that dream to Elmen. No; it was her own; she could not have feigned what Calvin had seen. It was part of her, though in another part she had been Ketlar's lover and planned the murder with him.

Calvin carried her memorandum, together with her money, when he went to the Criminal Courts in the morning to prosecute for the State a cause of arson against an American named Gos Augarian who had been proprietor of a dry-goods and novelty store which, after having been most thoroughly insured against fire, had burned to the ground during the night.

The firemen who broke in to fight the flames reported that they had found pillars and stair-railings wrapped with cloths which flamed so fiercely that it was evident they must have been soaked with gasoline; and when the firemen entered the basement, an explosion killed two men and injured several others.

Naturally the affair had aroused the public, and Augarian would have been mobbed had not the police protected him on the way to jail after his arrest; but now that he had been locked up for a few months and the dead firemen were buried and the others recovered from their burns, the public had become so indifferent that Calvin could not readily obtain twelve men of character to sit on the jury.

CALVIN worked hard all morning and when he went down-stairs to his office, at noon recess, he was in the quiet, dogged mood which always tempted Ellison to tease him.

"Tell it to me, Clarke," bade the Chicagoan "I'm young and strong, I can bear it too."

"One would think," said Calvin, with deep indignation, "that if any public duty could appeal to man as being more important than his own business, it would be to help the prosecution of a prisoner who not only burned his store for insurance but killed the firemen who tried to save his property. But every man I want makes an excuse so he can hurry back to the bank or his wholesale house."

"Do you blame them, Boston?" asked Ellison genially. "You've got to admit you're not going to put on a very peppy show for them, are you? Just a couple of middle-aged firemen's widows and evidence that the firemen found banisters wrapped with gasoline cotton. You can't say yourself that's much of a show."

"Show!" ejaculated Calvin. "When we stage a good show," continued Ellison imperturbably, "such as the Ketlar case, then you'll see real civic spirit. You'll be turning talesmen away. They'll be paying premiums for preferred places in the panel to be in the box beside the Royle girl at the big moment when she's on the stand, dolled to her best, and Elmen has had her tell her prepared story and he says to you, 'Take the witness,' and you start the cross-examination to make her tell what she really was to Ketlar and what she really did with him on the night he shot his wife."

Calvin started and he thought Ellison noticed it. He fingered in his pocket the Royle girl's list of books and her money while he wondered whether Ellison somehow had heard of the beef-pie episode.

"I happened across the Royle girl last night," he commented tentatively.

"Oh, did you? Where?"

"Up by Wilson Avenue," replied Calvin, deciding that he might dispense with mention of the automat. "I timed a walk over the route which she'll claim she followed that night."

"How'd the time work out?" asked Ellison. "All right. I met her; we spoke," admitted Calvin, to clear his conscience by at least

*Paul Whiteman  
and his famous  
Concert Orchestra*

*Such popularity  
must be deserved*

*Neither this famous orchestra nor this  
famous cigarette have found success by  
mere luck. Both have had to show cause.*





## Hat by Gage

For 60 years the name "Gage" has stood for advance style, originality and quality. And today, more than ever, women who patronize the better shops ask for Gage models simply because they know that they will be shown only Fashion's latest dictates.

A very special collection of unusually smart hat styles is now being shown.

"Look for the Gage Label"

### FREE STYLE BOOK

#### 40 Fascinating Models

You can see these smart hats illustrated in our Spring style book which is yours for the asking. Just fill in and mail the coupon below to the nearest address.

GAGE BROTHERS & CO.  
18 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago  
385 Madison Ave., New York

Gentlemen: Please send me without cost or obligation, one of your 1925 Spring Style Books.

Name .....

Address .....



## Burpee's Seeds Grow

**BURPEE'S ANNUAL.** This is the catalog that tells the truth about the Best Seeds That Grow.

Market growers and florists use Burpee's Annual as a reference book, and still it is so interesting and easy to read that a million amateurs use it as their garden guide. Burpee's Annual is the most popular seed catalog in the world.

If you are interested in gardening, Burpee's Annual will be mailed to you free.

**FREE SAMPLE.** First write for a copy of Burpee's Annual; then look through the book and select a regular 10c packet of any vegetable or flower seed entirely free, and we will mail it to you post-paid.  
This free offer is made to get new customers for Burpee's Seeds and is good only until May 1, 1925.

W. ATLEE BURPEE CO.

Seed Growers Philadelphia  
Send me Burpee's Annual with Order Sheet, good for a free 10c packet of Burpee's Seeds. C-12

Name .....

R. D. or St. ....

P. O. .... State .....

partial confession. "She asked me an extraordinary thing, Ellison."

"She would," said Ellison, watching him sharply. "If you want me to know, tell me; I'm not going to try to guess."

"She gave me this money," admitted Calvin, flushing hotly as he produced from his pocket three dollar bills folded about a silver half-dollar.

Ellison watched him seriously and succeeded in keeping his lips straight as he whispered, "How much is it, Clarke?"

"Three dollars and a half."

"She certainly," said Ellison very seriously, "she certainly bought you cheap."

"Bought me?" said Calvin. "It's for a book for Kettlar—a book on musical composition. She wants him to study it in jail to make him a musician."

"That girl's good!" exclaimed Ellison in outright admiration. "I'll attest to all inquirers that that girl is good! She met you up there, did she? got you to take money, did she? to buy a book to make Kettlar a musician?"

Calvin sat, convicted.

"Well," demanded Ellison, "what are you going to do?"

"I'm going to buy the book."

Ellison slapped his knee. "You have to—or else return her money and refuse to buy the book. Elmen, I fondly imagine, will make even more of that. Why in the world did you take it?"

"I met a man up there," said Calvin, changing the subject. "He followed me to speak about Baretta."

"Three-G George," said Ellison quickly. "What about him?"

"We're warned to watch him," said Calvin and related the incident fully.

"Evidently that is to be taken in connection with this," suggested Ellison, pawing over some papers until he produced a sheet, without heading or signature, upon which was printed by pen an accusation of George Baretta for the killing of Adele Kettlar.

"An Elmen enterprise, I take it," commented Ellison, "though of course it's the most venerable defense dodge in the world. Elmen's methods are far, far beyond it; however, he may feel that he does not do his full duty to his client unless he mails in at least one routine anonymous missive. Of course, if you're accusing somebody, who better than George? The fact that your man stepped up just after you'd seen the Royle girl connects it clearly with Elmen."

"Clearly," Calvin agreed and embraced the opportunity to escape from the office.

He purchased the music book after the second court session and sent it to Kettlar in jail with the information that it was the Royle girl's gift. Whereupon Elmen learned of the transaction and enjoyed a genuine and agreeable surprise.

ALL during the evening, which he spent with his family at the "Follies," papa Max's big bald head busily speculated upon the incident, which obviously was pregnant with the greatest possibilities but which also required most careful gestation. It was half past ten, during a sentimental song scene on a dark stage, when Elmen *pere* suddenly chuckled.

"Herman," he whispered, peering about his wife's ample bosom, "when you call up that number tomorrow morning, say to that girl, 'Come to my office right away.' You understand me?"

"Yes, papa," promised Herman.

The reference, as Herman correctly comprehended, was to the Royle girl; for it had become Herman's duty, in preparation of the defense of Kettlar, to oversee the conduct of his witnesses.

Already he had ascertained that his chief witness was agreeably dependable, but his second witness presented distinct problems. In order to use Dads, Elmen must put him on the witness stand, and before embarking upon

such a venture, it was plain that Dads must be provided with a less vulnerable respectability than he possessed.

As a first step, his most troublesome debts and the judgments against him must be paid; and Elmen had had them paid. Next, Dads must be provided with irrefragable employment, and this task was not so easy; but at last Elmen succeeded in establishing Mr. James Morton Royle with a real estate firm of fair reputation who provided Dads with a desk as the outward and visible sign of occupation.

If Dads harbored the knowledge that he was not actually earning, his weekly check, by nothing did he avow it; by nothing did he betray cognizance that his debts had been paid. In return, Dads probably made some sort of a gesture at working; and certainly he was drunk less often. Frequently Joan Daisy was able to arouse him by half past seven; and it was to help her that Herman made an occasional early morning call on the telephone.

"WE'RE both up and all right," responded Joan Daisy cheerfully as soon as she recognized Herman Elmen's voice on this next morning; and after she had received her instruction to come to the office, she returned to the kitchenette where she was making coffee.

She served breakfast upon a pretty lacquered table in the room where her bed again was a couch and where the bright November sun shone in. Mama slumbered heavily in the adjoining bedroom, for since she was not to be a witness at the trial, Elmen had not undertaken to break her of the veronal habit.

"Magnificent morning, m'dear," Dads congratulated Joan, drawing back her chair with courtly bow, after she had laid the breakfast tray upon the little table. "Eggs, Joan?" he asked, poised the serving spoon. He had the habit, upon such an occasion, of pretending that he had ordered their meal.

Joan Daisy wondered what Elmen wanted today and she worried over the possibility that he had encountered some development unfavorable to Ket. Her thoughts wandered, naturally, to Assistant State's Attorney Clarke, and Dads, perceiving her preoccupation, opened his newspaper.

Upon the picture page which confronted her stood the likeness of Assistant State's Attorney Clarke, and she leaned forward with a gasp, feeling sure that Mr. Clarke had made another accusation of Ket; but she saw with relief that the picture was printed in connection with an entirely different case.

Dads glanced over the paper at her and a few moments later he reversed the page and laid it casually aside after he had discovered the picture of Calvin Clarke.

"A gentleman of genealogy," observed Dads with expert aloofness. "I profoundly approve of genealogy," he pronounced as though Calvin Clarke now had caught his interest for the first time. Arising, he left the newspaper upon the little table where Joan Daisy examined it while clearing away the dishes.

Below Calvin's picture appeared a few lines relating bits of the Clarke family history; and Joan Daisy was bent over the paper when Dads reentered ready for the street in his new, smart top-coat, his new pearl-gray hat, and in his hand his new, impressive stick—all paid for. "Are we going to town together?" Dads reminded her.

At the elevated station she purchased a paper in order to reread the lines below the picture; and then she turned to the column reporting his conduct of the arson case.

"Why," she exclaimed to herself, "he's right in this!" and she aroused against Augarian's lawyer and the tricky witnesses who helped him.

She was still so aroused when she arrived at Elmen's office.

"So you must have better music in the jail," he exclaimed, rubbing his hands with satisfaction. "And you make Mr. Clarke buy the

Daniel Bo  
back-wood  
and daring  
westward  
happier

TH

As  
leader  
ability  
suppl

Th  
mand  
they  
spirit  
has co

Suc  
mated  
Look  
ently  
probl

Th

M O

AMERICANS SHOULD PRODUCE THEIR OWN RUBBER... *Firestone*

Daniel Boone, Typical American pioneer and backwoodsman, exemplifies the hardihood and daring of these early settlers who, pushing westward, opened the way to prosperity and happiness for the millions who followed.

## The Universal Quality In Leadership

As every age has its problems so it must have its leaders, and the essential quality of the leader is his ability to sense the needs of his generation—and to supply them.

This is the greatest of all industrial ages. Its demands are along industrial lines but in all essentials they call for the same qualities of leadership—the spirit of the pioneer who sees ahead of his time and has courage to lead the way.

Such is the spirit which, from the beginning, animated and still controls, the Firestone organization. Looking always to the future, Firestone has consistently anticipated the trend of transportation problems, and has led in their solution.

This is the high ideal and the aggressive action

which now identifies the Firestone name with so many of the vital developments of the tire industry.

No more notable proof could be found than the production of the first balloon tires—Firestone Full-Size Balloon Gum-Dipped Cords! Not only did Firestone pioneer the low-pressure principle, but, carrying on with exhaustive experiment and test, developed the complete balloon equipment, since approved as standard by the highest automotive authorities.

In giving the balloon tire to the world, and in discovering the means of making it long-wearing and economical through gum-dipping, Firestone is only living up to the program of pioneering effort which has won leadership for the name and the product.

MOST MILES PER DOLLAR



FACTORIES: AKRON, OHIO . HAMILTON, ONT.

# Firestone



## Try This Way See how your teeth look then

**H**ERE is a new way of teeth cleaning—a modern, scientific way. Authorities approve it. Leading dentists everywhere advise it. Ask for this ten-day test. Watch the results of it. See for yourself what it means to your teeth—what it means in your home.

### The film problem

Film has been the great tooth problem. A viscous film clings to your teeth, enters crevices and stays. Old ways of brushing do not effectively combat it. So millions of teeth are dimmed and ruined by it.

Film absorbs stains, making the teeth look dingy. It is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. Thus most tooth troubles are now traced to film.

### Combat it daily

Dental science has now found ways to daily com-

bat that film. Careful tests have amply proved them.

They are now embodied, with other most important factors, in a dentifrice called Pepsodent.

Millions of people now use this tooth paste, largely by dental advice. A 10-Day Tube is now sent free to everyone who asks.

### Its five effects

Pepsodent combats the film in two effective ways. It highly polishes the teeth, so film less easily adheres.

It stimulates the salivary flow—Nature's great tooth-protecting agent. It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva, to digest starch deposits that cling. It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva, to neutralize the acids which cause tooth decay.

Modern authorities deem these effects essential. Every use of Pepsodent brings them all.

This test, we believe, will bring to your home a new era in teeth cleaning. And benefits you never had before.

### Protect the Enamel

Pepsodent disintegrates the film, then removes it with an agent far softer than enamel. Never use a film combatant which contains harsh grit.

**Pepsodent** PAT. OFF.  
REG. U.S.

The New-Day Dentifrice

Canadian Office and Laboratories:  
191 George St., Toronto, Canada

**10-DAY TUBE FREE** 1628

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY

Dept. 457, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Mail re-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

Only one tube to a family.

### You'll see and feel

Send this coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth become whiter as the film-coats disappear.

CUT OUT THE COUPON NOW

book. That is good; very good. But tell us about it, please, me and my son Herman."

"Why, is that what you want me for?" asked Joan Daisy and dutifully related exactly what she had done. The incident of the partnership purchase of the beef pie came completely out of the blue to the Elmens and naturally delighted them, especially papa Max.

"Hah!" he ejaculated to son Herman in a tone of triumph which plainly clinched some argument adjourned between them. "Hah! What do you say now, Herman? Did I see it? What did I tell you?"

"You saw it, papa," Herman acknowledged. "Always tell me sooner, please," requested Max of Joan Daisy, in no spirit of reproach but merely of appreciative caution, "whenever you see more of Mr. Clarke. Tell me at once whatever you do, whether or not it may seem to you to have bearing on the case. Believe me, everything has bearing. I beat Assistant State's Attorney Clarke or he beats me. That is all there is to guilt or innocence, to jail or freedom, to life or death."

"Not all!" objected Joan Daisy.

"Oh, I must have my helps," admitted Max. "Herman here; maybe Mr. Kleppman, too. Mr. Clarke has his helps—Mr. Ellison, it will be, or maybe another smart young man from the State's Attorney's office. Also he will have the police and his witnesses. I," continued Max, leaning back and narrowing his heavy eyelids with contemplative content, "I have you; and you do very well."

"There is a picture of Mr. Clarke in the paper today," said Joan Daisy. "With something about him."

"Huh?" murmured Max and opened his eyes. "It interested you? Of course. Perhaps I can show you what will interest you more. Herman," bade papa Max, resuming upright posture, "the scrap-book."

**W**ITH alacrity Herman arose and pulled from a shelf a large flat book which he opened before his client, revealing, to her amazement, a dozen newspaper pictures of Calvin Clarke clipped from Chicago papers, from Boston newspapers and from a page entitled "The Harvard Alumni Weekly."

Several of the pictures she recognized, as they had been printed in connection with Ket's arrest; and there was the picture of herself beside Mr. Clarke on the stairs of the flat; but most of the photographs were strange to her and she bent over them, wherefore papa Max and son Herman exchanged a glance.

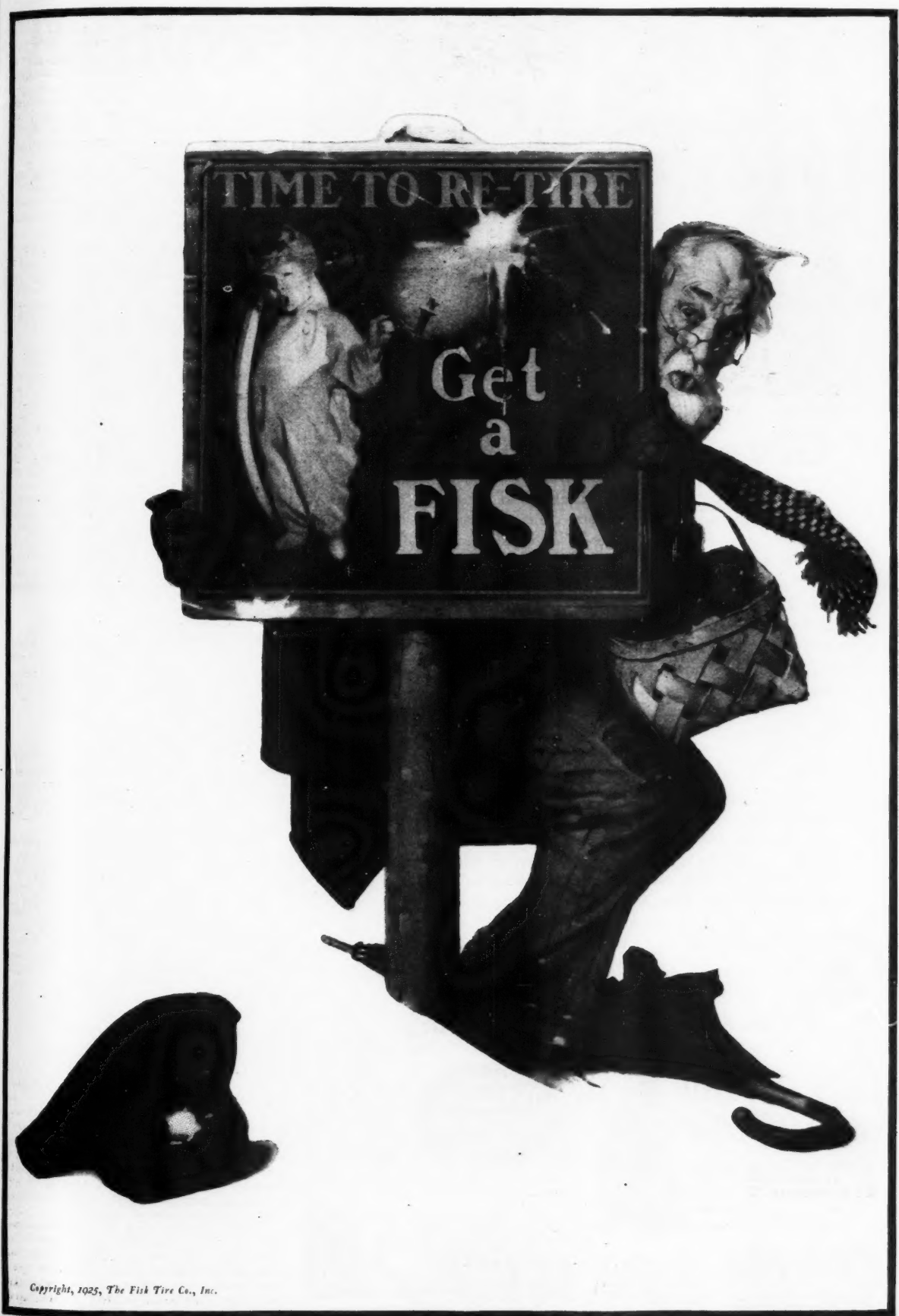
"These surprise you," said Max, rubbing his hands. "Why? All there is to the law, I tell you, is, I beat the Assistant State's Attorney or he beats me. Those books"—he gestured disdainfully with his long fingers toward his shelves—"every attorney in town has them. This volume"—he touched the wide, flat scrap-book—"I keep. One more lawyer keeps one like it, I know. That is why, when Mr. Ketlar is accused of murder, he thinks only of that other lawyer and of me. He does not know it; but never mind. That is why. We—that other lawyer and me—we are realists, simply; we do not deceive ourselves with pretty theories that anything matters but the man against you. So we prepare ourselves, naturally, to beat that man, in this case Mr. Clarke."

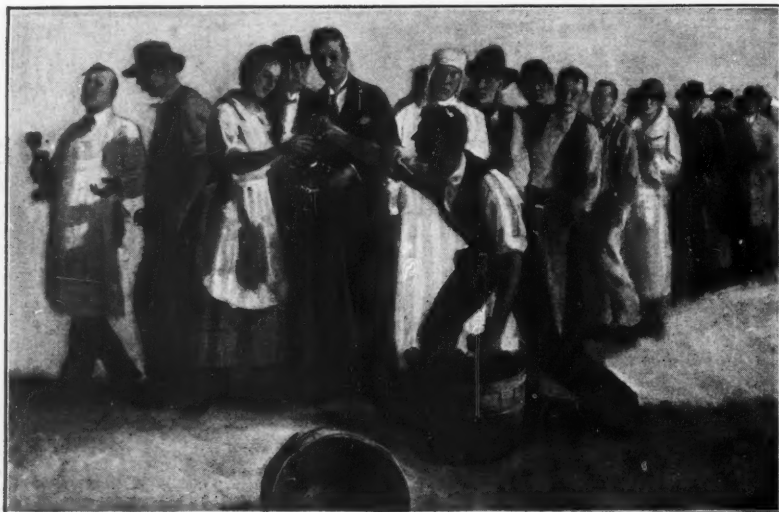
"More than two years ago, when he comes here and enters the State's Attorney's office, I know that some day he will be against me; some day the innocence or guilt of a man in jail—maybe his life or death—depends on how well Max Elmen knows Assistant State's Attorney Clarke's strong sides and his weak. So I say to my girl who keeps up this book, 'Clippings on Mr. Calvin Clarke, please.' And here he is. Here even is his old house. Look! And all that reading about it. Here is his mama in front of the house . . ."

Unnoticed by Joan Daisy, who was gazing at the pages cut from a newspaper rotogravure, Max Elmen lifted the hook of his telephone receiver and immediately the bell rang upon business which called both Max and his son



tell us  
n." for?"  
exactly  
e part-  
e com-  
is and  
a Max.  
an in a  
t some  
"Hah!  
see it?  
edged.  
uested  
ch but  
er you  
once  
seem  
elieve  
istant  
That  
ail or  
Max.  
too.  
t will  
from  
will  
con-  
g his  
t, "I  
the  
ome-  
his  
haps  
ore.  
right  
ulled  
ened  
nent,  
arke  
ston  
The  
as  
et's  
rself  
but  
her  
lax  
ing  
v, I  
tor-  
he  
gers  
own  
ide,  
yer  
nen  
oks  
oes  
hy.  
sts,  
tty  
an  
tu-  
ke.  
nes  
ce,  
ne;  
in  
ow  
e's  
k.  
k,  
nd  
k!  
is  
g  
e,  
ne  
on  
on





## Give us Telephones

Following the war, when business and social life surged again into normal channels, there came the cry from homes, hospitals, schools, mills, offices—"Give us telephones." No one in the telephone company will ever forget those days.

Doctors, nurses and those who were sick had to be given telephones first. New buildings, delayed by war emergency, had to be constructed, switchboards built and installed, cables made and laid, lines run and telephones attached.

The telephone shortage is never far away. If for a few years the telephone company was unable to build ahead, if it neglected to push into the markets for capital and materials for the future's need, there would be a recurrence of the dearth of telephones. No one could dread that eventuality so much as the 350,000 telephone workers.

Bell System engineers measure and forecast the growth of communities; cables, conduits, switchboards and buildings are planned and developed years ahead of the need, that facilities may be provided in advance of telephone want. Population or business requirements added to a community must find the telephone ready, waiting.



AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY  
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES  
**BELL SYSTEM**  
*One Policy, One System, Universal Service*

## Play a Conn SAXOPHONE

This Free Book tells about exclusive features which make the Conn easiest of all wind instruments to play. Send now for your copy and details of Free Trial; Easy Payments on any Conn instrument for band or orchestra. C. G. CONN, Ltd., 311 Conn Bldg., Elkhart, Ind.



**CONN**  
BAND INSTRUMENTS  
WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURERS

Creighton Hale, famous movie star and accomplished saxophonist uses a Conn, as do most prominent stars

Learn **INTERIOR DECORATING** at Home

Make \$5000 a year

Easy to establish business for yourself, or take high-salaried position. Prominent New York decorators teach you practical, professional methods through simple new system, by mail. No special ability needed. **NEW BOOK FREE** Beautifully Explains wonderful opportunity and shows how you can quickly enter this fascinating field in new easy way. Send postcard or letter now.

National School of Interior Decoration  
Dept. 123 3 West 29th St. New York City

from the room, leaving Joan Daisy deep in a big leather chair with the old Clarke homestead, on the bank of the Merrimac, before her.

It was a sepia reproduction of a large photograph taken upon a tranquil, sunny autumn afternoon. Smoke, which spoke of an open hearth-fire, stood in the still air above the old chimney; but frost was not yet come, for flowers bloomed beside the pickets of the fence and the woman in the garden was without cloak over her house dress.

She was a gray-haired woman, strong and straight, with a spare body and calm, thoughtful face. Peace and permanence pervaded the place and Joan Daisy felt the unchanging age of it before she was conscious of reading:

The Clarke homestead, Clarke's Ferry, Massachusetts. The present north wing was built by the second Calvin Clarke in 1722 and stands upon the site of the original cabin erected by his grandfather seventy years earlier, and which was burned during Queen Anne's War.

Here lived also Colonel Calvin Clarke, of the staff of General Henry Knox; Jeremy Clarke, who in John Adams's administration . . . the abolitionist Timothy Clarke, who fell at Antietam . . .

Joan Daisy Royle, daughter of mama who was soundly sleeping off veronal in the third floor flat above the second entrance, and daughter of Dads—maybe, but she did not know—suddenly ceased to read. Her defiant contempt for Calvin Clarke for being a ready-made was fled from her; and she felt choked by a queer yearning which drew her eyes again to the ancient, unchanging home of Calvin Clarke and of his fathers before him in their long, honorable, remembered succession; and she steeped her soul in the peace of the place.

SO THIS was his home, the home of the Mr. Clarke who had come to her home to arrest her on the night Adele had been killed. He had this home where his family had lived for two hundred and seventy years. Burned in Queen Anne's War. When was that? Joan Daisy did not know. There had been no motion picture about it that she remembered. But she would look up Queen Anne's War.

"Where is your home?" echoed in her head the question which Mr. Clarke had put to her on that night in the rented room off Dads' and mama's. Now she knew what he had meant by his question. Where, he had asked, had she a home like this?

She hadn't one, and now understanding what he had meant, she aroused against him.

Max Elmen reentered. "You read all that about Mr. Clarke?" he asked.

"Not all," admitted Joan Daisy.

"Read all. Take your time," bade Max. "I find out all I can about him; you must, too. Remember that for many hours, for two or three days maybe, you will have to use your wits against Assistant State's Attorney Clarke, and my wits will not much help you. I will think of many questions and before you go on the stand I will teach you how to answer; but I know I cannot think of all—especially against Assistant State's Attorney Clarke."

"Why especially with Mr. Clarke?"

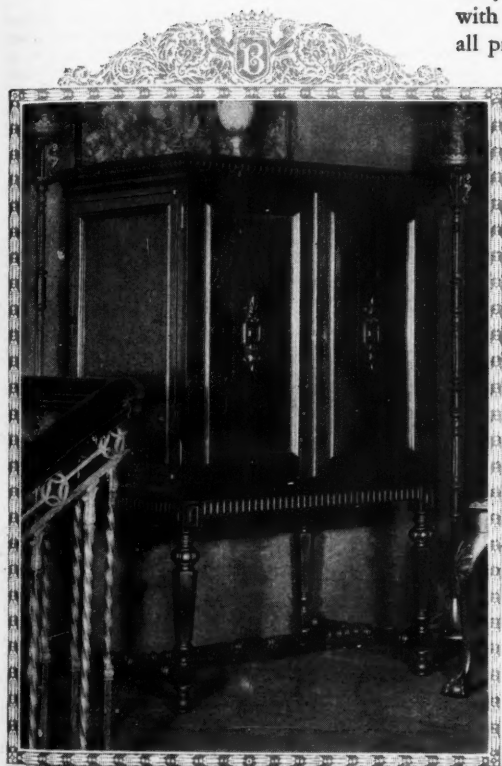
"He is not clever; he is not quick; he does not know so much law as many others. But he," said Elmen and halted, his eyes shifting to the books, "he has something else. For yourself, perhaps, you can see. That is far the best way. Today Mr. Clarke is trying a case; he should be cross-examining now. Go over to the Criminal Courts Building. See for yourself what Mr. Clarke does, so when you are on the stand and I cannot help you, you will get ideas of your own how to answer him."

Calvin was completing the cross-examination of a witness when Joan Daisy entered the court-room. He did not see her when she came in and he failed to notice her until more than an hour afterwards; for the defense rested and Calvin soon began speaking, for the State, to the jury.

# Radio's Superlative Thrill

*is embodied in this amazing new instrument—the Brunswick Radiola*

What it is. Some of the remarkable things it does. How by scientifically combining the reproductive mastery of the Brunswick Phonograph with the receiving devices of the Radio Corporation of America, all previous conceptions of musical mastery of the air are changed.



Brunswick Radiola  
No. 260



**H**ERE is an instrument that is literally changing the lives of people—a musical achievement admittedly without parallel.

Starting with the outstanding wonders of radio, it multiplies them.

Educationally, in homes where there are children, it offers a wonderful new world of musical appreciation.

Mechanically, it is so far past the experimental stage that one may acquire it with positive assurance of lasting satisfaction through the years to come.

*The superlative in radio, the supreme in a phonograph in one*

At a simple turn of a lever, it is the most remarkable of radios. At another turn, it is the supreme in a phonograph—the instrument for which virtually all great artists of the New Hall of Fame record *exclusively*.

Nothing in music—music in the making, music of the air, the favorite records your heart calls to hear now and again—are thus beyond your reach. You change no parts to operate it.

*Not a makeshift but a scientific UNIT*

It is in nowise a makeshift—simply a radio receiving device

in a phonograph cabinet—but the ultimate result of exhaustive laboratory work by acoustical and musical experts of the Radio Corporation of America and of Brunswick. The Brunswick Method of Reproduction is subordinated to do for radio what it does for phonographic music.

Thus the Brunswick Radiola marks the best that men know in radio; the best that's known in musical reproduction.

The loud speaker unit, the loop antennae, batteries and all the integral parts are built into the instrument itself.

Due to the synchronizing of the Radiola loud speaker with the Brunswick all-wood tone amplifier and two-purpose horn, it attains a beauty of tone, a rich musical quality—clarity that is almost unbelievable.

*Prices as low as \$190*

Some styles embody the Radiola Super-Heterodyne, others the Radiola Regenoflex, others the Radiola No. 3 and No. 3A. All are obtainable on surprisingly liberal terms of payment. For a demonstration, call on any Brunswick dealer.

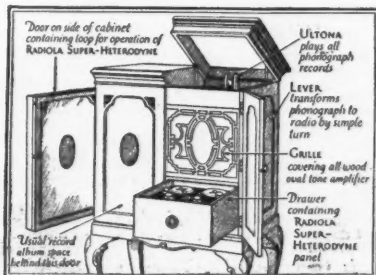
THE BRUNSWICK-BALKE-COLLENDER CO.

Manufacturers—Established 1845

General Offices: CHICAGO Branches in all principal cities

## Remember—

Brunswick now offers the choice of two supreme musical instruments: the Brunswick Phonograph and the Brunswick Radiola, which in a phonograph and a radio in one. Embodied in cabinets expressing the ultimate in fine craftsmanship.



© B. B. C. Co. 1925

## The Brunswick Radiola Super-Heterodyne—some remarkable features:

- 1 Requires no outside antenna—no ground wires. You can move it from room to room—plays wherever you place it.
- 2 Amazing selectivity permitting you to "cut out" what you don't want to hear and pick out instantly what you do. Consider what this means in big centers.
- 3 Combines the superlative in radio with the superlative in phonographic reproduction—a phonograph and a radio in one.

The Sign of Musical Prestige  
**Brunswick**  
PHONOGRAPHS • RECORDS • RADIOLAS



## Make These Lovely Things Yourself For Profit and Pleasure

Earn money at home, this fascinating new toy, in spare time—through membership in Fireside Industries, the national organization of artistic home-workers!

THIS is the most delightful work you could imagine; you will enjoy every minute you devote to it. Many people do it solely for the artistic pleasure they get in creating beautiful things. But it also pays surprisingly well, for there is an enormous demand for art novelties. Many of our members make \$20 to \$50 a week, and have built up profitable businesses from small beginnings.

Think of decorating a pair of candlesticks, for example, requiring only an hour's work, and realizing a profit of \$2.00. What other work could be so interesting, and pay so well?

### No Special Ability Needed

The cooperative association of home-workers known as Fireside Industries now has openings for a limited number of new members. This is your opportunity. Find out how you can secure a membership. The work is easily learned, and a perfect joy to do.

You have only to follow the simple directions given by Gabriel Andre Petit, the Art Director, and you easily learn the latest methods of decorating wooden toys, parchment lamp shades, novelty painted furniture, book-ends, greeting cards, batik and other lovely objects of art. Through Mr. Petit's perfected system, the work becomes extremely simple, and you are furnished a complete outfit of materials, worth at least \$10.00, without extra cost. You can start making money almost at once.

### Money Back Guarantee

What thousands of others are doing in Fireside Industries, you also can do. So sure are we of your success in this fascinating work, that we guarantee to refund your money in full if, after completing your instruction, you are not entirely pleased. You take no risk whatever.

### Beautiful Book FREE

The beautiful Book of Fireside Industries, illustrated in color, explains all about this new way to earn money at home. It will be sent you, absolutely FREE and without obligation. Just mail the coupon, or write, enclosing 2c stamp to help pay postage. But do this at once, while openings for new members are available.

This Opportunity  
May Not Occur  
Again.

Fireside Industries  
Dept. 233, Adrian, Mich.

Fireside Industries  
Dept. 233, Adrian, Mich.  
Please send me, FREE, the book on Fireside Industries, which explains how I may earn money at home by decorating art novelties; also particulars of your money back guarantee and special cooperative privileges. I enclose 2c stamp.

Name.....  
Address.....  
City.....State.....

He possessed the faculty, which Max Elmen would have deemed in himself a fault, of extraordinary absorption in a principle when addressing a jury. Especially when he was hard-pressed, and at the point when another lawyer would resort to a play of personalities, Calvin pursued an opposite path which took him into an intense appeal for abstract justice in which he completely submerged himself and almost forgot, as persons, the twelve men to whom he spoke.

He had noticed, before the day's hearing began, that the ordinary scattering of Augarian's friends and court-room loafers were present; and the widows of the firemen who had been killed, and a few of their friends, as usual occupied front benches. At the outset Calvin referred to them when he turned to the jury; but soon he passed from the personal consideration of the victims of Augarian's crime to his offense against all people, against order and against the State.

The more plainly Calvin saw that this charge of his failed to stir the jury, the more stubbornly he determined to make those men feel it, the more squarely he turned his back upon the merely emotional appeal.

Calvin turned to the benches after Joan Daisy had slipped in and found a seat near the women in black, but Calvin did not see her nor did he see them, though he motioned the jury in their direction; for he gazed and he gestured over their heads, directing the jury's thought out the windows over the city of three millions of people, all of whom, every one, the prisoner on trial had offended.

He faced again to the jury and saw how utterly they failed to feel it. As he stood considering them, a folded paper touched his hand and he took from Heminway, who was assisting him, a note which read: "For God's sake, get back to the firemen and the widows."

Calvin crumpled Heminway's note and dropped it. At the moment it seemed to him that, even more important than punishing Augarian, was the need to make these twelve men, sworn in to perform the very fundamental function of the State, begin to see a glimmer of the meaning of the State. So, with shoulders squared, he turned and spoke again.

His appreciation of the presence of that Royle girl came upon him gradually. Some one was seated on the second bench who was bent forward in the intensity of following him; some one—one at least, though a girl and upon the spectators' bench—was beginning to feel that which filled him.

He glanced at her and recognized her.

Half an hour later, when he had finished, he glanced at her again and saw her still leaning forward, her face flushed. There was recess immediately. When court reconvened she was in her former place on the second bench, where she remained during the address of the defense and throughout the final appeal of the prosecution.

Heminway delivered this for the State, speaking with great emotion for the firemen and their widows. He set the women to sobbing; and several of the jurymen wiped away tears. Heminway himself cried.

Calvin did not cry; and as he sat with his back to the spectators, he wanted to know whether the Royle girl wept. At last he turned and he saw that tears were in her eyes; but her intensity was gone. She sat leaning back, relaxed, in contrast to her eagerness when he had been speaking.

After Heminway had finished, the judge briefly charged the jury. For a few minutes everyone lingered on the chance that there would be a quick verdict; but soon it became evident that there was disagreement in the jury room, and Calvin accompanied Heminway downstairs to the State's Attorney's suite.

Several of the spectators already had departed, but a few delayed and the Royle girl was among them, Calvin noticed. He had not spoken to her or approached her; nor did he refer to her until Heminway commented, when

they had gone down-stairs to his office:

"Did you see the Royle girl?"

"Yes," admitted Calvin.

"She spent the day in court," Heminway informed Ellison. "Scouting him, I suppose." Heminway suggested, nodding toward Calvin, who remained non-committal; but his thoughts resorted to the court-room and he wondered how long she would wait.

FINALLY he forsook his desk and went upstairs. He found the court-room lighted but deserted except for one person—a girl, that Royle girl. She was standing before a window.

After a glance at her Calvin stepped to a table upon which he had left a few unimportant papers, and he preoccupied himself with them while he considered the warm pounding of his pulse and opposed the power which would draw him to the corner where the Royle girl stood. Finally he looked up and saw her watching him; and he put down his papers and approached her.

"Why are you waiting?" he asked tersely.

"Why, for the verdict," she said, her eyes lifted to his with frank directness.

"There may be no verdict tonight."

"Oh, I didn't mean to wait all night," she said quickly, smiling. "I thought I'd stick about maybe till six o'clock. A couple of the jury finally got you, I figured—the gray-haired one and the one on the end with spectacles, who was always taking notes. It looked to me that they got you, partly at least; what do you think?"

"What?" said Calvin, amazed again by her capacity for personal inquiry.

"What do you think?" she repeated. "It looked to me that a couple of 'em got you at last; but not when you were speaking; when Mr. Heminway was. I think I got you mostly then. There was such a difference."

"You got me," repeated Calvin.

"Of course I know you a lot better than the jury; maybe I'm wrong and they didn't get you at all. I couldn't help thinking, when you were speaking, that if some one'd just explain you a little—pass around those pictures of your home, with all that history below it, they'd see what you were driving at."

"What?" asked Calvin again.

Joan Daisy burned red, recollecting the circumstances under which she had seen the pictures and which she knew she must not report. "The pictures in the paper when you first came out here—your old house with your mother in the front yard and 1722—and Queen Ann's War and Timothy Clarke and John Adams's administration—and Antietam."

Calvin glowed as she mentioned thus associations enshrined to him. In contrast he recalled the slighting levity with which a girl at a dance club had referred to "the ancestor shot up by the noble aborigine on the same spot where the matutinal beans are still baked and all that."

He said nothing and the Royle girl gazed out at the city. "The State," she said, with a thrill in her voice, "is certainly a lot of people. Even the city is an awful lot."

"The State," said Calvin, "is not merely the State of Illinois."

"I know," she nodded. "I was here all day. I heard you . . . Did I ever tell you how I first heard about you?"

"No."

"Want me to tell you?"

"Yes."

"It was that night—you know."

"Yes."

"Those policemen had been going for me—Ket and me. They'd separated us and caught us saying different things—lying," she added frankly. "One of 'em wanted to go for me again; but the other said to wait. 'Give her a rest,' he said. 'Mr. Clarke's coming.'"

"Who's Mr. Clarke?" I asked. You were nothing in my life then.

"He's a state's attorney," one of them told me. "He's on his way to look you over for the State!"



## The 'Limited' is ready to leave

The air is tense ' ' people are clinging together whispering last good byes, reluctant to part though the last moment has come ' ' there is laughter and joy, with an undercurrent of tears ' ' the 'Limited' is ready to leave.

A hoarse voice shouts "Bo-o-ard!" —people scurry madly about—the

porters are taking up their little steps. A boy in uniform threads his way through the crowd to the observation platform with a gorgeous, fragrant box of flowers.

And a wonderful girl goes on her long journey with *His* good byes—fragrant, fresh, beautiful—to carry with her to the journey's end.



NATIONAL FLOWER SHOW  
Kansas City, March 21 to 28

## "Say it with Flowers"

ON YOUR BIRTHDAY SEND MOTHER FLOWERS



## "I was so proud of you tonight"

"Everyone was talking about you—how pretty, how young you looked. I don't think they ever dreamed that you made that wonderful dress yourself."

*You, too, can know the happiness of pretty clothes*

**R**IGHT at home, in spare time, through the Woman's Institute, you can learn how to make all your own clothes and hats for a third of what you now pay in the shops.

Through this new easy method, you learn how to actually design and make charming, stylish clothes of every type for yourself or others—how to really develop individuality in costume—how to copy and adapt styles you see in the shop windows, on the street or in the fashion magazines—how to add those expert little touches that mark the difference between ordinary clothes and those that are distinctively becoming.

And the instruction is individual. The lessons are especially arranged for you. Friendly, skilled instructors help you with your particular problems. In just a few hours after you receive your first lesson you can make something pretty to wear.

The instruction is so complete that you can start sewing for others if you desire and have an independent income. Many Woman's Institute students are earning \$20 to \$40 a week right at home, or in profitable little Dressmaking, Millinery, Lingerie and Children's Specialty Shops of their own.

### Write for 32-page Free Booklet

The Woman's Institute is ready to help you, no matter where you live or what your circumstances or your needs. And it costs you absolutely nothing to find out what it can do for you. Just send a letter, post-card or the convenient coupon below to the Woman's Institute, Dept. 51-Q, Scranton, Pa., and you will receive, without obligation, the full story of this great school that is bringing to women and girls all over the world, the happiness of dainty, becoming clothes and hats, savings almost too good to be true, and the joy of being independent in a successful business.

**WOMAN'S INSTITUTE**  
Dept. 51-Q, Scranton, Penna.

Please send me, without cost or obligation, a copy of your 32-page booklet, which tells how I can have more and prettier clothes at a half or a third of the usual cost and earn money besides. I am most interested in learning—

☐ Home Dressmaking  
☐ Professional Dressmaking

☐ Millinery  
☐ Cooking

Name.....  
(Please specify whether Mrs. or Miss)

Address.....

"I remember those words, said that way, 'for the State,' set me up all of a sudden with a feeling of millions and millions of people against Ket and me. I remember I looked out of the window and thought about the millions of people just in the city and I thought a man must have a mighty nerve to come for all of them. But I see now you weren't coming just for the city or even for the State of Illinois; you were coming to look me over for the world!"

"For the law," said Calvin, meaning to mitigate the offense to her, "the common law of orderly society," he continued, in his intensity upon the idea, not thinking of her.

"I heard you today," the Royle girl repeated, with her lips tightening and her eyes bright. "I got you, I told you. The law is civilization—break the law, and fail to punish, and how long will the city stand—how long will there be civilization? I heard you. Well, who's breaking your law? Not Ket and me! We're two of the people of your State, as I told you that night, just as much as you are—even if Ket can't name his father, much less his grandfather or John Adams's administration or Antietam, and if I've never lived under one roof six months in all my life.

"Where do you live?" you asked me that night, after I'd come through to you clean and told you not a thing in the place was paid for but my clothes, and that Dads was dizzy and mama was doped.

"Live? Why, here," I told you.

"Yes," you said. "But where's your home?" you said, when you were in it and knew you were in it!"

"I didn't!" cried Calvin.

"Then where'd you suppose you were?" she demanded and caught her lips between her teeth and bit to stop their trembling. She swung to the window, clapping the sill and clinging to it; and Calvin shrank with self-

*The murder trial begins—and the battle between Calvin's duty to marry a certain New England girl, and the inescapable lure of Joan—in April.*

## Mr. Spendthrift & Mr. Tightwad

(Continued from page 31)

abstained from seeking to impress himself upon them, and therefore impressed himself upon them.

The Starlings returned to their nest with a fierce ambition to better it at any cost. Sam rumbled: "Some day I'll buy you a little heaven like those country houses only more so. I've got to buckle down and make a lot of money somehow."

"And save a little," Phebe hinted.

"How can we save any till we make some, angel feathers?" Sam complained.

He was so desperately put to it for ways of increasing his income that he beat his brains till sparks flew. In the middle of a sleepless night an insane idea came to him and flitted about inside his weary head like a bat in a lone belfry. He went to his office with his nerves on edge and therefore more sensitive to inspirations. He put over the best financial deal he had yet achieved for his firm.

How different the Monday morning of Lucius, who had spent a Sunday in quietude and repose, taken a long nap in the afternoon, gone early to bed and risen replete with sleep—like an ox. And now he bent his neck to the yoke for a good strong all-day pull.

Lucius took a cheap luncheon at a cafeteria and dined with his wife in chaste frugality. They had a delightful evening going over their expense accounts and Laura devised a way of saving several dollars a month by washing her own handkerchiefs.

It was the old story of the grasshopper and the ant. While Sam and Phebe went hopping about from party to party, dancing and frivolling the summer away among people who had more money than Sam had debts, Lucius and Laura lived a quiet gray life of industry and heaped up their little savings. They

reproach at his hurt of her which he had never suspected on that night.

Suddenly it occurred to him that she had pride in that home of a rented room filled with furniture got by fraud. Pride in that place! But it was a pride and loyalty which had not prevented her from appreciating his home. How had she found the pictures printed two years ago? he wondered.

However it had happened, after finding them, she had felt for them as had no one else here; and as no one else today in court, she had "got" him.

"Miss Royle—" he started.

"What?"

What, indeed? What had he, Calvin Clarke, Assistant State's Attorney, to say to the girl taken with Ketlar, and Ketlar's chief witness in the trial? He accepted a sound in the hall as excuse to be silent. Indeed, some one pushed open the door. Calvin turned and the curious person withdrew.

"What's that?" asked the Royle girl. "Somebody about the verdict?"

"No."

"You ought to win it, Mr. Clarke," she said calmly. "And thank you for buying the book for Ket; he has it."

"Where are you going?" asked Calvin.

"To an automat; then home—home!" she flung at him, her head up again.

Half-way across the court-room she halted and stared at the empty witness stand; and Calvin, watching her, was aware that the same thought flashed into her mind as filled his. The thought was of her in the witness chair, after a day of direct examination by Elmen, when Elmen would say, "Take the witness," and Calvin Clarke would step forward to start the attack for the State.

She turned quickly. "Go to it!" she cast her defiance at him. "Go to it!" And she pushed through the doors and disappeared.



# Beautiful Waxed Floors



## This New, Easy Way

Your linoleum will look more beautiful—clean much easier—and last years longer if you polish it occasionally with Johnson's Liquid Wax. It brings out the pattern and color—protects linoleum from wear and imparts a beautiful, dry, dirt-repellent surface which washes off like glass.

All the leading manufacturers of linoleum recommend the use of Johnson's Liquid Wax. Here's what one of the best known linoleum manufacturers says in his advertising: "A linoleum floor will never need refinishing. It does not require harsh scrubbing. It will be the easiest of all floors to clean—if you wax it. The waxing is easy, simple and inexpensive."

Wash new inlaid linoleum with a mild soap. Then apply a coat of Johnson's Liquid Wax with a Wax Mop and polish with a Weighted Floor Brush. Of this treatment the linoleum manufacturer says: "Linoleum so treated mellow and gets better looking. It will wear for years and years. With this care a linoleum floor is practically permanent and always beautiful. Waxing makes frequent washing unnecessary and is the easiest way."

Johnson's Liquid Wax is the ideal household polish—for all floors, wood, tile, marble and rubber as well as linoleum. For furniture, woodwork, white enamel. It cleans, polishes and protects—in one operation.

This new Johnson method makes the waxing of floors mere child's play. It takes only a few minutes—requires no stooping—and you don't need to touch your hands to the floor or the wax. The Johnson Wax Mop has a removable lamb's-wool swab which can easily be washed.

## 6.65 Floor Polishing Outfit \$5.00

This Outfit Consists of:

1 Quart of Johnson's Liquid Wax	\$1.40
1 Johnson's Lamb's-wool Wax Mop	1.50
1 Johnson's Weighted Floor Polishing Brush	3.50
1 Johnson's Book on Home Beautifying	.25

A Saving of \$1.65!

\$6.65

This offer is good at department, drug, grocery, hardware and paint stores. If your dealer cannot furnish the outfit, write us for the name of the nearest dealer who can. S. C. JOHNSON & SON, Dept. CS-3, RACINE, WISCONSIN (Canadian Factory: Brantford)

"The Wood Finishing Authorities"



# JOHNSON'S LIQUID WAX



Just say Scot Tissue to your storekeeper and you've said the last word. Quickly absorbent, marvelously soothing, pure white—a tissue of superior quality, acceptable without question by most fastidious families. 1000 sheets in a dustproof roll. Free sample upon request.

Scott Paper Company, Chester, Pa.  
Also makers of Scott Tissue Towels

New York Philadelphia Chicago San Francisco

No. 1988—Working Plans  
Only \$20.00



## Save \$1000 When You Build

LITTLE mistakes often run into a \$1,000 or more. Keith's remarkable new book and Keith's Magazine show how to avoid these costly errors—also many short cuts that save money. This amazing book, "Beautiful Homes," contains two hundred actually tested plans. Shows all types of houses—Stucco, Brick, Tile or Frame. Gives fashionable new ideas on Interior Decoration. With this De Luxe Plan Book you receive a year's subscription to Keith's Magazine, the recognized authority on home building for twenty-five years. Just send your name and address and pay postman only \$3 plus a few cents postage upon arrival. Write at once.

**KEITH CORPORATION**  
100 N. 7th St. Minneapolis, Minn.

Keith Corporation,  
100 N. 7th St., Dept. 6-C  
Minneapolis, Minn.  
Send me "Beautiful Homes" De Luxe Edition and a year's subscription to Keith's Magazine. I will pay the postman only \$3 plus a few cents postage.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

If you send \$3 with order, book will be sent postage prepaid.

**This DIAL tells tomorrow's weather**

PLANNING your outdoor engagements—golf, tennis, motor-ing, yachting or whatever it may be—without such weather guidance is like going to the station for a train without consulting the schedule. Sensible people don't do it. Busy men can't.

Write for descriptions and prices of Tyco's Stormguides. Or better yet visit your dealers and ask to see a Tyco's Stormguide.

*Tyco Instrument Company*  
ROCHESTER, N. Y., U. S. A.

**The Tyco's Stormguide**

When the Starlings were gone, the Peltons began to fret a bit. It is the fate of certain ants to delve and save, only to have their hoardings carried off by some plunderer. After all, just how solid were the Starlings? Lucius knew that Sam was in the company of wealthier people than he had met. Laura had read Phebe's name in the newspapers as present at expensive ceremonies. But what did that prove? The Peltons sought their early couch with sick hearts.

And they would have been sicker if they had known that Sam and Phebe were devoting their savings to the quieting of certain restless creditors and the lavish entertainment of certain Croesuses.

Worse yet, on the next morning while Laura was haggling with her grocer over the price of eggs and finally accepting "strictly fresh eggs" at a slightly lower rate than "guaranteed strictly fresh eggs," Phebe was invading the costliest market in town in search of hot-house strawberries!

And Phebe did not even want them for herself. She was buying them for Mrs. Pennington, who had happened to mention that she longed for them but could not afford them at their out-of-season price. This had stuck in Phebe's memory and when she told Sam that she thought it would be a nice thing to send Mrs. Pennington a little basket of the rubies of imprisoned rheumatism, Sam, instead of rebuking her for the insanity of sending from her poverty gifts to the rich that the rich could not afford, struck her on the shoulder with an accolade of approval and said:

"You're a sublime little nut from the tree of knowledge!"

When the fruit arrived at the house with a pleasant little dedication from Phebe, Mrs. Pennington was as astonished by the exquisiteness of the gift as if the berries had been beryls. She prized them all the more for the twinges they gave her. She was one of those wise persons who never avoid a pleasure merely because there is a penalty attached to it.

THE money Sam borrowed from Lucius had soon gone the way of his other borrowings, but it gave him unusual distress. He knew that Lucius could not afford to lose it, and he cherished an affection for him as a fellow bridegroom. This was a debt of honor.

The thirty-day period drew to a close and Sam made more and more frantic efforts to find the sum. He peddled bonds with indefatigable zeal. He sold them to men whose safe-deposit boxes were already bulging. He persuaded shrewd misers to sell other and better securities in order to purchase his. And so by demoniac arts and with the perseverance for which the Devil gets no praise, he managed to gather together enough money to pay off his note with the interest.

Lucius seemed so relieved at retrieving his principle, and so enchanted by the usury, that Sam made a memorandum of him as an easy victim and a week later borrowed twice as much on the same dubious collateral.

He had intended to divide this carefully into a number of small sops to toss to his more pressing creditors, but he and Phebe suddenly realized that they had been so busy of late accepting invitations from their increasing horde of friends that they had repaid none of their social creditors. They felt in honor bound to clean the slate with one stupendous carnival, a banquet and a dance in a private room at a new restaurant that everybody was flocking to.

Sam's moribund conscience had just enough sensitiveness left for one slight qualm: "Phebe, my morning star, what would your giant intellect say to inviting Lucius and Laura to our little party?"

"But they're such a pair of sticks. They used to live and breathe, but now they're numb from the toes up."

"Yes, but after all, heavenly one, they're really paying for this party, and it would be only fair to let them horn in on it."



## "World's Greatest Buy"

*Everyone Says It—Sales Prove It*

**ESSEX**  
*Six*  
**COACH**  
**\$895**

The Coach is now priced below all comparison. It is the greatest value in Hudson-Essex history.

Largest production of 6-cylinder closed cars in the world makes possible these price reductions. Hudson-Essex alone have resources to create this car and this price.

No car at or near the price rivals the Coach in actual proof of value—which is SALES.

For those who wish a higher-priced car the Hudson Sedans at the new prices are incomparably the greatest values in the field. They are the finest Hudson cars ever built. The all-aluminum bodies are the exclusive product of one of the most famous custom-body builders.

The new Sedans are offered in line with Hudson's policy of giving the world's greatest values in closed cars.

**HUDSON**  
*Super-Six*  
**COACH**  
**\$1345**

**Hudson 5-Pass. Sedan Now \$1795**

**Hudson 7-Pass. Sedan Now \$1895**

*All Prices Freight and Tax Extra*

**Largest Selling 6-cylinder Closed Car in the World**





Wrigley's is as beneficial  
as it is pleasant and lasting.



Regular use of it will aid the  
teeth, appetite and digestion.



It cleanses the teeth, removing  
food particles that cause decay.



Good gum is good for you -  
doctors and dentists affirm this.



Let the children have Wrigley's  
for lasting pleasure and benefit.



Eat wisely, chew your food well and  
use Wrigley's - after every meal.



You will note a marked improve-  
ment in your health and spirits.



Smiles come easier, breath is  
sweeter, the world is brighter with  
Wrigley's

F 31

"after every meal" - the flavor lasts!



"Perhaps you're right for once. And it might waken them to life again. I'll call up Laura."

Phebe's invitation threw the Pelton camp into confusion. There was a certain elation about the social uplift, but Laura had a chill impression that her trousseau, which she had carefully abstained from wearing, had been quietly withdrawing backward out of style. She had provided against the moths, but there are no camphor-balls that keep off time. Her dresses had busily acquired antiquity.

She put it up to Lucius whether they should buy her something new. The cost appalled him, but he almost sprained a tendon in his heart in advising her not to skimp herself. His willingness filled her with misgivings. If he were generous enough to spend a fortune on a frock, she must be generous enough to refuse.

"Besides, my dear," she said, "the gown would be a useless waste. We never go out and I should never wear it again perhaps. So it would amount to paying at least a hundred and eighty-five dollars for one dinner. That would cover all our bills for a month. We could give a party ourselves for half that much."

"That's so!" said Lucius. "Suppose you put on one of your wedding dresses just to see how it would look."

She slipped into it, and glanced into a mirror. Lucius praised her lavishly but she knew that she was a caricature. The styles had made a violent shift. The styles of twenty years ago are charming, but yesterday's fashions are funny without being amusing.

Something had to be done about it, and Laura decided to call in a needy sewing-woman who did odd jobs for her. All they accomplished was to spoil an antique by crude revisions.

Still, anything was better than squandering a fortune on mere bodily adornment, and she wore it to Phebe's dinner. She felt a dowdy dub, and looked it. Phebe greeted her with warm cordiality but kept her eyes off the gown. The other women guests intuitively knew that Laura's soul would be as lacking in vivacity as her dress, so they paid her no attention.

THE dinner was a rollicking success for everybody but the Peltons. For a year or more Sam and Phebe had been romping with a crowd that made a business of hilarity. They knew how to misbehave without offense. Lucius and Laura had been devoting themselves earnestly to economy, budgeting and dignity. When they tried to unbend, their mental joints were full of rust; they squeaked and stuck.

Phebe took pity on Laura and pleaded with Mrs. Pennington: "Be nice to Laura, won't you, Theresa old dear? She's really a darling."

Theresa made a Samaritan effort to limber up Laura, but Laura was afraid of her and could not respond. Theresa fell away baffled, but not until she had invited Laura to lunch with her and Phebe the following Tuesday.

When the party was over, Phebe and Sam rolled away in the smart runabout they had bought on time—or eternity—but Lucius was still trying to scare up a taxicab without the help of the tip-seeking doorman when the Penningtons asked him for the privilege of "dropping" him and his wife at their home.

The Penningtons were tired but game when they learned that the Peltons lived in the opposite direction from their own house; but Lucius and Laura kept elbowing messages of rapture on each other's ribs over the privilege of limousining home and saving taxi fare at the same time. And then the car slowed to a sickening stop. The gasoline was all out.

Of course two taxicabs had to come swooping down on them at once "out of the Nowhere into the Here." The Penningtons apologized for not completing the delivery of their freight, but Lucius was very handsome about it.

"Oh, that's all right," he murmured. "Accidents will happen."

Misfortunes never travel alone. Pennington, realizing from experience the difficulty of making change in the dark hours before the dawn, looked in his wallet and found nothing smaller than a fifty-dollar bill. Neither taxi man could

break it, so the millionaire appealed to Lucius. "I say, old man, could you lend me two dollars so that I can pay my cab when I get home?" Lucius always had small bills and he shelled out the necessary dole. Pennington was most grateful. "I'll return it tomorrow, if you'll give me your address."

"Oh, there's no hurry about it," said Lucius grandly. "But here's my office card."

As he and Laura went bouncing home, Lucius sighed: "He'll never remember it. What's two dollars to him?"

On the second day, however, there arrived a check from Pennington with a note of thanks for having saved his life. But this was only an exasperation, for there was still the luncheon to provide for.

LAURA had been so humiliated by her dowdiness at the dinner that she was really afraid to trot out any more of her trousseau. The mere thought of it made her feel like a Civil War bride. She decided to have a sick headache or something on the day of the luncheon. But Lucius said:

"You'd better go, my dear. We must get in with those people. Pennington has good jobs to give out, and there's a noticeable chill in my office. The Penningtons may come in mighty handy any day."

So Laura went. Phebe turned up looking like a cablegram from Paris and gave Laura the feeling of having stepped out of an old volume of Godey's Lady's Book. The contrast was so marked that Laura had to explain.

"I didn't dare buy anything new because Lucius is worried about his job. If Mr. Pennington could realize what a valuable man Lucius would be in his office he would grab him."

"Of course he would," said Phebe. "I'll see what can be done about it."

When Mrs. Pennington drifted in, Laura lost no time in talking up Lucius. But she could not help sniffing in the air a feeling that Mrs. Pennington was wondering why, if Lucius were such a genius, his wife was such a shabby bit of window-dressing.

Laura's eulogy was cut short by the appearance of a cigaret girl dressed like a toy treader. Mrs. Pennington cried for a smoke, but she had no money; she had left her purse at her club. Phebe began at once to rummage in a chaotic hand valise and Laura, watching calmly, noted how long it took her to extricate a bill from among the powder-puffs, lip sticks, matches and samples. Such a disorderly creature!

Seeing that the hostess was too much of a pauper to buy herself a cigaret, Phebe tried to pay the bill for the luncheon, but Mrs. Pennington insisted on signing it, though she had to threaten to cut Phebe's throat.

"Anyhow, you've got to let me tip the poor waiter," Phebe triumphed, and she paid the man enough to spoil him for reasonable people. Laura was aghast at her extravagance, but Mrs. Pennington took it as a huge joke and laughed: "Thank heaven I still have my car outside or I'd have to walk home. I can give you a buggy ride at least."

She insisted on taking Laura and Phebe to their homes. Laura talked again of Lucius, but when she descended at the entrance to her apartment house she felt that it did not live up to her advertisements of her husband's financial skill. There was something in ostentation after all. She contrasted it with Phebe's apartment house, which had an exterior like a cathedral and a lobby like a palace.

But all the way home Phebe was pleading with Mrs. Pennington to make her husband give Lucius a job. Theresa promised, to please Phebe, though her interest in the Peltons varied from tepid to luke. She would have forgotten them altogether if her husband had not come home that very evening trailing clouds of woe. His chief executive, Stukely, had been taken away from him to be made a bank official. Pennington was as much distressed as if he had lost his right hand instead of his right-hand man.

When Theresa suggested Lucius Pelton as a substitute, her husband rewarded her with a nasty look. "I need a new right hand, not a left hind leg. Pelton has all the fire of a cold buckwheat cake. I wish I could get Sam to come in with me. It's a pleasure to have him around. He has imagination, magnetism, high spirits."

"Why don't you ask him?"

"Oh, he'd turn up his nose at the best I could offer. He must be making a mint of money where he is, from the way that he and Phebe are always entertaining."

When Phebe and Sam met that night Sam was so earnest that Phebe forgot to speak of her efforts in Lucius's behalf and demanded the cause of her husband's solemnity. He explained it in his own fashion:

"Well, it's like this, my fledgling. I've been leaving my commissions with the firm for the last few weeks just for the delicious feel of having somebody owe me something. It feels like hell. I haven't enjoyed it. Some men are born creditors but I'm not one of them. My talent lies along the line of being a debtor. I'm beginning to understand why my creditors always look so anxious-like. I think I'll pay off my debts and never run no more."

"Ha-ha!" said Phebe. "Three hearty ha's and a tiger!"

"Just to spite you, you hell-kitten, I'll collect my commissions and distribute them among the trusting tenantry."

THE next night he came home so peculiarly hilarious that Phebe said: "You are cutting up exactly like the clown whose only child has just been run over by a truck. What ails you?"

"Nothing at all except everything, little stranger. I have been worried about the status of our dear old firm but I haven't worried you about it. This morning, though, when I said to our dismal cashier, 'You've got about three hundred of mine in your till, and I'll take it now if you don't mind,' the old man blushed like a shrimp and mumbled, 'See the chief!' I saw the chief and he said, 'Certainly, my boy. The first of next week.' In the bright lexicon of Wall Street, the first of next week means the day after never. And I didn't like that 'my boy' stuff. The chief never uses it except in times of cataclysm. I'm afraid our beloved employer is on the rocks."

"And where does that leave us?" Phebe gasped.

"Right underneath the rocks, cherub lips. Right back in the primeval ooze where the starfish love to roam."

There was a misery of silence while they pondered the ocean of debts above them. At last Sam groaned: "It looks like another visit to dear Lucius. I'd rather interview the old sexton in the churchyard, but—"

"But Lucius is in trouble too," said Phebe. "His own firm is about to chuck him, I think, and Laura asked me to ask Mrs. Pennington to ask Mr. Pennington to take him aboard."

"Lucius in trouble!" Sam exclaimed. "Well, of all the—why, I'll make Pen give him a job! Lucius must be a magnificent financier. Just look how easily he's carried us. He's always managed to lend me a helping hand."

"Yes, at twelve percent a help and a bonus!"

"That's just his little way, star eyes. Besides, what will become of us if we let old Lucius sink? I'll get him a job tomorrow—if only for our own sake."

And on the morrow he invited Pennington to luncheon. About the same time Mrs. Pennington was inviting Phebe to luncheon at her club. Pennington proposed that Sam meet him at the Bankers' but Sam retorted:

"Nay, nay, Pauline. I'm not a member of that lodge, and this is on me."

He really could not break Pennington's bread while trying to land a friend of his on Pennington's pay-roll.

Phebe had no such qualms. She met Theresa with blood in her eye, determined to establish Lucius in a safe post at any cost, if only for her darling Sam's sake. To her



## "Laura—don't you just love this new way of serving candy?"

"Oh," cried Laura, surprised, "it's Oh Henry!, isn't it? Sliced! Well, I wonder who ever thought of that!"

Oh Henry! was no stranger to Laura. Many a time, motoring, golfing, at the seashore, she had eaten this famous candy . . . but she had just never thought of slicing it at home.

Other women had, though . . . women in Chicago. Two years ago, we found them slicing and serving Oh Henry! as a home candy, and at teas, bridge and Mah-Jongg

games and other informal affairs. And now, in many, many homes, you will find sliced Oh Henry! as often as chocolates.

And what delicious candy it is! Imagine a rich, butter cream, dipped in a creamy, chewy caramel, rolled in crispy, crunchy nutmeats, and then thickly coated with the meloniest milk chocolate. Sounds good, doesn't it? Well, that's Oh Henry! . . . a new taste in candy!

Telephone your grocery, drug or candy store to deliver a few bars. Slice it and serve it at home. It is not expensive . . . a 10c bar cuts into 8 liberal slices. And everyone likes Oh Henry!

# Oh Henry!

SLICED



Write for a clever, little booklet, in colors, on serving Oh Henry! sliced Williamson Candy Co., Chicago.

© W. C. Co.—1925

# SAVE *with* SAFETY *at your* **Rexall** DRUG STORE



**M**AXIXE Cherries for Washington's Birthday! Round, ripe, luscious cherries in cream, sealed in superfine chocolate.

A treat for the 22nd—these cherry chocolates make any day a holiday.

Bite through the crispy chocolate to the cherry! And when you have tasted one, you won't stop till the box is empty.

Make yourself doubly welcome by taking her Maxixe Cherries, unrivaled for good taste. Sold only at your Rexall Drug Store.

*"There is one near you"*

THE UNITED DRUG COMPANY  
BOSTON

amazement, before she could broach the matter, Theresa began with a frantic appeal:

"Phebe darling, you and Sam have got to help us out. My poor Penny is in a terrible hole." Phebe almost swooned. Was everybody going broke? But Theresa revived her speedily. "Ever since Penny lost his dear Stukely he's been flopping about like a chicken with its head off. He can't get anybody to replace his Stukie. Poor Penny's right-hand men are always taken away from him as soon as he gets them trained to be a real help to him.

"You see, he believes in making money in the grand manner, by brilliant imagination, daring campaigns and fearless battles. He can't stand the cheese-paring methods of most of the small fry. He wants generals, not book-keepers. So does everybody else; and so, as soon as my husband instills his own courage and skill into an executive, some big financial institution offers him a vice-presidency or something. Stukely has just been made chairman of the board of a big trust company.

"Well, my husband thinks that your husband is the ideal man to replace Stukie, but his firm won't let him pay more than a modest salary to begin with, and he's afraid he'll insult Sam if he offers him such a position—a mere lieutenantcy, you might say, but with a marshal's bâton in the background, if you know what I mean."

Phebe began to breathe fast. Was she listening to a fairy story or was she dreaming? How soon would she whack her head on the sharp corner of the bedside table and wake up?

Theresa ran on, and Phebe realized that she was not asleep. And now she was tortured by the realization that Sam, the frivolous saint, was at this very moment trying to sell Lucius to Pen. The irony of it! the irony of it! In her confusion she kept telling herself that whatever happened she must not shatter Theresa's impression of Sam as the young Napoleon of Austerlitz by confessing that he had already met his Waterloo.

She yielded gradually to Theresa's prayer and solemnly promised to ask Sam as a favor to accept Pennington's offer of a golden opportunity at a modest salary. Mrs. Pennington did not know just how modest it would have to be, but Phebe knew that it could not possibly be as modest as Sam's present less-than-nothing-at-all.

**B**UT how was she to reach Sam and warn him to drop Lucius and proffer himself as a candidate? She did not even know where he would be lunching. There was nothing to do but excuse herself from Theresa and dash to the rescue. She flew to Sam's office. He was not there and there was a sick-room hush about the once so busy corridors that terrified her.

In her desperation, she resolved to search for him through all the restaurants in the Wall Street parish. They were many, and each of them was thronged with men jabbering away worse than any convention of women.

In the meanwhile Sam had been plying Pennington with casual anecdotes of Lucius and, like the skilful salesman he was when he had to be, steering his victim craftily toward the waiting trap. He lured Pennington into admitting that the firm had an opening for a financial genius, and then he sprang the noose.

"If you know your business, Pen," he said, "you'll grab the best efficiency hound in this man's town before anybody else gets him. He is none other than Lucius Pelton and he's so sharp that he takes the scalp off the Indian on every penny that gets within reach of his little snickersnee."

Pennington nodded, but coldly. "He's sharp, all right. The night I met him at your party I couldn't help noticing how modest he was about dropping back to a safe distance when it came to tipping the poor sleepy girl who hands out the hats. I found him out in the street trying to nab a taxi before that poor old asthmatic doorman could call one for him. And when I had to borrow two dollars from him and asked him the address, he was right

*Cosmopolitan for March, 1925*

there with the business card. I sent him a check and he didn't fail to deposit it."

"What did I tell you!" Sam cried. "The nickel that gets past him has yet to be born."

"Very likely," Pennington grumbled, "but I'm not looking for a nickel-nagger. I want a man who dreams in thousands, a man who knows how big men feel and can talk their language, meet them socially, win their friendship and inspire them to take big chances for big returns. Such a man is always full of the joy of life. He's never niggardly or picayune. I don't refer to one of these drunken plungers, these joy-riding pirates, but to the Epicures of life, who drink deep of it without getting drunk.

"What I need is a man I can take anywhere and leave anywhere and be sure that he will never be a cheat, or what is worse, a bore. I want a man I can call my own friend and can trust to be a friend to my friends."

"A man like me," Sam smiled.

"Exactly! If you weren't such a high-flyer you'd be just the man."

"I'd ruin you in a month," said Sam, and misunderstanding the "high-flyer" continued to plead the cause of Lucius. Pennington assumed Sam had dismissed his hint, and forbore to press it. But he could not be warmed up to Lucius and remembered another engagement.

**S**AM charged the luncheon off as a total loss and went home in a blue funk. Even if he had understood that Pennington was pleading for him, he would have thought it unfair to Lucius to accept the job he was trying to procure for his friend. He was as spendthrift of loyalty as he was of cash.

After Phebe had ransacked the last café in the financial realm, she had no place to go but home. She drifted in like a derelict glad of a rock to crash into. She found that Sam had crashed there first. He lay extended on what the maid called the "cheese lounge" and he was laughing softly to himself. This frightened Phebe into a panic. She ran to him and sank on her knees, clutching him wildly.

"Darling, darling you're laughing all by yourself. I just know it's pneumonia."

"No, my sky-child, it's the old no-monia. I'm down among the dead men, down among the dead men, down among the—"

"Did you get Lucius the job?"

"I couldn't even do that. Pen wouldn't have the poor fish at any price."

"Thank God! thank God!" said Phebe, and sat back on the floor with a thump, then put up her head and howled.

"Are you imitating the wolf that is now camped upon our door-mat, or singing one of your native hallelujahs?"

"No, you dear old damned darling, I'm rejoicing. You're Pen's right-hand man."

"Pen's right-hand foot. He told me I was too high a flyer for him. I didn't tell him that it was because I've been mated with an angel, but he—"

"Don't you understand, you poor idiot of a genius? Can't you brilliant men ever get anything through your thick skulls? No wonder the Lord had to make us women to lead you out of trouble."

"Haven't you got your Sunday-school lessons a little mixed, downy one? I thought—"

"Well, don't ever think again. Leave all the heavy thinking to mama. You and Pen are simply perfect specimens of male stupidity and you misunderstand each other to perfection. Pen never dreamed that he could afford you, and you never dreamed that he wanted you. So Theresa and I have fixed it all up. I promised her I'd beg you to save Pen's life by becoming his right hand. And now I've begged you and you're it."

It took a lot more of explaining, but finally she made him realize the gorgeous truth.

After they had endeavored to break each other's ribs in a hugging match, their mental processes once more diverged. Sam was all for calling Pen up and accepting the job as a rope from Heaven. Phebe was all for pretending coyness and concealing his financial





# DODGE BROTHERS COACH

Dodge Brothers Coach measures up in every detail to the high standards of its builders.

Low, graceful and sturdy, it looks and performs the part of a true aristocrat.

The interior is roomy, comfortable and inviting.

The lacquer finish is exceedingly attractive in Dodge Brothers blue with body stripe of cartouche yellow.

The chassis is the same on which Dodge Brothers have concentrated all their experience and resources for a decade. Comfortable riding qualities and dependable performance are therefore obvious attributes.

*The price is \$1095 f. o. b. Detroit*

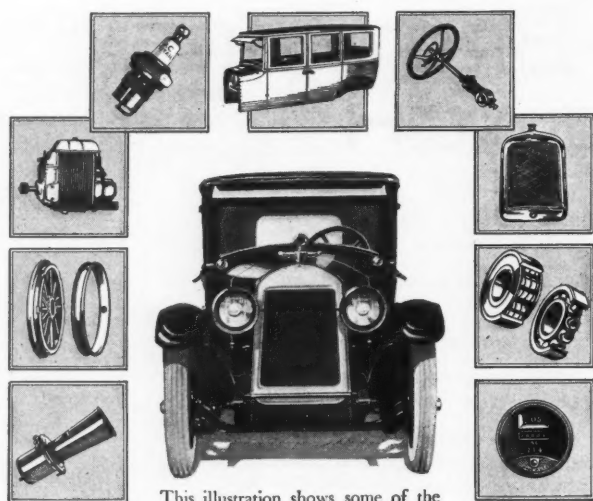
**DODGE BROTHERS DETROIT**  
DODGE BROTHERS (CANADA) LIMITED  
WALKERVILLE, ONTARIO



REPRODUCED BY PERMISSION OF THE DODGE BROTHERS

© D. B.

## FACTS ABOUT A FAMOUS FAMILY



This illustration shows some of the General Motors products used in the construction of other trustworthy cars.

## Contributing to the merit of many trustworthy cars

Within the General Motors family are a score of companies producing parts, accessories and equipment.

Much of their output is sold to other automobile manufacturers here and abroad; while some of the products of the accessory divisions find a wide variety of uses outside the automotive industry.

Thus General Motors contributes to the merit of many other trustworthy cars and to almost every phase of home and industrial life.

## GENERAL MOTORS

BUICK • CADILLAC • CHEVROLET • OAKLAND  
OLDSMOBILE • GMC TRUCKS

General Motors, trucks and Delco-Light products may be purchased on the GMAC Payment Plan. Insurance service furnished by General Exchange Corporation.

desperation and jockeying for a maximum salary to begin with.

But Sam protested: "In your heavenly home, such cleverness might work. But down here in the mud, I have found that enthusiasm mixed with truth is better than the loftiest flights of fancy."

So he held her away from the telephone with one arm while he called up Pen. When he got him on the wire, he said: "I say, Pen old top, Phebe has just told me that you might give me that vacancy you're holding for a better man. I've got no right to it except the fact that I'm stony broke and I need it to save my family from starvation. Any wages you care to pay will be more than fair."

And this shook Pennington up so that he did not offer Sam the highest salary he had had in mind. He offered him one still higher.

When Sam heard the sum, he called out: "Excuse me, Pen, I have just fainted with a low gurgling cry. If my old woman can bring me back to life I'll be at the factory tomorrow in time to relieve the night watchman. And what do you say to a little dinner and a little dance together tonight? On one condition: it's on me! All right. Tell Theresa to put on a decent dress for once, because it's going to be a party with a capital Q. G'by!"

### POSTLUDE

THIS has been a hideously immoral story in many ways, an insidious and perhaps a dastardly attack on the sanctity of all the copy-book maxims and hoary proverbs doled out to the young and the shiftless. That, however, is the fault not of the author of the story, but of the author of human nature.

After all, in this life, though we get little or nothing of what we want, you can tell what a man really desired by what he got the most of. The real passion of some is for repose, and they get a lot of sleep. Others want quarrels or prayers or solitude or crowds: you will find them in arguments or on their knees, in the desert or on the corners of streets. Some hunt passionately for self-denial and some for self-indulgence. Their faces tell their aims. Some avoid beauty as a curse, others seek it incessantly. You can tell at a glance.

Riches come in two ways: to those who skimp and save, and to those who swim out into debt and are lucky enough not to drown before a roller brings them in on its crest.

Lucius and Laura had improved their natural gifts of parsimony, and they felt a sensuous, a voluptuous thrill in the presence of their hoard. A bank balance was prettier than any painted sunset or any lilting song. Its growth was sweeter than the unfolding of a flower. Phebe and Sam had sought those things for which silk-worms are cultivated, looms kept spinning, gardens tended and fine meats bred. They went in for the beauty of this world and this world rewarded them as best it could.

One might write, a prophecy, antedate it 1945, and feel safe in saying that, if the two couples, the Peltons and the Starlings, were still alive, they would be just where and what they were a score of years before, though Sam would have less hair and more flesh, Lucius would have saved even his hair but lost a little more weight.

Lucius and Laura would spend their evenings in a somewhat shabby home, croaking over their mortgages and securities and counting up how much interest they had collected from Sam.

Sam would be worth millions and full of honors, a member of all the clubs and a gay figure at all the routs. Phebe would be the white-haired laughing belle of whatever company she enlivened. And when they fell asleep in the architectural masterpiece they decorated with their own graces, Sam would yawn:

"Tomorrow, angel eyes, we must really begin to put aside a little money. As Benjamin Franklin said—"

But Phebe would be already smiling in her sleep.

*For the driver  
who doesn't use balloon tires*

# The NEW KELLY FLEXIBLE CORD

Easier riding than the ordinary cord tire, because it is more flexible.

More flexible because the Integral Bead construction—used only by Kelly—has made possible a flexible tread as well as a flexible carcass.

Longer lived, partly because of the ruggedness of the tread but principally because the tire's flexibility allows it to *absorb* the shocks of road obstructions instead of *resisting* them.

A broad, tough, long-wearing non-skid tread that performs its duties efficiently and silently. Altogether, the best tire Kelly has ever built.

*For sale by Kelly  
dealers everywhere*

The drawing at the right shows how the bead of the new Kelly Cord is formed by enclosing strips of braided wire in the loops of the cord fabric. The Cords which form these loops are continuous from the beginning of the innermost ply to the end of the outer. The whole tire thus has a flexibility and "give" that is necessarily lacking in tires made by the ordinary method.



**KELLY-SPRINGFIELD TIRE CO. 250 WEST 57th ST. NEW YORK, N.Y.**





## Buy a New Car This Year

### Life is too Short

To Miss the Joy of Owning and Driving  
a 1925 Model, Even If You Have To  
"Scratch Gravel A Little To Buy It"

*What if the old bus is good for another year or so, think  
of the added fun you'll get out of life with a new one! Come  
down off the fence and join the ranks of the new car owners.*

YOU WANT balloon tires, four-wheel brakes, a smart, comfortable, up-to-date body, better upholstery, a motor which is extremely powerful, quiet, smooth and economical; wear proof paint, and amazingly increased durability. The 1925 car is built to last a long, long while—a perfect investment.

**Send for our Booklet No. 22, Buy a New Car This Year,** which fully describes the interesting features on 1925 cars, tells you how to select the right car and gives you prices of all models. Price 10 cents.

**Also ask for booklet No. 21, How to Sell Your (old) Car,** easily and profitably. Price 10 cents.

#### ORDER A FULL SET OF BOOKLETS

You should have the following twenty booklets. Price 10 cents each.

- No. 1—Cold Weather Motoring.
- No. 2—The Tire Text Book.
- No. 3—A Guide to the Electrical System.
- No. 4—The Carbon Pest.
- No. 5—Does Your Insurance Really Protect You?
- No. 6—Storage Batteries and Spark Plugs.
- No. 7—Never Neglect Your Brakes.
- No. 8—A Longer Life for Your Car.
- No. 9—The Well Kept Car.
- No. 10—The Curse of Faulty Oil Pumping.

- No. 11—Vibration.
- No. 12—Valves.
- No. 13—The Feverish Engine.
- No. 14—Pleasant Touring.
- No. 15—Be a Better Driver.
- No. 16—The Misfiring Nuisance.
- No. 17—When the Fuel System Balks.
- No. 18—Advice for the Car Buyer.
- No. 19—The Power Transmission System.
- No. 20—When Your Car Needs Service.

Cosmopolitan Auto Trails Atlas, 40 cents.

Cosmopolitan Motoring Service  
119 West 40th Street, New York City.

Enclosed is..... in stamps  
for which send me Booklets Nos.....

My car is.....

Name.....

Address.....

**Be Sure to Send for the Following  
Books by Harold F. Blanchard, Technical Editor of Motor; money back if not satisfied:**

**MY AUTOMOBILE—Its Operation, Care and Repair.** Anybody can find any trouble quickly by using this book, since unique, step-by-step instructions are given for all troubles. Also full information on construction, operation and including safe driving. Price \$3.50.

**MY FORD—Its Care and Repair.** Similar to MY AUTOMOBILE but for Ford owners only. Every owner should have a copy. Price \$3.00.

## The Skyrocket

(Continued from page 109)

window, and her face had tightened with a rage of which Mickey had not dreamed her capable. "Yes, I say that too. It isn't that he debauches Sharon's body. He doesn't do that. It doesn't interest him. But he debauches her soul and her mind. He's showing her the very depths of material pleasures and material desires. She's dazzled by him, Mickey, utterly dazzled. You know how fascinating he's always been to women. He's a man of terrific force, Mickey, and he's a bad man. He has no principles. He cares only for success and for getting the things he wants. He makes everyone who is around him think the only things that matter in the world are fame and success and money. He's—he's a gross, rank materialist and he laughs at everything that's fine and good and spiritual. I don't know what his idea is about Sharon. It isn't personal. But it's terrible."

"I'M NOT so sure you're right when you say—it isn't personal. That her body doesn't interest him," said Mickey Reid in a choked voice, "I'm not sure. Little things she's said lately make me wonder if—maybe he isn't kidding himself. He thinks he's a god, but I think underneath he's—he's crazy about her. A man like that doesn't stop at anything to get a woman like Sharon if he wants her. He's clever as hell. Lucia"—the boy's voice broke, horribly—"Lucia, don't leave her."

Lucia's face was white. "I have to. I can't go where she's going. And can't live on her bounty like a Pepper O'Malley. If she ever needs me, I can help her. We must both do that, Mickey. We're—all she has."

But Mickey, alone in the room after Lucia had gone, felt himself almost mad with revolt. When Sharon came down the little staircase, in a white sport dress beneath a golden sweater, he went to her and took her in his arms.

"Sharon," he said, and she could feel him trembling against her, and his arms hurt her slender body, "Sharon—marry me, marry me now. I can't stand this! I can't go on loving you like this. I want you. I want you every minute. Nobody else will ever love you as I love you, Sharon. Let's be together forever and ever and take care of each other. I love you so."

Sharon melted against him, and her hands went up and framed his face, and drew it down against her lips, her round, rich, red lips, that were like all the kisses of love-mad women since the world began. He was so young and splendid and strong and sweet. She had never felt like this in all her life before.

When he let her go because he dared hold her no longer, she braced herself against the table and smiled at him, a half drowsy smile of infinite sweetness—a smile for which her face seemed to have been waiting ever since he had known her.

"When will you marry me?" said Mickey Reid. His voice was harsh; his eyes were all passion and yet all tenderness.

She went on smiling. "Oh, Mickey—don't talk about that. I can't marry you. I don't want to marry you. I don't want to marry anybody. And I won't."

"But you love me."

Again she smiled, that drowsy, yearning, teasing smile. "Yes—I love you."

"Then I'll make you marry me," said young Michael Reid, and he laughed because at last she had said she loved him.

She widened her eyes then, until for the first time he saw all of the black rim that ran around the shimmering iris. She did it slowly, as though she were just awakening.

"Don't—my Mickey. Don't spoil it all. I promised Mr. Dvorak I wouldn't get married. It would ruin everything for me. Besides, it wouldn't be fair. I haven't anything to give to marriage now. You wouldn't ask me to give up everything would you, Mickey, just when,

for the  
Why, M  
You wo  
you?"

"But  
do all th  
you see  
other an  
don't n  
the cou  
plenty  
occasion  
That's s  
But s  
eyes we  
a way t  
dread.  
"No,  
I want  
offer. I  
drink t  
go and  
give up  
marriage  
place an  
respect  
wouldn't  
babies.  
They'd  
spoil my  
"All r  
with fu  
And I'll  
this way  
He s  
young c  
that ter  
in him.  
Sudd  
at him.  
mirror r  
with the  
on her l  
desire fo  
It wa  
was a r  
had eve  
young l  
hot upo  
reflectio  
complet  
He p  
heavy  
and flur  
sus ima  
The  
and sha  
bursting  
of the  
Shar  
bruise  
ing, she  
him be  
him.  
"You  
violent  
You m  
love yo  
going r  
never c  
The  
Shar  
a little  
Mick  
she had  
her com  
The  
It wa  
"Con  
Nadine  
young  
furnitu  
York ju  
on you

I want  
offer. I  
drink t  
go and  
give up  
marriage  
place an  
respect  
wouldn't  
babies.  
They'd  
spoil my  
"All r  
with fu  
And I'll  
this way  
He s  
young c  
that ter  
in him.  
Sudd  
at him.  
mirror r  
with the  
on her l  
desire fo  
It wa  
was a r  
had eve  
young l  
hot upo  
reflectio  
complet  
He p  
heavy  
and flur  
sus ima  
The  
and sha  
bursting  
of the  
Shar  
bruise  
ing, she  
him be  
him.  
"You  
violent  
You m  
love yo  
going r  
never c  
The  
Shar  
a little  
Mick  
she had  
her com  
The  
It wa  
"Con  
Nadine  
young  
furnitu  
York ju  
on you

I want  
offer. I  
drink t  
go and  
give up  
marriage  
place an  
respect  
wouldn't  
babies.  
They'd  
spoil my  
"All r  
with fu  
And I'll  
this way  
He s  
young c  
that ter  
in him.  
Sudd  
at him.  
mirror r  
with the  
on her l  
desire fo  
It wa  
was a r  
had eve  
young l  
hot upo  
reflectio  
complet  
He p  
heavy  
and flur  
sus ima  
The  
and sha  
bursting  
of the  
Shar  
bruise  
ing, she  
him be  
him.  
"You  
violent  
You m  
love yo  
going r  
never c  
The  
Shar  
a little  
Mick  
she had  
her com  
The  
It wa  
"Con  
Nadine  
young  
furnitu  
York ju  
on you

I want  
offer. I  
drink t  
go and  
give up  
marriage  
place an  
respect  
wouldn't  
babies.  
They'd  
spoil my  
"All r  
with fu  
And I'll  
this way  
He s  
young c  
that ter  
in him.  
Sudd  
at him.  
mirror r  
with the  
on her l  
desire fo  
It wa  
was a r  
had eve  
young l  
hot upo  
reflectio  
complet  
He p  
heavy  
and flur  
sus ima  
The  
and sha  
bursting  
of the  
Shar  
bruise  
ing, she  
him be  
him.  
"You  
violent  
You m  
love yo  
going r  
never c  
The  
Shar  
a little  
Mick  
she had  
her com  
The  
It wa  
"Con  
Nadine  
young  
furnitu  
York ju  
on you

I want  
offer. I  
drink t  
go and  
give up  
marriage  
place an  
respect  
wouldn't  
babies.  
They'd  
spoil my  
"All r  
with fu  
And I'll  
this way  
He s  
young c  
that ter  
in him.  
Sudd  
at him.  
mirror r  
with the  
on her l  
desire fo  
It wa  
was a r  
had eve  
young l  
hot upo  
reflectio  
complet  
He p  
heavy  
and flur  
sus ima  
The  
and sha  
bursting  
of the  
Shar  
bruise  
ing, she  
him be  
him.  
"You  
violent  
You m  
love yo  
going r  
never c  
The  
Shar  
a little  
Mick  
she had  
her com  
The  
It wa  
"Con  
Nadine  
young  
furnitu  
York ju  
on you

I want  
offer. I  
drink t  
go and  
give up  
marriage  
place an  
respect  
wouldn't  
babies.  
They'd  
spoil my  
"All r  
with fu  
And I'll  
this way  
He s  
young c  
that ter  
in him.  
Sudd  
at him.  
mirror r  
with the  
on her l  
desire fo  
It wa  
was a r  
had eve  
young l  
hot upo  
reflectio  
complet  
He p  
heavy  
and flur  
sus ima  
The  
and sha  
bursting  
of the  
Shar  
bruise  
ing, she  
him be  
him.  
"You  
violent  
You m  
love yo  
going r  
never c  
The  
Shar  
a little  
Mick  
she had  
her com  
The  
It wa  
"Con  
Nadine  
young  
furnitu  
York ju  
on you

I want  
offer. I  
drink t  
go and  
give up  
marriage  
place an  
respect  
wouldn't  
babies.  
They'd  
spoil my  
"All r  
with fu  
And I'll  
this way  
He s  
young c  
that ter  
in him.  
Sudd  
at him.  
mirror r  
with the  
on her l  
desire fo  
It wa  
was a r  
had eve  
young l  
hot upo  
reflectio  
complet  
He p  
heavy  
and flur  
sus ima  
The  
and sha  
bursting  
of the  
Shar  
bruise  
ing, she  
him be  
him.  
"You  
violent  
You m  
love yo  
going r  
never c  
The  
Shar  
a little  
Mick  
she had  
her com  
The  
It wa  
"Con  
Nadine  
young  
furnitu  
York ju  
on you

I want  
offer. I  
drink t  
go and  
give up  
marriage  
place an  
respect  
wouldn't  
babies.  
They'd  
spoil my  
"All r  
with fu  
And I'll  
this way  
He s  
young c  
that ter  
in him.  
Sudd  
at him.  
mirror r  
with the  
on her l  
desire fo  
It wa  
was a r  
had eve  
young l  
hot upo  
reflectio  
complet  
He p  
heavy  
and flur  
sus ima  
The  
and sha  
bursting  
of the  
Shar  
bruise  
ing, she  
him be  
him.  
"You  
violent  
You m  
love yo  
going r  
never c  
The  
Shar  
a little  
Mick  
she had  
her com  
The  
It wa  
"Con  
Nadine  
young  
furnitu  
York ju  
on you

I want  
offer. I  
drink t  
go and  
give up  
marriage  
place an  
respect  
wouldn't  
babies.  
They'd  
spoil my  
"All r  
with fu  
And I'll  
this way  
He s  
young c  
that ter  
in him.  
Sudd  
at him.  
mirror r  
with the  
on her l  
desire fo  
It wa  
was a r  
had eve  
young l  
hot upo  
reflectio  
complet  
He p  
heavy  
and flur  
sus ima  
The  
and sha  
bursting  
of the  
Shar  
bruise  
ing, she  
him be  
him.  
"You  
violent  
You m  
love yo  
going r  
never c  
The  
Shar  
a little  
Mick  
she had  
her com  
The  
It wa  
"Con  
Nadine  
young  
furnitu  
York ju  
on you

I want  
offer. I  
drink t  
go and  
give up  
marriage  
place an  
respect  
wouldn't  
babies.  
They'd  
spoil my  
"All r  
with fu  
And I'll  
this way  
He s  
young c  
that ter  
in him.  
Sudd  
at him.  
mirror r  
with the  
on her l  
desire fo  
It wa  
was a r  
had eve  
young l  
hot upo  
reflectio  
complet  
He p  
heavy  
and flur  
sus ima  
The  
and sha  
bursting  
of the  
Shar  
bruise  
ing, she  
him be  
him.  
"You  
violent  
You m  
love yo  
going r  
never c  
The  
Shar  
a little  
Mick  
she had  
her com  
The  
It wa  
"Con  
Nadine  
young  
furnitu  
York ju  
on you

I want  
offer. I  
drink t  
go and  
give up  
marriage  
place an  
respect  
wouldn't  
babies.  
They'd  
spoil my  
"All r  
with fu  
And I'll  
this way  
He s  
young c  
that ter  
in him.  
Sudd  
at him.  
mirror r  
with the  
on her l  
desire fo  
It wa  
was a r  
had eve  
young l  
hot upo  
reflectio  
complet  
He p  
heavy  
and flur  
sus ima  
The  
and sha  
bursting  
of the  
Shar  
bruise  
ing, she  
him be  
him.  
"You  
violent  
You m  
love yo  
going r  
never c  
The  
Shar  
a little  
Mick  
she had  
her com  
The  
It wa  
"Con  
Nadine  
young  
furnitu  
York ju  
on you

I want  
offer. I  
drink t  
go and  
give up  
marriage  
place an  
respect  
wouldn't  
babies.  
They'd  
spoil my  
"All r  
with fu  
And I'll  
this way  
He s  
young c  
that ter  
in him.  
Sudd  
at him.  
mirror r  
with the  
on her l  
desire fo  
It wa  
was a r  
had eve  
young l  
hot upo  
reflectio  
complet  
He p  
heavy  
and flur  
sus ima  
The  
and sha  
bursting  
of the  
Shar  
bruise  
ing, she  
him be  
him.  
"You  
violent  
You m  
love yo  
going r  
never c  
The  
Shar  
a little  
Mick  
she had  
her com  
The  
It wa  
"Con  
Nadine  
young  
furnitu  
York ju  
on you

I want  
offer. I  
drink t  
go and  
give up  
marriage  
place an  
respect  
wouldn't  
babies.  
They'd  
spoil my  
"All r  
with fu  
And I'll  
this way  
He s  
young c  
that ter  
in him.  
Sudd  
at him.  
mirror r  
with the  
on her l  
desire fo  
It wa  
was a r  
had eve  
young l  
hot upo  
reflectio  
complet  
He p  
heavy  
and flur  
sus ima  
The  
and sha  
bursting  
of the  
Shar  
bruise  
ing, she  
him be  
him.  
"You  
violent  
You m  
love yo  
going r  
never c  
The  
Shar  
a little  
Mick  
she had  
her com  
The  
It wa  
"Con  
Nadine  
young  
furnitu  
York ju  
on you

I want  
offer. I  
drink t  
go and  
give up  
marriage  
place an  
respect  
wouldn't  
babies.  
They'd  
spoil my  
"All r  
with fu  
And I'll  
this way  
He s  
young c  
that ter  
in him.  
Sudd  
at him.  
mirror r  
with the  
on her l  
desire fo  
It wa  
was a r  
had eve  
young l  
hot upo  
reflectio  
complet  
He p  
heavy  
and flur  
sus ima  
The  
and sha  
bursting  
of the  
Shar  
bruise  
ing, she  
him be  
him.  
"You  
violent  
You m  
love yo  
going r  
never c  
The  
Shar  
a little  
Mick  
she had  
her com  
The  
It wa  
"Con  
Nadine  
young  
furnitu  
York ju  
on you

I want  
offer. I  
drink t  
go and  
give up  
marriage  
place an  
respect  
wouldn't  
babies.  
They'd  
spoil my  
"All r  
with fu  
And I'll  
this way  
He s  
young c  
that ter  
in him.  
Sudd  
at him.  
mirror r  
with the  
on her l  
desire fo  
It wa  
was a r  
had eve  
young l  
hot upo  
reflectio  
complet  
He p  
heavy  
and flur  
sus ima  
The  
and sha  
bursting  
of the  
Shar  
bruise  
ing, she  
him be  
him.  
"You  
violent  
You m  
love yo  
going r  
never c  
The  
Shar  
a little  
Mick  
she had  
her com  
The  
It wa  
"Con  
Nadine  
young  
furnitu  
York ju  
on you

I want  
offer. I  
drink t  
go and  
give up  
marriage  
place an  
respect  
wouldn't  
babies.  
They'd  
spoil my  
"All r  
with fu  
And I'll  
this way  
He s  
young c  
that ter  
in him.  
Sudd  
at him.  
mirror r  
with the  
on her l  
desire fo  
It wa  
was a r  
had eve  
young l  
hot upo  
reflectio  
complet  
He p  
heavy  
and flur  
sus ima  
The  
and sha  
bursting  
of the  
Shar  
bruise  
ing, she  
him be  
him.  
"You  
violent  
You m  
love yo  
going r  
never c  
The  
Shar  
a little  
Mick  
she had  
her com  
The  
It wa  
"Con  
Nadine  
young  
furnitu  
York ju  
on you

I want  
offer. I  
drink t  
go and  
give up  
marriage  
place an  
respect  
wouldn't  
babies.  
They'd  
spoil my  
"All r  
with fu  
And I'll  
this way  
He s  
young c  
that ter  
in him.  
Sudd  
at him.  
mirror r  
with the  
on her l  
desire fo  
It wa  
was a r  
had eve  
young l  
hot upo  
reflectio  
complet  
He p  
heavy  
and flur  
sus ima  
The  
and sha  
bursting  
of the  
Shar  
bruise  
ing, she  
him be  
him.  
"You  
violent  
You m  
love yo  
going r  
never c  
The  
Shar  
a little  
Mick  
she had  
her com  
The  
It wa  
"Con  
Nadine  
young  
furnitu  
York ju  
on you

I want  
offer. I  
drink t  
go and  
give up  
marriage  
place an  
respect  
wouldn't  
babies.  
They'd  
spoil my  
"All r  
with fu  
And I'll  
this way  
He s  
young c  
that ter  
in him.  
Sudd  
at him.  
mirror r  
with the  
on her l  
desire fo  
It wa  
was a r  
had eve  
young l  
hot upo  
reflectio  
complet  
He p  
heavy  
and flur  
sus ima  
The  
and sha  
bursting  
of the  
Shar  
bruise  
ing, she  
him be  
him.  
"You  
violent  
You m  
love yo  
going r  
never c  
The  
Shar  
a little  
Mick  
she had  
her com  
The  
It wa  
"Con  
Nadine  
young  
furnitu  
York ju  
on you

I want  
offer. I  
drink t  
go and  
give up  
marriage  
place an  
respect  
wouldn't  
babies.  
They'd  
spoil my  
"All r  
with fu  
And I'll  
this way  
He s  
young c  
that ter  
in him.  
Sudd  
at him.  
mirror r  
with the  
on her l  
desire fo  
It wa  
was a r  
had eve  
young l  
hot upo  
reflectio  
complet  
He p  
heavy  
and flur  
sus ima  
The  
and sha  
bursting  
of the  
Shar  
bruise  
ing, she  
him be  
him.  
"You  
violent  
You m  
love yo  
going r  
never c  
The  
Shar  
a little  
Mick  
she had  
her com  
The  
It wa  
"Con  
Nadine  
young  
furnitu  
York ju  
on you

I want  
offer. I  
drink t  
go and  
give up  
marriage  
place an  
respect  
wouldn't  
babies.  
They'd  
spoil my  
"All r  
with fu  
And I'll  
this way  
He s  
young c  
that ter  
in him.  
Sudd  
at him.  
mirror r  
with the  
on her l  
desire fo  
It wa  
was a r  
had eve  
young l  
hot upo  
reflectio  
complet  
He p  
heavy  
and flur  
sus ima  
The  
and sha  
bursting  
of the  
Shar  
bruise  
ing, she  
him be  
him.  
"You  
violent  
You m  
love yo  
going r  
never c  
The  
Shar  
a little  
Mick  
she had  
her com  
The  
It wa  
"Con  
Nadine  
young  
furnitu  
York ju  
on you

I want  
offer. I  
drink t  
go and  
give up  
marriage  
place an  
respect  
wouldn't  
babies.  
They'd  
spoil my  
"All r  
with fu  
And I'll  
this way  
He s  
young c  
that ter  
in him.  
Sudd  
at him.  
mirror r  
with the  
on her l  
desire fo  
It wa  
was a r  
had eve  
young l  
hot upo  
reflectio  
complet  
He p  
heavy  
and flur  
sus ima  
The  
and sha  
bursting  
of the  
Shar  
bruise  
ing, she  
him be  
him.  
"You  
violent  
You m  
love yo  
going r  
never c  
The  
Shar  
a little  
Mick  
she had  
her com  
The  
It wa  
"Con  
Nadine  
young  
furnitu  
York ju  
on you

I want  
offer. I  
drink t  
go and  
give up  
marriage  
place an  
respect  
wouldn't  
babies.  
They'd  
spoil my  
"All r  
with fu  
And I'll  
this way  
He s  
young c  
that ter  
in him.  
Sudd  
at him.  
mirror r  
with the  
on her l  
desire fo  
It wa  
was a r  
had eve  
young l  
hot upo  
reflectio  
complet  
He p  
heavy  
and flur  
sus ima  
The  
and sha  
bursting  
of the  
Shar  
bruise  
ing, she  
him be  
him.  
"You  
violent  
You m  
love yo  
going r  
never c  
The  
Shar  
a little  
Mick  
she had  
her com  
The  
It wa  
"Con  
Nadine  
young  
furnitu  
York ju  
on you

for the first time, things are coming to me? Why, Mickey, I'm going to be a great star. You wouldn't ask me to give it all up, would you?"

"But—Sharon, my little sweetheart, what do all those things matter for a woman? Can't you see that nothing matters but loving each other and belonging to each other? Why, we don't need anything but a little house out in the country somewhere, and some dogs, and plenty of books and money enough for an occasional spree. And—some youngsters. That's real happiness, Sharon."

But Sharon shook her head and, though her eyes were still soft with love, they narrowed in a way that Mickey and Lucia had learned to dread.

"No," she said, half angrily, "no—not now. I want it. I want everything that life has to offer. I've never had anything. I'm going to drink the cup—right now. I don't want to go and live in the country. I don't want to give up my work and I've seen enough of these marriages where a girl goes on working one place and a man another. I've got too much respect for marriage to do that. And—I wouldn't get married unless I meant to have babies. And I don't want any babies now. They'd take me away from my work and they'd spoil my figure."

"All right," said Mickey Reid, his voice cold with fury. "I've asked you to be my wife. And I'll always love you. But—I can't go on this way."

He stared at her, his mouth working, his young eyes hot with tears, eaten through by that terrible hunger that Sharon Kimm stirred in him.

Suddenly he saw she was no longer looking at him. She was looking into the big gilt mirror that paneled the wall, looking at herself with the love-light in her eyes, and the love-kiss on her lips, and her slim body vibrant with the desire for love.

It was then that Mickey Reid saw red. He was a man and this was the only woman he had ever asked to marry him in all his reckless young life. And she had turned with his kiss hot upon her lips and stood mesmerized by the reflection of her own beauty, forgetting him completely.

He picked up the little Chinese god, the heavy bronze god that lay upon the table, and flung it with all his strength at the Narcissus image that had taken her away from him.

The slim white girl in the mirror shivered and shattered to bits, horribly, as though a bursting shell had wiped her from the face of the earth.

Sharon Kimm screamed. She felt cut and bruised and shocked from head to foot. Turning, she faced Mickey Reid and hardly knew him because of the rage that flamed upon him.

"You're hypnotized by yourself," he said violently. "You're making a god of yourself. You make me sick. God help me, because I love you, and I'll always love you. But I'm going now, and if I have the strength I'm never coming back."

The door slammed.

Sharon Kimm stood alone and she was just a little frightened.

Mickey had gone. Lucia was going. And she had not even the girl in the mirror to keep her company.

The thin tingle of the telephone aroused her. It was Nadine Allis.

"Come on over and play some tennis," said Nadine's soft voice. "I've got a handsome young millionaire chewing up all my best furniture. He came all the way from New York just to meet you—he admits it. So put on your pretties."

#### CHAPTER VI

MICKEY REID, with the sharpened senses of a man terribly in love, was right about William Dvorak. Right in his instinctive recognition that Dvorak was as mad over Sharon Kimm as Mickey himself, though in a



## "Sure—Our Service is on All Makes"

It's r-e-a-l service, too—the kind you would expect from men who have been in business ever since batteries were used to start cars.

—the kind that helps you get all the performance out of your present battery, first.

Of course, if *yours* is a Willard Charged **bone dry** Battery, you've got a big advantage, because all the performance was in this battery when it was installed in your car.

No history of shelf-wear back of it. Willard Threaded Rubber takes care of that.

Probably you never heard of one of these batteries that had to be reinsulated.

It rarely happens. When it does, we are here to put in new insulation without charge, or argument.

You're just as safe banking on our performance as on the performance of our Charged **bone dry** Batteries with their Willard Threaded Rubber Insulation.

We do repairing, too—on all makes—and we stand back of every job.

But frankly, most repairs are preventable. The best way we know to prevent them is to have your battery inspected occasionally.

Inspection should be thorough. Ours is. You can't depend upon a quick glance and a few drops of water to keep a battery going strong.

Our inspection service covers the five points that always should be checked when a battery is filled.

Come in and get acquainted. One of us right in your neighborhood.

Our Inspection Service includes these five important points:

1. Testing each cell.
2. Replacing evaporation.
3. Cleaning Terminals.
4. Cleaning top of battery.
5. Tightening hold-downs and grounds when needed.

# The Willard Battery men

We service all makes and sell Willards



## The Home's Handiest Helper

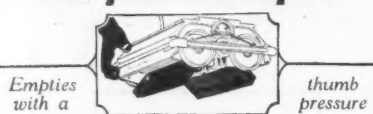
WHEN the meal is over, the sewing done or the children through playing, then is when the wonderful handiness of the always ready Bissell sweeper is appreciated—brushing up the crumbs, clinging lint and litter. It's a thorough dirt getter too.

The ease with which the Bissell is operated is a boon to the tired woman. No back-breaking work, no strain on the hands.

There is no substitute for a Bissell. It has maintained its position as an indispensable household article because it is needed every day—many times a day.

"Cyclo" Ball Bearing Bissells at around \$6. Other grades for less. Play-size (toy) Bissells for a few dimes. At furniture, hardware, housefurnishing and department stores. Booklet on request.

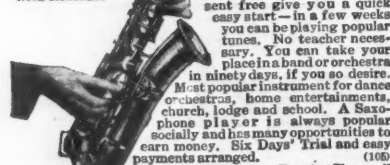
**BISSELL**  
CARPET SWEEPER CO., GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.  
**Carpet Sweeper**



**Easy to Play**  
**Easy to Pay**

**BUESCHER**  
True-Tone

**Saxophone**  
Easiest of all instruments to play and one of the most beautiful. Three first lessons sent free give you a quick easy start—in a few weeks you can be playing popular tunes. No teacher necessary. You can take your place in a band or orchestra in ninety days, if you so desire. Most popular instrument for dance orchestras, home entertainments, church, lodge and school. A Saxophone player is always popular socially and has many opportunities to earn money. Six Days' Trial and easy payments arranged. (100)



**Free Saxophone Book** Shows all models and gives first lesson chart; also pictures of famous professionals and orchestras. Just send your name for a copy. Mention any other instrument in which you may be interested.  
**BUESCHER BAND INSTRUMENT CO.**  
Everything in Band and Orchestra Instruments  
475 BUESCHER BLOCK - - ELKHART, INDIANA

way as different as night is different from day. And he was also right in suspecting that Dvorak was fooling himself.

The big studio was very still and dark. Here and there in the mass of buildings that shouldered each other for space, lights blazed unexpectedly. On one stage, the klieg lights sent a weird purple glow into the night and a sound of jazz music drifted across the silence. But in spite of the one set where cameras ground, the studio lay in that lonely, deserted hollow that always encompasses studios at night.

Yet in William Dvorak's office activity had just reached its heights. On the long benches in his waiting room half a dozen important directors and scenario writers waited for the briefest conference with the boss. There were a thousand and one things to consult him about—who should play such and such a part, who should write such and such a story, how such and such scenes should be handled.

A pretty girl—a very pretty girl, with the small, triangular face and smooth eyelids of an early madonna—had fallen asleep, her head thrown back against the wall. A gray-haired character actor, in the costume of a sixteenth century dandy, paced up and down trembling with indignation.

In the big chair by the street window, Stanley Craig lounged sulkily. He was in dinner clothes. His carven mouth, with the deep, curly shadows at the corners, was angry. His deep blue eyes were reproachful.

Little Agnes, the indispensable secretary, Agnes, the tactful, the efficient, pearl-gray now with fatigue but still smiling, moved endlessly between her own office and the crowded waiting room and on through the door into the sanctum.

Once, as she passed, Stanley Craig caught her hand and held her beside him. "Agnes, for the love of God, what does the big cheese want with me? Can't he wait until tomorrow? I had a dinner appointment with—a lady at eight, and it's ten-thirty. Can't you hurry him a little? I've been trying to get—this lady to go to dinner with me for six weeks."

And then he smiled, that irresistible, boyish, caressing smile that shone in the midst of his sulks like sunshine in a fog bank. It was never absent long—that famous smile.

Agnes moved away. "I know. Poor Stan. But she'll come again some time. And you know how he is." She vanished through the sacred door.

BEHIND his big desk, shoulders hunched, head a little forward, sat the man for whom they waited.

He had finished dictating a brief letter which had to do with a new oil well that had just been brought in on some property he had bought near Long Beach for a summer home. The well was bringing in 5000 barrels a day. The lucky chance amused him and he smiled at Agnes as he dictated. He was in one of his most charming moods, just a little gay and intense as a dynamo. And Agnes, in spite of burning eyes and an aching back, returned the smile.

"Now," he said, when he had finished dictating, "who's waiting?"

Agnes named them briskly. "Could you see Stan first? He's very anxious to get away." Dvorak glanced at her gravely. "Even you plead for him. It isn't only on the screen that he's irresistible with women. I'll see him first," he said.

When Stanley Craig came in, big and brown and clear-cut, Dvorak looked at him calculatingly.

They liked each other. They understood each other. There was something similar about these two men. Dvorak was Stanley Craig's idol—his model in all things.

"I want you to do something for me," said William Dvorak.

Young Craig lowered his six-foot-two of browned health onto the opposite chair with an expectant smile. "Lady Luck, stand by me," he said. "I am going to need you now. Where is the body to be buried?"

"You can choose your own grave," said Dvorak, "but I'm going to pick the body. Don't be ungrateful. I understand many young men are clamoring for the privilege I am about to bestow upon you."

"A woman?"

Dvorak nodded.

"Didn't I tell you I was off women for life?" "I believe you did. Since then you haven't looked at a woman except Margaret Vane and Nadine Allis and Mrs.——"

"Don't shoot," said Stanley, laughing.

"Who is the woman and what am I to do?" "How would you like to see what you could do by way of an affair with Sharon?"

"Sharon?"

"I've always discouraged love affairs in my company. I still do. You know my theory. If you must sin, sin scientifically and out of working hours. But—this is different. I am a great believer in the educational advantages of a well-conducted love affair. Sharon is a rather marvelous person. Don't tell her I said so. She's getting her ego developed rapidly enough as it is."

He stopped, his amused eyes on a heap of silver and green cloth that Madame had left on a chair. It reminded him of Sharon. And he gave a short laugh.

"Sharon," said Dvorak, musingly, "is one of the few women in this game who has a definitely established appeal to the senses of both men and women. She is—on the screen—the greatest courtesan of this age. And courtesans, if they knew their business, have always been powerful and popular."

"But—with all she's done, I'm not quite satisfied. The real flavor is lacking. I feel an artificiality about it. I want more fire. The real, deep Circe touch is missing. These love scenes—they don't get me. I don't think Sharon has ever been in love in her life—which would sound strange to people who only know her screen personality."

"What about Arden Ware? I understand he's been besieging her with the aid of all his millions."

"He has. But have you ever seen him? It's merely flattered her vanity, that's all."

"And Mickey Reid?"

"Purely domestic. He wants to marry her—which would be fatal to her work, as I've told her. Domesticity is the most dangerous foe of women like Sharon. No—I wasn't speaking of a husband. I want her to fall in love so madly that she can't see or breathe or think except in the presence of that man. I want her to cry over him and maybe break her heart over him—for a week."

"Why don't you do it yourself? She adores you. She thinks you're God. She does everything you tell her to."

Dvorak cut in on him menacingly, a startled look in his eyes. "Don't be an ass, Stan. You've been reading motion picture fiction. You know I never have affairs with my leading women. If I made love to Sharon I'd have about as much authority over her as a mummy. Some men do it, but I've never been able to see myself directing a woman in the daytime and making love to her at night. Remember this. Sharon is afraid. She recoils from sex. She isn't cold. She's afraid."

Stanley Craig was thinking about Sharon and remembering chiefly the lovely red circle of her mouth.

"Well," he said thoughtfully, "I think it's a great idea. You're on."

Apparently it never occurred to him that he might fail.

When the boy had gone, William Dvorak sat smiling. The game amused him immensely. The screen's greatest lover—and Sharon Kimm. If he could make them fall in love with each other, the scenes in this picture would be superb. Women went mad over Stanley Craig. He would set her on fire—

Suddenly he pictured them, those two gorgeous, perfect young bodies, locked close, their lips crushed. Saw Sharon abandon herself to him. A flood of mad, stifling jealousy swept him. Damn Stanley Craig! He took



Willing helpers are always to be found when **Baker's Cocoa and Chocolate** are to be brought from the store. There are such delightful possibilities - Mother will make chocolate cake, or hot cocoa, or even fudge! She knows that cocoa and chocolate are wholesome and nutritious, and should be included in the diet of every child.

BE SURE TO GET THE GENUINE MADE ONLY BY

**WALTER BAKER & CO., LTD.**  
ESTABLISHED 1780 DORCHESTER, MASS.

CANADIAN MILLS AT MONTREAL  
BOOKLET OF CHOICE RECIPES SENT FREE





## "They've tripled your salary, dear"

"I TELL you, Tom, it was a lucky day for both of us when you sent in that I. C. S. coupon. You'd never be where you are to-day if you hadn't decided to study in spare time just when you did."

Spare-time study with the I. C. S. is winning promotions for thousands of men and bringing happiness to thousands of homes all over the world. In offices, shops, stores, mines, mills and on railroads, I. C. S. trained men are stepping up to big jobs, over the heads of older men, past those whose only qualification is long service. There is a job ahead of YOU. Some man is going to be picked for it. The boss can't take chances. He is going to choose a trained man with sound, practical knowledge of the work.

Get busy right now and put yourself in line for that promotion. You can do it in spare time in your own home through the International Correspondence Schools, just as thousands of other men and women have done.

The first step they took was to mark and mail this coupon. Make your start the same way—and make it right now.

### MAIL THE COUPON TO-DAY FOR FREE BOOKLET!

#### INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS

Box 2553-B, Scranton, Penna.

Without cost or obligation on my part, please tell me how I can qualify for the position or in the subject before which I have marked an X:

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Business Management                     | <input type="checkbox"/> Salesmanship           |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Industrial Management                   | <input type="checkbox"/> Advertising            |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Personnel Organization                  | <input type="checkbox"/> Better Letters         |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Traffic Management                      | <input type="checkbox"/> Show Card Lettering    |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Business Law                            | <input type="checkbox"/> Stenography and Typing |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Banking and Banking Law                 | <input type="checkbox"/> Business English       |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Accountancy (including P.A.)            | <input type="checkbox"/> Civil Service          |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Nicholson Cost Accounting               | <input type="checkbox"/> Railway Mail Clerk     |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Bookkeeping                             | <input type="checkbox"/> Common School Subjects |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Private Secretary                       | <input type="checkbox"/> High School Subjects   |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Spanish <input type="checkbox"/> French | <input type="checkbox"/> Illustrating           |
- 
- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Electrical Engineering                           | <input type="checkbox"/> Architect                                   |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Electric Lighting                                | <input type="checkbox"/> Architects' Blue Prints                     |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Mechanical Engineer                              | <input type="checkbox"/> Contractor and Builder                      |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Mechanical Draftsman                             | <input type="checkbox"/> Architectural Draftsman                     |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Machine Shop Practice                            | <input type="checkbox"/> Concrete Builder                            |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Railroad Positions                               | <input type="checkbox"/> Structural Engineer                         |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Gas Engine Operating                             | <input type="checkbox"/> Chemistry <input type="checkbox"/> Pharmacy |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Civil Engineer                                   | <input type="checkbox"/> Automobile Work                             |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Surveying and Mapping                            | <input type="checkbox"/> Airplane Engines                            |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Metallurgy <input type="checkbox"/> Mining       | <input type="checkbox"/> Agriculture and Poultry                     |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Steam Engineering <input type="checkbox"/> Radio | <input type="checkbox"/> Mathematics                                 |

Name.....  
Street..... 3-6-24  
Address.....  
City..... State.....  
Occupation.....  
Persons residing in Canada should send this coupon to the International Correspondence Schools Canadian, Limited, Montreal, Canada

**Try It—In Your Own Home**

**Free**

We will send you a Wurlitzer Saxophone for a week's free trial in your own home. No obligation to buy. See for yourself the fine workmanship, rich, mellow tone and artistic quality. Used by famous musicians. Easiest of all instruments to learn. Scholarship available in famous music school free.

New catalog illustrates known musical instrument. Over 3000 articles—many shown in full. Special offers on complete outfits. All genuine Wurlitzer instruments—buy direct from Wurlitzer and save money. Free trial—easy payments. Risk is free—no obligation. Send for it today!

**Address Dept. 1203**

**WURLITZER**

117E 4th St. Cincinnati 3295 Wabash Ave. Chicago  
120W 42nd St. New York 250 Stockton St. San Francisco

three strides to the door, banged it open.

"Where's Stanley Craig," he said, as Agnes's startled face loomed before him.

"Why—he's gone. I'm sorry. I just heard his car. I thought—"

William Dvorak made a violent motion with his hand toward the waiting group. "Send those people away," he said, and went back into his office.

Where the devil had Stanley Craig gone? He couldn't have gone to her at that time of night. He must—he took two quick turns down the room—he must get hold of himself.

A little knock sounded at his door. He swore. He'd told Agnes to send everyone away. "Come in," he shouted, and turned, lowering his head.

Sharon Kimm slipped in, softly, whispering playfully: "I don't want to disturb you. I was just going home. I stayed for some fittings. I thought I'd say good night and tell you the blue gown is all right at last."

They stood staring at each other. The playfulness faded from Sharon's eyes as she faced the new something in the man's face. She drew back, hand up over her breast, the faintest of recoils.

Dvorak saw it and it stopped him, cooled him to control this mad desire to take her in his arms for the first time to hold her and kiss her as he had imagined Stanley Craig kissing her. That recoil told him what he knew, what he knew well. She didn't love him. And his whole nature forbade him to chance a rebuff now. He could wait. He could make her think as he thought. She was worth it. And he had many weapons. He would stop at nothing. With an effort that cost him something beyond what any effort had ever cost him before, he drove back the look in his eyes that had frightened her.

"You look so lovely you startled me," he said, with a courtly little bow. "I was thinking of you—and you appeared, after the manner of the fairy godmother in a fairy tale. Go home, dear. You should be in bed."

Sharon's throaty, sweet laugh had something of relief in it, and she said, "All right. You ought to go to bed yourself, sometimes. I don't believe you ever sleep."

He came to her side, took her hand, kissed it. No one had ever kissed her hand like that before, as though she were a queen.

He heard her quick steps in the hall. The purr of her car, disappearing in the night. The warm desirableness of her was gone, leaving only a heavy trace of her favorite perfume. His eyes fell on a full length portrait of her that had been painted for some exhibition display. The fleshless image of her mocked him, as a mirage of cool green water mocks a thirsty man.

LITTLE beads of sweat stood out on his forehead. This was the woman he had fashioned to ensnare all men and fascinate all women. And he was caught in his own trap. For he knew, as he looked at that picture, that he desired Sharon Kimm as he had never desired anything in his life. There had been a great many women in William Dvorak's life—women who had loved him madly, women he had loved much. And yet now he felt that he had never known a woman.

He had made a business of sex. It was the universal subject, the one thing everybody had. All his life he had used it, played upon the passions of the people. All his life he had preached the doctrines of the flesh. His pictures had been made to appeal violently to the primitive instincts of the people—high and low, rich and poor. If he had made vice glitteringly attractive, if he had aroused a great and terrible curiosity in the minds of the young, if he had stimulated all sorts of desires, he had done it deliberately, according to his own peculiar code, and he did not regret it.

Now he was fast in his own toils. The creature he had driven had turned upon him. But he would conquer. He would win her, in time. He knew women. He must send her gifts—

## Cosmopolitan for March, 1925

she loved beautiful things. He must dazzle her, until he was sure—sure—until she came voluntarily.

The orchestra on the set outside his windows beat a cheap, distressing rhythm.

Oh baby—oh baby,  
Don't say no—say maybe.

The voice of the saxophone sobbed suggestively above the tom-tom of the banjo. William Dvorak cursed it bitterly, but his nerves vibrated, shaken by the primitive beat. It actually crept into his blood and mounted to his brain, as alcohol might have done. His lips were ashen and bitter with knowledge that is not good for any man—that he has been caught in his own trap.

TIME moved very swiftly for Sharon Kimm. Her life seemed to be made up of a mad rush that never gave her time to meet herself, that never permitted her a moment to search inside her heart or to become acquainted with her own thoughts.

They made her a star in her own right, with her own company and her own director, after she finished her fourth picture with William Dvorak. They gave her a salary of three thousand dollars a week. They had to. At that time every company in the motion picture industry would have bid for the services of Sharon Kimm.

She went to New York for the first time to see the opening of her first starring production. With some difficulty, she persuaded Lucia to go with her. Lucia had achieved a fair measure of success, though it was by no means comparable to that achieved by Sharon. Brains are never paid so well in the industry as beauty, at least not in women.

"I'll go if I can pay my own expenses," said Lucia, doggedly, to Sharon's infinite annoyance. "Everybody does you—I won't."

Their days in New York were a hectic rush of buying, of seeing innumerable people, of going to innumerable places. The only thing that stood out from the vibrating tenseness of it all was the opening of Sharon's picture.

And that opening appalled Lucia Morgan. Like thousands of others she failed to understand the curiosity and adoration that centered upon a Sharon Kimm. "A movie star"—what was there about it that brought forth the staring crowds?

When Lucia first caught sight of the enormous sign bearing Sharon Kimm's name she had laughed with almost cynical bitterness. But Sharon did not laugh; she turned white and Lucia saw her lovely bosom rise in deep, quivering ecstasy.

### SHARON KIMM

There might be some deeper thrill in store for her than the sight of Broadway bowing before that name; but Sharon could not imagine what it could be.

For blocks, that opening night, the streets were a solid mass of humanity. The faces held Sharon breathless; faces filled with desire—some desire that the sight of such gorgeous and exquisite butterflies as Sharon Kimm seemed to satisfy. The long line swayed forward, crushingly, and then was driven back by shouting policemen. People were actually struggling desperately with one another for a sight of this Sharon Kimm whom they had seen only in the grays of the silver-sheet, and whose name now flamed in bold letters above the Great White Way.

Sharon sat in her car, with four policemen on the running boards, wrapped in chinchilla so that only her gorgeous hair and heart-shaped face were visible. It took the four policemen to get her into the theater, and in spite of their protection, her hair had come down and lay about her shoulders in a flaming mass.

But it was not until months later that Lucia first saw Sharon wearing the diamond necklace.

# Once an active social leader— now a helpless invalid



LIKE so many thousands of others, her breakdown traced its source to infected and abscessed teeth—abscessed teeth neglected!

They brought on serious internal disorders that wrecked her health within a few short years.

AS pioneers in the field of oral hygiene, we believe that the makers of Listerine are logically qualified to introduce this new and drastic note into dentifrice advertising. And we believe that a very definite public benefit will result from this endeavor to make the nation properly conscious of the disease dangers that may result from tooth abscesses.

—Lambert Pharmacal Company

**HOW ABOUT YOURSELF?**  
Have you seen your dentist lately? Are you aware of the fact that many, many grave diseases trace their origin directly to neglected, abscessed teeth? Your doctor and dentist will tell you so.

One eminent authority in this field estimates that 78 out of every 100 adults today suffer from tooth abscesses—many totally unaware of the dangers lurking in such infections.

Among the troubles traced to these hidden wells of poison in your mouth are rheumatism and joint diseases; heart and kidney trouble; stomach and intestinal derangements; to say nothing of more minor ailments ranging from simple headaches to insomnia and nervous affections.

The age to which you are going to live may depend very largely upon the kind of attention you give your teeth.

## Don't neglect seeing your dentist

In spite of these grave dangers that lurk in tooth abscesses, relatively few people today ever think of visiting a dentist until pain drives them there. Whereas, only a good dentist can really place you on the safe side.

The right dentifrice and faithful tooth brushing can, of course, do much to keep the teeth clean and the gums exercised and healthy. But when abscesses have developed, only a dentist and the X-ray can cope with the trouble.

## Choose carefully

However, it becomes very important to choose the right dentifrice because clean teeth will not decay and cause trouble. For this reason more and more dentists are today recommending Listerine Tooth Paste.

Listerine Tooth Paste, and this tooth paste only, contains all of the antiseptic essential oils of Listerine, the safe antiseptic. These healing, antiseptic ingredients help keep the gums firm and healthy and discourage the breeding of disease bacteria in the mouth.

## Quick results—and safe!

This is an age when people want quick results. Listerine Tooth Paste is so formulated that it cleans your teeth with a *minimum* of brushing, calling for much less effort than is ordinarily required.

Also, this paste cleans with absolute safety. The specially prepared cleanser it contains is just hard enough to discourage tartar formation, yet *not* hard enough to scratch or injure tooth enamel. And, of course, you know how precious tooth enamel is!

Finally, Listerine Tooth Paste is sold at a price that is fair—large tube 25 cents—the right price to pay for a good tooth paste. Try it. Enjoy really clean teeth. But don't forget the importance of seeing your dentist regularly.—Lambert Pharmacal Company, Saint Louis, U.S.A.

If your dentist has not already handed you our booklet on tooth abscesses and a sample of our dentifrice, you may have both of these by addressing a postal to the Lambert Pharmacal Co., Saint Louis.

# WILL YOU BE ALIVE FIVE YEARS FROM NOW?



By Appointment to  
H.R.H.  
The Prince of Wales

## Yardley's

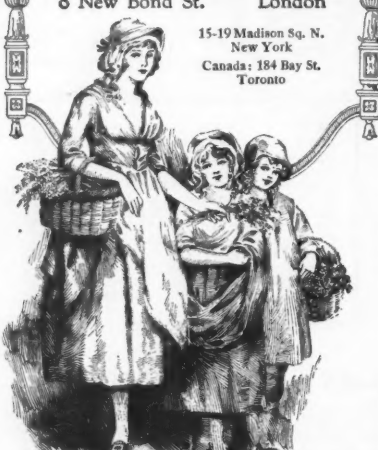
Old English  
Lavender Soap

35c the Large Tablet  
\$1.00 the Box of Three

FOR DAINTY HANDS, what can be more delightful than the soft, pure, mellow lather of Yardley's Lavender Soap—so soothing and gracious to the tenderest skin. It gives an atmosphere of refinement which appeals to all who value the nicer luxuries.

**YARDLEY**  
8 New Bond St. London

15-19 Madison Sq. N.  
New York  
Canada: 184 Bay St.  
Toronto



**YARDLEY EST. 1870 LONDON**



### High School Course in Two Years

Lack of High School training bars you from a successful business career. This simplified and complete High School Course—specially prepared for home study by leading professors—meets all requirements for entrance to college and the leading professions.

No matter what your business inclinations may be, you can't hope to succeed without specialized training. Let us give you the practical training you need. Check and mail Coupon for Free Bulletin.

**30 Other Courses**

© A. S. 1924

**American School**  
Drexel Ave. and 58th St.  
Dept. H-314, Chicago

**Money Back When You Finish If Not Satisfied**

AMERICAN SCHOOL, Dept. H-314, Drexel Ave. and 58th St., Chicago

Send me full information on the subject checked and how you will help me win success.

- |                           |                          |
|---------------------------|--------------------------|
| ... Architect             | ... Business Law         |
| ... Building Contractor   | ... Lawyer               |
| ... Automobile Engineer   | ... Mach. Shop Practice  |
| ... Auto Repairman        | ... Mechanical Engineer  |
| ... Civil Engineer        | ... Shop Superintendent  |
| ... Structural Engineer   | ... Employment Manager   |
| ... Business Manager      | ... Steam Engineer       |
| ... Cert. Pub. Accountant | ... Foremanship          |
| ... Accountant & Auditor  | ... Sanitary Engineer    |
| ... Bookkeeper            | ... Surveyor & Mapping   |
| ... Draftsman & Designer  | ... Tel. & Tel. Engineer |
| ... Electrical Engineer   | ... High School Graduate |
| ... General Education     | ... Wireless Radio       |
| ... Personal Analysis     | ... Undecided            |
- Name .....
- Address .....

The crowd in a café doorway had parted to let her pass through. As she crossed the empty, shining dance floor to one of the front row tables, where a little bank of orchids lay in exotic richness, she looked rather more gorgeous and expensive and bizarre than usual. The man who followed her, bulking powerful and distinguished, was secretly conscious of it. Outwardly, he was smiling a faint, ironic smile, suave and a little bored and totally unconscious of the staring throng.

Under the blaze of lights Sharon's bare skin had the color and polish of smoky amber. The sheer cinnamon lace of her gown was draped over silk so exactly the color of her flesh that it was thrillingly difficult to tell where the one ended and the other began.

Her hair, wound smooth and tight about her lovely head, shimmered with the depths and lights of polished mahogany. And there was just a glint of white, strong, polished little teeth where her sullen upper lip could never quite close.

A great many people did not think Sharon Kimm as beautiful off the screen as she was on. True, the camera toned that exaggerated coloring, that daring seduction of line, into a rarer perfection. But she was a compelling, a finished personality that could never be ignored.

And it was several seconds after she slipped off the folds of ermine before even the women noticed the diamond necklace. It is not every woman who can overshadow diamonds. They lay about her throat like a chain of stars.

A pretty débutante watching her sighed. "Oh, I'd rather be Sharon Kimm than anybody else in the world," she said, with a gasp, "but—I think that man with her is too old. He's very important looking, isn't he, but he must be almost as old as my father. She ought to be with some wonderful looking young man, like Stanley Craig or"—her eyes searched the crowd and rested upon a slim, dark-eyed youth with a fine, tender mouth, drooping in just a shadow of a crooked smile—"like that one over there."

She did not know she was pointing at Michael Reid.

The girl sitting with the dark-eyed youth waved a bare arm at Sharon Kimm. She was smiling, too, with pleasure at the mere sight of Sharon. But the smile went out suddenly.

"Oh, Mickey," she said, very low, "Sharon bought the necklace."

Mickey Reid went on calmly eating his ice-cream. "Of course," he said.

Lucia Morgan, who was known in the motion picture industry as one of the cleverest of title writers, flared. "It wasn't 'of course' at all. She promised me she wouldn't. She promised. Fifty thousand dollars for a string of—glass. Why will she do such things?"

Mickey tried to take another spoonful of ice-cream, but he had to put it down. He wished he hadn't come. How could he imagine that Sharon would be here, on this one night, with Dvorak?

He answered Lucia. "Because that's what she wants, I suppose. Let's—I say, Lucia, there's the music. Let's dance."

SHARON did not dance. The music quivered to the very ends of her fingers and once her eyes strayed to where Mickey Reid glided so smoothly across the floor. But William Dvorak did not dance. He had a sense of the fitness of things, and besides he never did anything he couldn't do better than anyone else. Sharon was rather glad. She liked to listen to him talk. There was no other man in the world who made her feel quite so magnificent, quite so important. Still, he wasn't exactly the man she wanted to dance with.

She knew she was looking just the way he liked her to look. She had seen it in the eyes of the crowd as she passed them. He liked her to make them sit up and stare. And she saw it now in his eyes. It gave her a thrill to look into his eyes. Not the kind of a thrill that suffocated her when Mickey's arms went

around her. Entirely different. A thrill of power—of some vast, unexplainable flattery. In his cold, intelligent gray eyes there was still that ironic smile, but it was only the thinnest, sheerest curtain. Behind it, she could see the mad desire for her of which he had never yet spoken in words—of which she knew he would not speak until he was sure of her answer.

Across the heads of the swaying dancers her eyes met Mickey Reid's. And for all their smoldering darkness, they cried to her as clearly as though he had spoken—"I love you. I love you."

She closed her eyes against him. Ah, she knew well enough what she felt for Mickey. But she did not entirely understand what she felt for Dvorak. She turned her face back to him, and his eyes held her, with some insistent demand. And he began to talk to her, as he always talked, with a fascination she could never escape.

THEY often talked a great deal about sex. Not in a direct or a personal way, of course. William Dvorak was never crudely personal about anything. They talked about men and women—the men women loved desperately; the women who had tormented men and driven them mad; the strange antagonisms and complexities of passion. The force of it. The ruin and death that followed in its wake—and yet, when she talked with him, it seemed to Sharon a ruin well experienced and a death well died.

She knew him to be ruthless, terrible, cruel, unscrupulous. And yet even that had its appeal for her. Life grew tense, passionate, elemental, barbaric, when she was with him, and yet kept its suave, elegant, luxurious overtone, as a Wagner brass runs hot and powerful beneath the music of the violins.

Her hand, gathering in the orchids on the table to crush them against her breast, touched his hand. Her pulses clattered. Fear was in that clamor, dread, recoil, but a great and vain delight because of the trembling, dry hotness of his hand against her own. But even then she could not bear to think that he would ever hold her close, as Mickey had held her.

As they turned in the crowd of dancers, Lucia Morgan saw that touch of hands, and the man's lowered head, and Sharon's glowing cheek. And she hated the picture. She felt that she could not bear to dance past again and see Sharon listening with that glow of sated vanity on her cheeks to the man fascinating her.

The music stopped. When they were back at their own table, she said, suddenly, "I don't see why Sharon goes out in public with Mr. Dvorak. He's got a wife."

"Yes," said Mickey Reid.

"Well, then, why does she?"

"Oh—William Dvorak is a very important man. I suppose Sharon is grateful to him. He made her. You know, Lute, she never does anything without asking his advice, even though he doesn't direct her any more. I understand he chooses her directors and her stories and everything. He likes to be seen with her every now and then, I suppose, just to remind people that he—created her. He's very rich. People will probably say that he gave her the diamond necklace."

"Oh, Mickey"—Lucia turned white—"that's wicked. Sharon has been so decent. You know that. She's—she's straight that way, in spite of all the men who've been crazy about her. When they make fools of themselves over her it just—just makes her vain, that's all. I know she bought that necklace herself."

Mickey did not answer.

"Anyway," said Lucia wistfully, "Sharon hasn't forgotten all her old friends. If it wasn't William Dvorak I know she'd rather be with us."

"I—Lucia," Mickey straightened up suddenly, "let's go. Do you mind? I can't—it's—do you mind?"

The lids fluttered over Lucia's eyes for a moment. Then with a little smile she gathered up her cloak.

They left the restaurant, both holding their heads rather high as they passed the table where Sharon Kimm sat, the diamond necklace seeming to suffuse her face with a pale, radiant fire.

WITH a little gold pencil, frivolously ornamented with a diamond where the eraser should have been, Sharon was checking a list. At the Louis XVI desk in the corner, her secretary—a tall, rather handsome girl in blue serge—checked a duplicate list. Somehow her resolute shoulders and fine, dark head didn't belong with that gorgeous and distinctly immoral looking old desk. For it was a desk that suggested a pretty and naughty French marquise, writing love notes and twinkling behind her patches and powder as she did it.

Lucia Morgan, curled up on the *chaise longue* by the windows, read the morning paper, giving it now and then little angry jerks. This room had always affected her that way, ever since Sharon bought Paradise, one of the most beautiful of all Beverly Hills estates.

And yet undeniably it was a beautiful room, a gleaming, glittering room, filled with delicate and lovely feminine things. It was so big that you could easily have put the whole of the little house down by the railroad tracks within its four shining walls and still have had room to move about.

Orchid tones prevailed everywhere, that orchid that is the melting union of the softest sea-shell pink and the daintiest forget-me-not blue. But there were splashes of vivid peacock blues and jade greens and rich golds everywhere. The rug was peacock blue, for instance, where it wasn't buried beneath white bear rugs. And there was a little table, with black legs and a jade top, hand-carved, by the bed.

The whole room centered around the bed—a great, golden bed, spilling dozens of pillows—pillows of priceless lace over orchid taffeta. There was a spread of priceless lace, too, over which was flung a great rug of orchid marabou, tied with golden ribbons, bow after bow with long, delicate streamers. Above it was a canopy of gold and white brocade with rich draperies at either side. The ceiling was lined with mirrors—limpid mirrors that seemed backed with gold because of the glow reflected in them.

There were eight long French windows along one whole side of the room, facing the bed. They were curtained in purple taffeta, overhung with three layers of orchid chiffon, edged with gold lace and tied back with bands of heavy gold embroidery. Those windows looked out over the rolling terraces and the lovely green trees of Paradise. Beyond the pink plaster walls that shut Paradise in from the street of Beverly Hills, lay the swelling hills, and an orange orchard, darkly green and fragrant, and endless, tree-bordered boulevards. Best of all, the windows gave straight upon the wide garden walk, on either side of which grew rows of those most gorgeous of all trees—the flaming eucalyptus, afire with blossoms.

Sharon Kimm bought Paradise when she returned the last time from Europe. Paradise with its acres of gorgeous, well-kept gardens, its winding gravel walks, its gay terraces, its tiled swimming pool, its tennis courts, and its big walled stables. Above all, its stately chateau, like the pink dream palace of an Italian princess, crowning its highest knoll. The house was an enormous one. Altogether there were twenty-four rooms and innumerable bathrooms. A mansion which an English lord or a New York millionaire might have been proud to own.

Lucia Morgan loved Paradise because it was beautiful, and as Sharon and Joan Stillman, the tall secretary, went over the names on their lists, she looked out upon it all with fond eyes. And yet it made her a little sad. There never seemed to be any happiness in Paradise. Certainly never any peace. And to Lucia there could be no happiness without peace.



## “Everyone is looking at you, dear”

“THEY CAN’T HELP ADMIRING YOU—you are so beautiful!” he whispered, looking down at her pink and white beauty.

Her heart was lighter than her golden slippers, for she knew the secret that made everyone admire her—and made him more devoted than ever.

She had learned from Madame Jeannette how to apply her Pompeian Bloom (for youthful color).

Do you know that a touch of Bloom in the cheeks makes the eyes sparkle with a new beauty? Do you also know that Pompeian Bloom enjoys the widest use the world over, by all women who need youthful color?

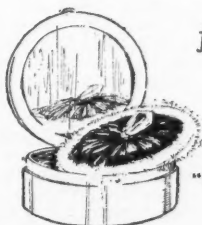
### Mme. Jeannette's Beauty Treatment

First, a bit of Pompeian Day Cream to make your powder cling and prevent “shine.” Next, apply Pompeian Beauty Powder to all exposed portions of face, neck and shoulders.

Lastly, just a touch of Pompeian Bloom. Presto! The face is beautified in an instant.

# Pompeian Bloom

for color



**Shade Chart** for selecting your correct tone of Pompeian Bloom.

**Medium Skin:** The average American woman has the medium skin, and should use the Medium shade of Pompeian Bloom or the Orange Tint.

**Olive Skin:** Women with the true olive skin are generally dark of eyes and hair—and require the Dark Shade of Pompeian Bloom.

**Pink Skin:** This youthful-looking skin is not “florid,” but has real pink tones. Medium or Light tone of Pompeian Bloom should be used. Sometimes the Orange Tint is exquisite on such a skin.

**White Skin:** Few women have a decidedly white skin—they may use the Light or the Medium Bloom.

At all toilet counters, 60c. (Slightly higher in Canada.)

Mme. Jeannette  
Specialiste en Beauté

### Get 1925 Panel and Four Samples

This new 1925 Pompeian Art Panel, “Beauty Gained is Love Retained,” size 28 x 7½. Done in color by a famous artist; worth at least 50c. We send it with samples of Pompeian Beauty Powder, Bloom, Day Cream and Night Cream for only 10c. With these samples you can make many interesting beauty experiments. Use the coupon now.

Tear off, sign and send



Madame Jeannette, Pompeian Laboratories,  
2701 Payne Ave., Cleveland, Ohio  
Gentlemen: I enclose 10c (dime preferred) for the new 1925 Pompeian Art Panel, “Beauty Gained is Love Retained,” and the four samples.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

Shade of rouge wanted? \_\_\_\_\_



## The Mortal Enemy of Your Smile TOOTH DECAY —Be Done With It!

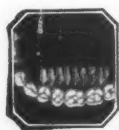
**THIS** scientific, tooth-saving brush was designed especially to clean the very spots where 99% of all Tooth Decay starts.

Its convex brushing surface fits the **INSIDE** contour of your teeth as no other brush can—at the same time cleaning thoroughly the **OUTSIDE** surfaces. And its bristles—tufted and trimmed into wedge-shaped "brooms"—penetrate the inter-dental spaces and rid them of all decay-producing elements.

Sound teeth, good health, a pleasing personality are revealed in a winning smile. A Dr. West's Tooth Brush is "Smile Insurance." Get one today at your dealer's.

Prices: Adult's, 50c; Youth's, 35c; Child's, 25c; Gum Massage, 75c.

Cleans  
INSIDE      Cleans  
OUTSIDE



and  
BETWEEN

The only tooth  
brush with the  
health curve

The curve above makes tooth-cleaning so much simpler that dentists and users have named it "The Health Curve." It is a patented feature, hence can be had in no other tooth brush.

© 1925, The W. Co. Chicago—New York

# Dr. West's

## TOOTH BRUSH

PAT. JANUARY 2, 1923



Behind her, she heard Sharon's voice, "And Eloise Mulky and her husband—what's his name, Lute?"

"I think it's Robert Eversly," said Lucia. "Oh, yes—Mr. and Mrs. Robert Eversly, Joan. Now, have we forgotten anybody?" Her level black brows drew together. "No—oh, yes, that artist, Raoul D'Arcy, and the cunning little girl he goes with, Pearl Ward. And have we got Al and Maggie Qunanne?"

**L**UCIA, with a quick movement, laid down her paper. "Are you having all Hollywood at this darn party, Sharon?" she asked bitterly.

Sharon glanced at her in surprise. Then her eyes narrowed. "I guess so. It's my birthday, isn't it? Besides—I adore parties. I haven't given a really big one for—weeks."

"It'll cost a good deal," said Lucia. "I shouldn't be surprised," said Sharon, indifferently. Then the vivid flame of excitement raced across her face. "Oh, I've a great idea. Nobody's ever had a real masquerade in Hollywood. I mean a grand one. We ought to be able to give the finest costume ball in the world, much nicer than the one we went to at Lady—what was her name, Joan, at that old castle near Stratford? Change the invitations right away, Joan."

The secretary looked doubtful. "They're all engraved."

Again the green eyes narrowed. "They can be engraved again, can't they?" she demanded imperiously.

"Oh, yes, I suppose so. But they were very expensive—"

Sharon Kimm looked at the tall secretary in sullen fury. One hand shot out and grabbed a lacy pillow and with deliberate violence she fired it. "Shut up! Shut up!" she cried. "What in hell do I care how expensive it is? I want it. And I'm going to have it."

The tall secretary stood unmoved. The pillow had gone wild. Evidently there was nothing new in all this. "I know, Miss Kimm, but you've already ordered that Lucile model from Marie's for the party and—I'm afraid—right now, she won't take it back. And this was a very—"

"Joan," said Sharon Kimm, and her lips drew back against her teeth, "if you use the word expensive just once more, I'll have you sent to the dungeon and strung up by your toes."

Joan Stillman did not flinch. "But I can't stand here any longer and let you go on, without saying a word of warning. You're spending too much money, Miss Kimm. You don't realize. But you'll get yourself into an awful corner. And people get awfully hard when it's about money. I know that. You can't keep this pace. You're terribly in debt. You're always in debt. You always have been ever since I came to work for you. I've never seen anybody so extravagant, so reckless with money as you are, and I've worked for some very rich women. You don't seem to understand about money. I got an insulting letter from Marie this morning. She's been very patient, I must admit that. She doesn't want to sue, because you've been one of her best customers. But she says you owe her so much she'll have to. And the decorators who did this house over are getting nasty, and you haven't paid but one quarter of your income tax, and I told you the house didn't need doing over. But you—"

"Joan, I couldn't stand those yellow walls in the drawing-room," said Sharon Kimm, plaintively.

"But—you can't always have everything just the way you want it," said Joan Stillman, violently, "and now you're going to spend a lot more money—thousands of dollars—for a party, and it will get in the papers and make all the people you owe money so sore."

Sharon Kimm sat up straight in bed, the short, thick, mass of her hair falling over her shoulders. Through the sheer black georgette of her nightgown the young perfection of her body seemed a thing of marble rather than of

flesh. Her face wore an expression of wistful annoyance. And she began to beat on the bedclothes with her doubled fists.

"Oh, darn 'em," she said. "They make me sick. It's too silly. Why, they won't dare to sue me. I'm Sharon Kimm."

Her arrogant simplicity was superb. Joan Stillman hesitated before it, then, "I'm afraid they will. If you'd let me sit down and go over your income and what you're spending—" began the secretary.

Sharon hid her ears with her hands. "Stop it. It makes my head ache. There's plenty of money. People want to sell me things. It means so much to them to have my patronage. I can't be worried and harassed and annoyed like this all the time about bills—bills—bills. And why do I have to be pestered about money, and why do lots of other girls have plenty?"

"Because they don't buy all the reckless things they desire," said Lucia quietly. "They deny themselves. They haven't that superlative extravagance of yours. They're good stewards of the vast fortunes that have fallen into their hands. You're not a good steward, Sharon, you nor any of your kind. And—to him that hath shall be given—that's what it means."

"Oh, you and your darn Bible quotations," said Sharon Kimm.

But she sat silent a long time. Behind the inscrutable green of her eyes marched a little company of strangely assorted thoughts. Annoyance, indignation, a feeling that she was being badly used, self-pity.

What was it all about anyway? Why make such a fuss about such simple things? To Sharon Kimm, the whole thing was a matter of slips of paper. She never saw any money. She had less actual cash than girls who earned a hundredth part of her salary. She never saw her weekly checks for three thousand dollars. They were mere slips of paper that were sent to Joan, and Joan turned them over to that dear, nice, friendly old man who was president of the bank and had helped her out a couple of times with loans. And then Joan drew more slips of paper, and paid for things.

**T**HE telephone buzzed.

Joan had gone back to the desk, was bent above columns of figures. And Lucia had closed her eyes. Sharon looked at them a moment in evident impatience, then she lifted the silken, hoop-skirted lady and answered the phone herself.

They heard her—"Oh—oh, hello, Marie. Yes, I am. Yes, I do. What's it like? Really? Oh, that sounds marvelous. But you must send it up this morning, because I'm going early."

She banged up the receiver and turned on the other two women, her eyes black, both hands flung out in a gesture of complete exasperation. "Now, doesn't that show you? Here you fuss and stew and spoil my whole morning and tell me Marie's going to sue, and she calls up and wants to send me up a lovely new white sport frock she just got in today for me to wear on the yacht. Did you ever hear anything less like what you've been saying? And I expect all the rest is just about like that, too."

She leaped out of bed and into Lucia's lap. Though she looked so stately and queenly upon the screen, she was after all a little thing. Now she put both hands about Lucia's chin, and brought the girl's face to hers. Everything about her was beautiful and alive and gleaming with joy. She had turned on the full voltage of her charm to get her own way without unpleasantness.

"Lute, don't scold."

"Whose yacht are you going on?"

"William Dvorak's."

"Alone?"

Sharon giggled, pulling Lucia's face around to her by the tips of her ears. "No, love, not by myself. There's a whole party going. I shall be well chaperoned. Come along

yourself  
"No,  
"B-r  
in pret  
friendly  
such a  
He's so  
Well, I  
scold an  
quite ri  
girl. I  
good.  
then if  
start in  
"Don  
Lucia,  
Give it  
I begg  
I begg  
I've beg  
expens  
body ha  
You hat  
that mo  
Sharon  
alive.  
angel.  
I'm at l  
different  
party. A  
one. A  
pretend  
don't lo  
place. I  
"Oh"  
body is  
to love  
think on  
You did  
promise  
them fo  
Some da  
lead—  
"I kno  
and her  
Joan, cal  
here qui  
Pepper's  
and after  
will be f

**J**OAN W  
"All r  
going to  
my darli  
you won  
sense in  
to—"  
A pari  
door and  
she had  
"Miss  
see you.  
said disd  
Sharon  
room int  
ushered  
very wri  
The Chin  
made of  
it, with  
troidered  
rubies.  
gorgeous  
with a th  
phires, g  
Threads  
in its thr  
of the m  
"You g  
softly.  
have it."  
"Sharon  
The tal  
But all  
half-yiel  
Her eyes  
to the de  
Lucia's  
was a reg  
As her e



yourself, if you like. We'd love to have you."

"No, thank you," said Lucia.

"B-rrr." Sharon shimmied her shoulders in pretense of a chill. "You're not very friendly to poor old Bill, are you? And he's such a darling. I should think you'd like him. He's so intelligent. And he's so good to me. Well, I shall be perfectly safe, dear. Don't scold any more. You're right. You're quite, quite right. I'm a bad, naughty, extravagant girl. I will be good. Oh, I'll be very, very good. I promise. Just this one party—and then if it'll make you and Joan happy—I'll start in and be as economical as—you are."

"Don't have the party, Sharon," begged Lucia, her eyes full of tears, "please don't. Give it up. That's a good place to start. I begged you not to buy this great house. I begged you not to keep an army of servants. I've begged you not to entertain with these expensive parties. You won't listen. Anybody has to make sacrifices to begin with. You haven't sent out the invitations. Take that money and start to pay some bills."

Sharon's face grew softer and more radiantly alive. "Lute, you're seven kinds of a sweet angel. I know that. You always were. And I'm at least seven kinds of a devil. I'm made differently. But I've got to have this one last party. My heart's set on it. I've told everyone. And you know, Lute, though people pretend to be so crazy about me—I know they don't love me. I have to keep them in their place. I have to make them look up to me."

"Oh"—Lucia was crying openly now—"everybody is crazy about you, Sharon. They want to love you. But they can't love you if you think only of yourself. That never wins love. You didn't use to be like that. You always promise wonderful things, but you only do them for the people who hang on to you. Some day, you're going to see where self can lead—"

"I know," said Sharon, her eyes narrowed and her lips sullen again, "but—I'm me. Joan, call up Pepper and tell her to come over here quick and help plan my masquerade. Pepper's the life of the party—before, during and afterwards. By the time she gets here, she will be full of bright ideas."

JOAN went toward the telephone reluctantly. "All right," said Lucia, "but the time's going to come—oh, I don't want to preach, my darling, but the time's going to come when you won't have such an easy chance to get sense into your head. When you'll have to—"

A parlor maid came through the farther door and Lucia caught back the harsh words she had almost said.

"Miss Kimm, there's a Chinaman here to see you. He says you told him to come," she said disdainfully.

Sharon gave a squeal and flew across the room into the hall. The butler, at her call, ushered into the big bedroom a small and very wrinkled Chinaman in decent black. The Chinaman had brought a square tapestry made of rich Oriental silk dynasties old. On it, with the most cunning artistry, was embroidered a great peacock. Its eyes were rubies. The feathers of its spread tail were gorgeous beyond belief, sparkling and dancing with a thousand tiny cut emeralds and sapphires, glowing with jade and turquoise. Threads of silver and gold melted so delicately in its throat that one could imagine it drank of the moonbeams.

"You got it for me, Wong," said Sharon softly. "The one the Empress had? I must have it."

"Sharon!" Lucia cried out.

The tall secretary took a step forward.

But all the softness, the understanding, the half-yielding, had fled from Sharon's face. Her eyes were dangerous. She walked across to the desk and took up the feathered pen.

Lucia's hand touched the tip. But there was a regal something about Sharon Kimm. As her eyes met Lucia's they held a cold

## Cool and smooth . . . with graceful finger tips



With this simple manicure, their shapely grooming is assured

## These hands can be Yours

When your hands are cool and smooth with finger tips graceful from a perfect manicure—you actually love them. They are so pretty and respond so flatteringly to every need, every fleeting thought.

Thousands of women know it is easy to keep them that way. For the maker of Cutex has foreseen every need for the perfect grooming of the finger tips.

Never cut the cuticle. First wash the hands and dip the end of a Cutex orange stick in the bottle of Cutex Cuticle Remover. Twist a bit of cotton about the end; dip it in the bottle again and gently shape the base of each nail, working under the cuticle edge. Every little white shred of hard skin is loosened and the cuticle rim freed from the nail. Rinse the fingers and wipe each nail. All the old dead skin and the ugly little shreds wipe away. What lovely fresh cuticle is left—

how soft and evenly it outlines the nail base! A touch of the orange stick still wet with Cutex under each nail tip leaves it white and stainless, ready for the polish.

As a finish for this manicure, the deep rose petal coloring, the jewel-like brilliance of Cutex Liquid Polish will delight you, or if you prefer other forms, Cutex has equally good Powder, Cake and Paste Polishes.

Glance at your watch! This exquisite Cutex manicure has taken hardly more than five minutes. What a feeling of added poise and security you have when you finish it. You are proud to display your hands—they look so graceful and the nails are positively bewitching.

Complete Cutex manicure sets from 60c to \$5.00 at any drug or department store in the United States or Canada or at chemist shops in England. Each separate item is 35c.

### 6 Complete Manicures for 10c

This Introductory Set contains enough for 6 manicures. Cutex Remover, Liquid and Powder Polishes, Cuticle Cream, orange stick, emery board. Send coupon with 10c for it and the booklet "How to Have Lovely Nails." If you live in Canada, address Northam Warren, Dept. C-3, 200 Mountain Street, Montreal, Canada.

### Mail this Coupon with 10c Today

NORTHAM WARREN, Dept. C-3  
114 West 17th St., New York

I enclose 10c in stamps or coin for new Introductory Set containing enough Cutex for six manicures.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Street \_\_\_\_\_

(or P. O. Box)

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_



## Unchap your hands by restoring their "Precious Moisture"

Your hands are kept smooth and soft by the "precious moisture" which Nature supplies. But in cold weather this moisture is whipped away by the wind—your skin becomes dry and rough and you say your hands are chapped.

In Frostilla Fragrant Lotion there are certain rare properties which furnish your skin with a "precious moisture" just like Nature's. Apply it after every washing and exposure to weather. It sinks right into the skin, dissolves the harsh roughness and makes the skin pliant and smooth again. It's delightful to use—so fragrant and not sticky or greasy.

Sold everywhere. Regular price 35 cents. The Frostilla Company, Elmira, New York (Established 1873 by the late Clay W. Holmes). Selling Agents: Harold F. Ritchie & Co., New York, Toronto, London and Sydney.

## Frostilla Fragrant Lotion

© T. F. Co.



Water exposed to the wind and sun dries up quickly. Exposed skin loses its "precious moisture" in the same way.

aloofness that forbade even that intimacy to go further. Lucia moved back.

With furious haste, Sharon wrote the check. She tossed it to the little Chinaman, who stood with his black felt hat in his hand. He picked it up quietly. He did not even look at it as he went out silently.

"How much was that check for?" asked Joan Stillman, and for the first time her voice was shaking.

"Only ten thousand dollars," said Sharon Kimm, caressing the moonbeam throat. "Oh, what a bargain."

"Undoubtedly," said Joan Stillman, "but you have only one hundred and sixty-five dollars in the bank."

Sharon Kimm raised indifferent eyebrows. "Well—tomorrow's pay day, isn't it? I'll make them give me an advance at the studio."

Joan's eyes met Lucia's—pleadingly. And Lucia, trembling now, girded herself to begin the losing battle anew.

There was a clatter of prancing feet in the hall. A whistle. The door banged open. Pepper O'Malley, in a red and white sport dress, came dancing in. Her black eyes kept time to her slender feet. She looked the spirit of jazz—the firefly of desire.

"Well," said Pepper O'Malley, "where do we go from here, girls, where do we go from here? Are we going yachting or are we not? I only ask for information. I have me jolly old sailor togs all packed and says I, ahoy for the ocean blue. If there is anything I love over a week-end, it's yachting."

Sharon laughed and Lucia knew the last hope had fled. The jester was again at the helm.

But when Sharon had disappeared into the dressing-room, and only her giggles and Pepper's could be heard, Lucia went over and sat down on a low stool beside Joan.

"Does—Sharon go yachting with Mr. Dvorak often?" asked Lucia, very casually.

"No. This is the first time."

"Is Pepper going?"

"Oh yes, I think so."

"Well," said Lucia, "I wish the boat would go down and nobody be saved except Sharon."

### CHAPTER VII

WILLIAM DVORAK'S yacht was very well known along the Pacific and Mexican coasts—a big and luxurious boat with a reputation for speed. It was the finest craft of its kind in San Pedro harbor and it was pointed out to visitors partly because it belonged to William Dvorak and partly because of its size and beauty.

His yachting parties were famous, too, and the wise ones spoke of them with a knowing smile. Pretty hot parties the old boy gave when he got away from shore where there was no chance of anyone seeing him. He and Stanley Craig occasionally disappeared for week-ends on board the Seagull and scandalous rumors drifted back. But they were only rumors. It is difficult to prove anything concerning a yacht that is sailing swiftly through waters miles from shore. William Dvorak was scientific about those things.

It was Sharon's first visit to the yacht; as a matter of fact it was her first trip on any yacht. It had taken Dvorak some time to persuade her. She was conscious of the opportunities it might afford him for an indefinable climax which she felt impending and had been skillfully avoiding.

"I can't go," she said; "you know how people talk. They talk enough about me as it is, and they're always talking about you and your week-ends on the yacht. If I went with you it would start a perfect flood of gossip."

Dvorak shrugged. He knew that was not her reason. "Gossip can't touch you, my dear," he said coolly, "as long as there's no truth in it. Besides, Sam and Lena Hirtfeldt will come. Isn't that sufficiently respectable chaperonage even for you?"

As she dressed for dinner in her stateroom, Sharon was glad that she had come. In spite

of her denials, the scene with Joan and Lucia had left a cloud upon her spirits. Here, as the boat skimmed over the waters like a giant bird bearing her along, her depression lifted. She felt terribly excited, recklessly eager for a good time, for amusement that would wipe out that lingering sense of depression.

To Mina, her maid, busy arranging the heavy, short masses of hair, she said, "Yachting is marvelous. Everybody should have a yacht. Why, it's really the only way you can get away from people. Mr. Dvorak has always said that, but I never realized it before."

Her eyes rested on the mirror, on her own image, and behind her the tiny but exquisite stateroom. It had surprised her, that room. It was hung with taffeta in her favorite orchid tones. The appointments were exquisite, everything she could need or want was provided. There were bowls of orchids on her dressing-table and on the tiny desk. Smoke from a tiny incense burner gave out a new and enticing fragrance.

She dressed with great care. She didn't know who else was to be on the party, except of course Sam and Lena. It didn't matter. They would be interesting, and they would amuse her. She stood up and surveyed herself carefully. The gown she wore made her look as she felt—bizarre, gorgeous, reckless. The peacock-green sequins of which it was made were heavy and held it slinkily against her body, and it was patterned in more sequins in roses of a deep, luscious red, so that her white back and shoulders seemed to emerge from green and scarlet flames. Mina put a comb in her hair, a tall, fan-like red comb, and it gave the last note of exaggeration to the picture.

A knock. It was Ito, the obsequious Japanese majordomo of all Dvorak's establishments.

He studied her approvingly. "Mr. Dvorak, he say I tell you dinner is ready. Mr. Dvorak, he say, this time Miss Kimm, she is the boss. You get orders from Miss Kimm. You do everything she tell you." He withdrew, smiling.

Sharon went into the salon. It was full of orchids, too, and a Japanese boy in white appeared instantly at her side with a cocktail. She stood with it as she looked over the people gathered to await her coming. Sam Hirtfeldt, buried in an evening paper. Lena, hands folded across her fat lap, looking on with that placid, innocent, mother smile of hers, totally unable to see evil. Tall, blonde Mabel Laurence, recently of the "Follies," and the short, dark, square-jawed director who had seen her there and brought her to Hollywood to make a film star of her. At the far end of the salon stood Dvorak, talking to a thin, dark chap with a cynical smile, who was his art director, and the art director's sweetheart, a little English dancer, as vibrant and graceful as a bird. Pepper was curled on the biggest divan, beside a young scenario writer Dvorak had lately discovered, a handsome boy with gray eyes and a sensitive, passionate mouth.

Something about the young turn of his head made her think suddenly of Mickey, and she drank her cocktail, grateful for its tingling exhilaration.

Dvorak saw her then, and came across to her. All his coldness had fled. This was a new Dvorak to Sharon. He looked excited, too, and triumphant, as though for this one evening he had slipped his bonds. She had never seen him before, except when he lost his temper on the set, without the amused, ironic smile somewhere behind his eyes and hovering about his lips.

"Do you like your room?" he asked, bending over her hand. Sharon had never quite lost the thrill of having her hand kissed, in that stately way, as though she were a queen.

"I adored it. It's perfect."

"I had it done for you—months ago," said Dvorak, very quietly. "And only now you've—honored me by coming to occupy it. No one else has ever used it. I wanted it to be ready and worthy of your coming. Of course it isn't worthy. Nothing could be



## This Picture is the Tre-Jur

Trademark. It has become the American Symbol for feminine charm. Before it is stamped on a Tre-Jur product, that product must represent the *utmost* in the world of toilettries.

Tre-Jur Compacts are as ingenious as they are beautiful. Each is a little inspirational idea, designed to fill a particular need. Each contains the finest quality of cosmetic and a value never before achieved. . . . At most toilet goods counters you will find Tre-Jur in your own shade of powder or rouge—or by mail from us.

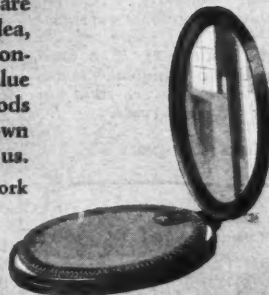
THE HOUSE OF TRE-JUR, 19 W. 18th St., New York



**THE "TRIPLE"**  
Combines powder, rouge, and lipstick in a delightful case with the famous sliding drawer—\$1.25.



**NEW—TRE-JUR FACE POWDER**  
Loose powder of exquisite quality, delicately scented and silken soft, in a wondrously lovely box—50c.



**"THINEST"**  
A shallow masterpiece of handy circumference. Ample powder and full-sized puff—\$1.



## Unless You Are Very Handy With Tools Buy a Complete Radio Set!

THOSE who like to "putter around" and who know something about electricity and the use of tools can find many hours of keen enjoyment building a radio set. And when the last wire is soldered in place there is a big thrill of achievement, especially when a sceptical family hears strains of music pour forth as you gingerly manipulate the tuning dials.

But unless you are mighty handy with tools; unless the fundamentals of electricity are pretty definitely fixed in your mind, building your own set is quite likely to prove disastrous. The net result of your labors may be nothing but squeaks and howls, to say nothing of scorched fingers due to inexpert use of the soldering iron.

By and large, the average radio "fan" should buy a complete set, ready for use. Designed by experts, constructed by experts and tested by experts the set sold to you complete is guaranteed to give you the service you have every right to expect. Incidentally, the complete set is cheaper in the end. In building your own, one misplaced wire may burn out one or more tubes—and tubes cost money.

Now is the time to buy a complete set. The big broadcasting stations will excel every previous effort in 1925; two of the big features being the inauguration of President Coolidge and the broadcasting of musical programs by the leading operatic stars.

\* \* \*

Before you buy a set, let us help you. "Selecting a Radio Set For Your Home" is a pamphlet written for *Cosmopolitan* by Edgar H. Felix. This is a valuable guide for radio buying, whether you are buying your first set or a replacement set.

For present owners, Mr. Felix has also written a radio chart and trouble finding book. The complete set, including "Selecting a Radio Set For Your Home," costs only 10 cents. Use coupon below.

\* \* \*

Every owner—or prospective owner—of a radio set should have this reference pamphlet. Mr. Felix, Associate of the Institute of Radio Engineers, is a leading authority on Radio maintenance and operation. The complete set will be mailed to you for only ten cents.

### Use This Coupon

#### Cosmopolitan Radio Service

119 West 40th Street, New York, N. Y.

Enclosed find 10c for which send Radio Chart and Booklet and "Selecting a Radio Set for Your Home."

Name.....

Address.....

worthy of your beauty. You're too beautiful tonight. You must know how dangerous it is."

Sharon laughed at him saucily. "Yes? I'm not afraid. I've always been able to take care of myself. I like danger. All women do."

The dinner was very gay. Everyone there, except Lena Hirtfeltz, drank a good deal too much of the marvelous champagne. And yet no one was drunk. A sort of reckless freedom possessed them. Restraint lies heavily a great deal of the time upon people who are always under observation. Given a chance, it is but natural that they should play with more abandon than ordinary mortals. Dvorak was a host beyond compare. He was highly amused by Pepper's wit that spattered as frothily as the champagne. He talked himself, more lightly and more amusingly than was his custom. The feast itself, with its delicacies and epicurean dishes, was not at all unlike the feasts in Dvorak's own pictures.

Before long, Mabel Laurence lost her very recently acquired English accent and grew frankly Kansas. Even Sam Hirtfeltz had lost his shyness and was telling the little English dancer a long and rather pointless story of his youth, at which she laughed with more and more gaiety. Pepper was all but sitting in the young scenario writer's lap.

When they had finished dinner, Ito brought wine in tiny red glasses.

Dvorak took a glass saying: "I don't want to brag about my own wines. But in this day of the bootlegger I can't let you drink this without telling you what it is. When I bought it in France years ago, they told me it was part of the wedding wines of Napoleon and Maria Louise. There were only a few bottles, and I saved this one for some very special occasion. This is it. I want you to drink with me to the most beautiful woman in the world. The wine may have been intended for the Empress, but it has found a diviner mistress."

Sharon flushed with delight. And the little English dancer leaned across Sam Hirtfeltz and said, an affectionate hand on Sharon's white arm: "That's right, too. He's got the right idea, the old boy has. I never saw you before, but I think you're the most beautiful woman in the world, too. Must be pretty nice to be the most beautiful woman in the world, eh?"

AFTER dinner, Lena Hirtfeltz, yawning frankly, went away to bed. The sound of delicate and throbbing music came from somewhere—Hawaiian music, played outside in the shadows. The little English dancer shoved aside a chair or two, and began a graceful and exquisite little dance, the soft, flying draperies of her gown, whirling about her pretty body, floating up until the laces of her pretty lingerie flashed out. They applauded her tumultuously, and she sank down on the art director's knee.

"Come out on deck," said Dvorak, quietly, to Sharon, "I have something I want to show you."

Mina brought her a Spanish shawl, of the same green-blues and rose-reds as her dress, and she wrapped it about her sinuously. The night was still and cool. There was no moon at all, but the stars cast a bright, brittle light over everything. There was no land to be seen anywhere. The world was theirs, all of it that existed tonight.

Sharon Kimm sank into a deck chair. Dvorak took a little box from his pocket and handed it to her. Sharon held the ring the box contained up against the light that flooded from the port-hole behind her. It was the most exquisite color she had ever seen—pale, liquid, green fire. Almost white sometimes—again a pure ice-green. She had never seen anything quite so beautiful. It

was almost, now, the color of Sharon's eyes when they were green.

"What is it?" she asked, breathlessly.

"It's a green diamond." He was cool now, but recklessly cool, like a man who plays for very high stakes and in spite of the gambler's fever must keep his head. "I've been looking for one for you for a long time. It's your stone. There are only a few. Do you like it?"

"I adore it," said Sharon Kimm.

She put it on her finger. Held her slender hand up to the light. "It's the loveliest thing I've ever seen in my life. But—I can't take it. I mustn't."

"Don't be silly," said Dvorak; "of course you can take it. It's not necessary to tell the world I gave it to you. You've allowed me the pleasure of making you gifts before."

"But nothing so—expensive as this," said Sharon.

"What difference does the expense make? Don't be provincial, Sharon. You're quite able to buy green diamonds for yourself, if you care to. That's not the point. The point is that I've taken some time and effort to give you pleasure. Don't disappoint me."

SHARON stood up, restless, and moved into the shadow by the rail, nearer the water. He followed her. She wanted the diamond. It was so lovely, so perfect. The Hawaiians had begun to play again—the haunting, sad, provocative Limehouse Blues. One of them crooned it and as the words floated into the night—"Rings on your fingers, and tears for your crown"—Sharon shivered.

Something drew her gaze and she looked up to find Dvorak's face very close to her, infused with passion and pride. It held her, and the night and the music faded.

"You belong to me," he said harshly, not touching her, but letting his eyes blaze into hers, "you belong to me. Some day, you'll come to me. We belong together. Don't ever forget that for a minute. We understand life as people don't understand it today. I'll give you everything in the world—everything to make you more beautiful. I'll make a queen of you. I don't want you till you're ready. Until you understand how magnificent life and love could be for us together. Until you know that I could show you the world, and make you happy. I don't want you until then. Half the joy would be gone. But—you'll come."

It repelled her and yet instantly her mind was stirred with an intense curiosity. There would be terrific excitement, incredible magnificence, in such a life as that. She was dazzled for a moment, swayed toward him, dizzily.

And in that instant, the wind—that had been sweeping away from them—changed, and began to blow the scent of the sea into their nostrils. Changed as the wind had changed to save Joan, another maid, at Orleans. The tang of it was in her nostrils, and little drops of spray touched her lips, so that she could taste the salt of it. And with a great inward throb she remembered that day on the sands at the Swimming Club, and the wet, salt kiss—the first kiss Mickey had ever given her—and the evening afterwards when they sat together on the veranda and watched the moon upon the sea.

A wave of longing so intense that it was like a physical pain swept over her. The pulse clanging in her ears seemed suddenly to be singing—"Roses will die with the summer time, when our paths shall be far apart. But the one rose that dies not, in Picardy, is the rose that I wear in my heart."

With something that was very like a sob, she took the ring from her finger and put it back in Dvorak's hand, and catching her shawl close about her, for she was suddenly very cold, she fled down into the little orchid cabin and flung herself across the bed, weeping as though her heart would break.

*For a little while yet Sharon has the world at her feet. But next month you will read how she meets at last the acid test which every beautiful woman, at some time or other, must face.*

# Music

Far away in a spacious hall, a great orchestra unrolls the rich melody-pattern of a master symphony. Far away in a vast cathedral, an organ pours forth the theme of an age-old hymn. Far away in a world-famed opera house, a drama is revealed in song.

Far away—but with a turn of the dials—*near!* Near—vivid—real—with the Radiola Super-Heterodyne. You are part of the audience—a silent, moveless listener to magical sounds.



## Radiola Super-Heterodyne

The Radiola that brings in far stations without ground or antenna—that gets the station you want—gets it always at the same marked spot—gets it simply—clearly! Its tone is as famous as its performance. Complete with six Radiotrons UV-199 and Radiola Loudspeaker. \$269.

*"There's a Radiola for every purse"*

This symbol of quality  is your protection

RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA

Sales Offices:

233 Broadway, New York  
10 So. La Salle St., Chicago, Ill.  
28 Geary St., San Francisco, Cal.

# Radiola

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF

## What you can see .....through coupons



Money carefully invested during income-earning years provides the means and the time to see the world during income-spending years. Let us help you to lay out a far-sighted investment program with the well-secured bonds we offer as the cornerstone. Offices in more than 50 leading cities stand ready to give you personal investment counsel.

**THE NATIONAL CITY COMPANY**

National City Bank Building, New York

BONDS    SHORT TERM NOTES    ACCEPTANCES

**MIFFLIN  
ALKOHOL**

REG. U. S. PAT. OFFICE



A real aid to the  
glowing beauty that  
comes from a healthy  
body.

*the external tonic*

**FREE**

20 treatment tin

**KONDON'S  
CATARRHAL JELLY**

30 years doing good. Head, Nose,  
Throat, Flu, Catarrh. Colds, all kinds.  
45,000 Drug Stores sell it.

**KONDON**

2610 Nicollet Av., Minneapolis, Minn.

## Cappy Ricks and the Mystic Isles

(Continued from page 39)

with their efforts, advertising and his own prodigious use of the telephone, he secured about four hundred tons of cargo. The bitterest pill Cappy ever had to swallow was when he was offered and forced to reject a huge shipment of pure-bred Duroc-Jersey swine. Then for the first time did he wish he was just a trifle less de luxe.

His advertisements in the Honolulu papers brought him twenty-one tons of freight for Tahiti. However, on the day when the Astoria, outwardly a ship rejuvenated, backed out from her pier in San Francisco with her band playing "Aloha Oae," Cappy's fondest expectations had been realized. Every ticket for the cruise de luxe had been sold and the only cloud observable anywhere was on the face of Mr. Miller.

"I may have to have some shop work done in Honolulu, sir," he said to Cappy just before the Astoria pulled out.

Cappy gave him a dirty look and the chief sighed and went below, where he stood for several minutes in silent contemplation before No. 4 boiler. He might have been standing in a shower-bath, so freely did the connections above and below leak water.

"The brute will use a hundred tons of water daily or I'm no judge of moisture," he soliloquized. "I think I'll cut number four boiler out right now and start rolling her tubes." He gazed about him. "You dirty ruin," he said passionately, "if I don't lick you you'll lick me. My reputation will be gone unless I work sixteen hours a day and think the other eight."

THE Astoria, in first-class condition and new, had been an eighteen knot vessel. With the passage of years and the steady decrease in the boiler pressure permitted by the inspectors, she had dropped to a theoretical thirteen when Mr. Miller took her over. The first twenty-four hour run reduced that theoretical thirteen to a practical twelve, in the most favorable sort of weather, and with one boiler cut out she dropped to ten.

Mr. Miller reflected sadly that the longer a ship is at sea the larger must her pay-roll be, and he was filled with misgivings when the skipper wirelessly in the run up to noon of the first day out, the weather conditions and the number of barrels of fuel oil consumed. At four o'clock the same day he received a wireless from Cappy saying:

"Why is your speed so slow and your oil consumption so large?"

Mr. Miller thought over his reply to this for perhaps the fifth part of a split second and fired back:

Because the oil is mixed with red ink, and oil burners giving continuous trouble. No. 1 boiler is out while we roll tubes, but will be in again day after tomorrow. But alas, what good will that do? Will cut No. 2 out and roll her tubes then, but No. 2 will stay out. Have to use it for an evaporator. These de luxe passengers are bathing all the time and vessel herself uses more water than the Y. W. C. A. Must close now as the ice machine is on the blink.

To this Mr. Miller received at dinner-time a pointed request from his managing owner please to remember that wireless messages cost twenty-three cents a word from where he was and to work more and talk less.

Very soon after that Captain Henderson phoned down from his quarters and asked somewhat pointedly if the chief couldn't somehow manage to turn her up a couple more revolutions.

"No, I can't," Mr. Miller replied furiously. "If I could I would. This rotten packet has



been laid up two years and every pipe in her is rusted, everything that's hinged or threaded is frozen, and the way the connections are leaking in spite of all I could do before we started, I expect to be swimming to and from my work by the day after tomorrow."

That night Mr. Miller worked all night. The following day was Sunday and from a restless sleep he was awakened by voices singing "What a Friend We Have in Jesus." "I knew it," the chief moaned. "The ship is filled with preachers taking a travel cruise de luxe cheap, and now they're holding divine service."

Mr. Miller was right, as a matter of fact. Of the entire passenger list twenty-eight were ministers of the Gospel, thirty-two were small-town bankers, and the remainder were thrifty stenographers and school-teachers, with a sprinkling of college professors. A singularly humorless crowd, thought Mr. Miller.

Cappy, of course, had had his troubles with the preachers. One and all, they had expected and demanded a half rate, by virtue of their cloth, and when that was denied them they had hung out for a ten percent reduction. Cappy had stood them off until four days before the boat sailed and then surrendered on the principle that half a loaf is better than none.

AFTER luncheon that day the chief steward came in and informed Mr. Miller that many of the passengers were complaining of the quality and quantity of the food. It was excellent, as Mr. Miller knew, but the passengers appeared to expect humming-birds' tongues and truffles on a cruise de luxe.

"I give them roast Long Island duckling raised in California," the steward complained, "and I don't water the orange juice, but still they complain."

At midnight on the fifth day out the rusted and corroded valve on the bottom of the scuttle-butt broke, with the result that four feet of water ran into the dry stores room and ruined all of the flour, sugar, salt, et cetera, aboard the ship. Several boxes of pilot bread, commonly known as hard-tack, were floating mournfully around in the mess when the steward discovered the accident, and this he salvaged. It requires several hours in water to penetrate to the heart of a hard-tack, so the steward dried the awful stuff on the boat deck and served it in lieu of bread. This, together with the lack of salt and sugar, started a riot.

An indignation meeting was called in the social hall by the Reverend Cecil Terwilliger to protest against the barefaced swindle that had been perpetrated upon them. After several fiery speeches, a committee was appointed, with the Reverend Terwilliger as chairman, to wait upon Captain Henderson and demand better food. Henderson explained the situation to them and blamed God for it.

"You cannot escape responsibility by calling that accident an act of God," the Reverend Terwilliger declared. "It is the act of a cowardly swindler to send a ship to sea with rotten valves in the scuttle-butt. If we cannot have sugar we must have salt. Have you no means of condensing salt from the sea?"

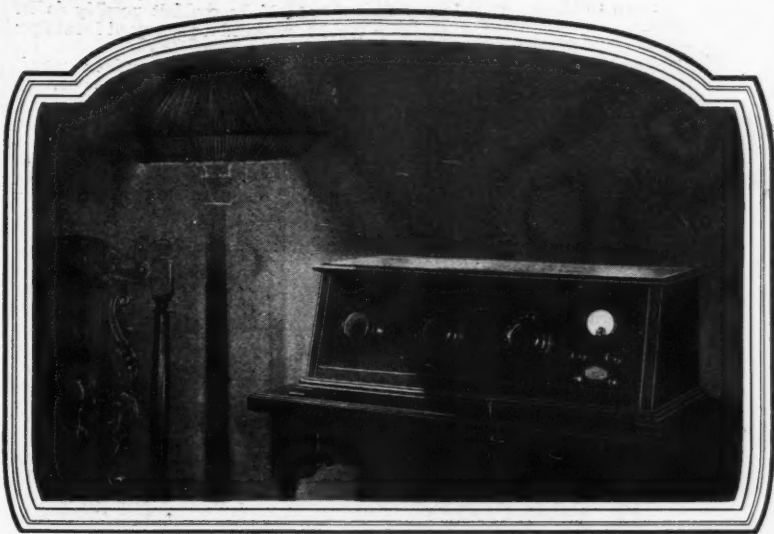
"I do not know," the harassed skipper replied. "That would be a matter within the jurisdiction of Mr. Miller, the chief engineer."

Mr. Terwilliger led his committee to Mr. Miller's room and knocked. Mr. Miller had just come up out of the engine room, after spending several hours on his back in the bilges, with cold sea water mixed with fuel oil and scum rolling gently over him. He was about to take a drink of whisky to ward off chills and revive the exhausted soul of him. The chief's mind was on his terrible engine room, not on his personal appearance or what the world might think of him.

"Come in," he cried in answer to the knock—and the committee entered.

"Here's mud in your eye," said Mr. Miller and tossed off three fingers neat. "Gentlemen, what can I do for you?"

They told him what he could do for them and



## SUPREME by the power-test of distance

THE distance test is a test of power. By it, every receiver stands... or fails. And in every such test, the newest Garod is supreme. Its amazing distance performance is a matter of record with thousands of Garod owners. Even those who do not seek for distance have chosen the Garod, for this distance-power is also volume-power, abundantly available... always. The voice that one hears is *the voice of the singer*. His presence is not needed to complete the picture. The pianist is with you... in the room. And the orchestral music comes faithfully... delicate or robust... in all its original beauty. Only the ear can judge the power and quality of the Garod. Only the ear can weigh its claim for matchless charm of tone. Go to the Garod Dealer and ask for the Visitor's Hearing. For the man who chooses a Garod, an interesting payment plan is made.

Wait ~ till you've heard the Garod

Send for a copy of  
interesting booklet  
"How to Select a  
Radio Receiver"

# GAROD NEUTRODYNE



Garod Corporation · 120 Adams Street · Newark, New Jersey  
Canadian Distributors: Continental Equipment Co., Ltd., 357 St. Catharine St., West, Montreal





Healthy  
folks keep  
fit with  
Beeman's-  
you'll find  
its daily  
use is

"a sensible  
habit"



**BEEMAN'S**  
**Pepsin Gum**

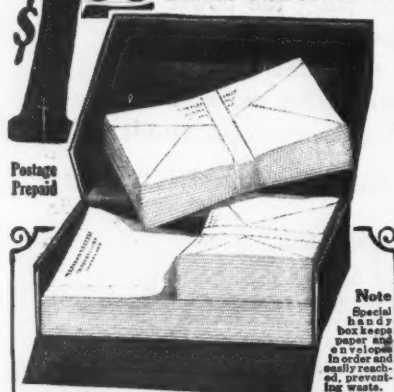
AMERICAN CHICLE CO.

**PATENTS.** Write for free Guide Books and "RECORD OF INVENTION BLANK" before disclosing inventions. Send model or sketch of your invention for our Examination and Instructions. No Charge for the above information.

**VICTOR J. EVANS & CO.**  
753 Ninth St. Washington, D. C.

**200 Sheets**  
**100 Envelopes**

**\$1.00** Printed with your  
Name and Address



High grade, clear, white bond paper—unusually smooth writing surface. Size 5 1/2 x 7 in. with envelopes to match. Has that crisp, crackly "feel" that identifies it as superior quality stationery. Makes a personal stationery you will be delighted to use. An ideal gift printed with your friend's name. Just send your name and address (write or print clearly) with \$1.00 (west of Denver and outside of the U. S. \$1.10) and this generous box of stationery will come to you neatly packed, postage prepaid. Money refunded if you are not more than satisfied. Order today!

**National Stationery Co.** 1203 Lincoln Highway, Batavia, Illinois

Mr. Miller said he couldn't possibly do it. "Why?" demanded the Reverend Terwilliger belligerently.

"None of your damned business why," screamed Mr. Miller. "I don't know how to get pure salt out of sea water. Anyhow, I haven't time to take on your troubles, because I have troubles of my own."

"I see you have, sir," Mr. Terwilliger replied with spirit, and sniffed the whisky-laden atmosphere. "Perhaps, sir, if you paid less attention to that bottle of rum and more to your job we'd all be happier."

Mr. Miller leaped and caught the Reverend Terwilliger by the throat. "Eat that last remark or I'll throw you overboard," he ordered. So Mr. Terwilliger said he supposed he had spoken hastily and withdrew even more hastily to the wireless room, where he sent Cappy Ricks a protest and a threat, complained of having been physically maltreated by his drunken chief engineer and warned him that suit would be entered against him for obtaining money under false pretenses.

Cappy made no reply to this. What would have been the use? He had confidence in his captain and chief engineer and none at all in the Reverend Mr. Terwilliger. After waiting nearly all day for a reply, Mr. Terwilliger again wirelessed, explaining that the chief engineer had shut off the water in their wash-basins and that passengers who had paid for a cruise de luxe were being forced by this drunken scoundrel to purchase mineral water at the bar and bathe in that. He asked Cappy to order the chief engineer to turn on the water in the cabins twenty-four hours a day.

The Terwilliger wireless complaints had one result. They brought from Cappy to Mr. Miller a very humble request for a complete report on his engine room. To this the chief, dog dirty and weary to the point of hysteria, replied:

"What good will that information do you? All I can say is that every item I originally reported as requiring repair now requires it double. Never mind Terwilliger. Am sober and on the job eighteen to twenty hours daily, but will have to do shop work in Honolulu before we can get out of the harbor. Am rationing this crowd on water because I have to."

AT THIS juncture in the cruise de luxe, that true friend of all ship owners, Boreas, took a hand. He organized a fresh southwest gale that rolled up a furious sea, in which the Astoria wallowed frightfully. Immediately the Reverend Terwilliger and his friends were taken seasick and Henderson and the chief had a breathing spell for two days. After that they dared not breathe, and for the best of reasons.

A huge barrel of sauerkraut stored in the cold storage room had not been lashed to the wall at the start of the voyage. Some cases of canned peaches piled against it had kept it in place. When these cases of peaches had been removed the barrel of kraut had got up on its sea legs, so to speak, and started on a cruise around the cold storage room, with something of the same force and ferocity that distinguished the cannon that went on the loose in Victor Hugo's story.

As the Astoria pitched and rolled, this barrel followed suit, until eventually it collided with the ammonia coil that ran from the ice machine into the cold storage room. The coil was smashed and every bit of ammonia promptly ran out into the room, where it was discovered by the storekeeper when he entered just before breakfast. Of course the terrible pungent odor of ammonia fumes caused him to burst into tears and violent sneezing. He thought he was being asphyxiated and promptly fled, leaving the door of the cold storage room open.

He reported the situation to the chief steward, who promptly sent word to the chief officer to send somebody with a gas mask to close the door of the cursed cooler. A diligent search in the deck department failed to reveal any gas masks, so application was made to Mr.

Miller, who admitted that while he was supposed to have some in his department, somehow he had overlooked mentioning them in his requisition for stores. However, being a pugnacious devil who would try anything once, he put a wet sponge over his nose and essayed to close the door himself.

To the horror of everybody on board he could not get within closing distance of the door.

The ammonia fumes crept slowly through the Astoria and drove the seasick Mr. Terwilliger and his cohorts out of their berths and up on the forward well deck and the forecastle head. Fortunately the wind was dead ahead and kept the fumes abaft the house. When Captain Henderson telephoned down to Mr. Miller that the ship was burying her nose in the sea and flinging water and spray over the Terwilligerites, Mr. Miller collapsed in the arms of the second and chortled with joy.

"And the old man advertised a cruise de luxe," he gasped. "A shortage of water to bathe in, practically everything in the food line except canned goods ruined and no help in sight until we get to Honolulu. Everybody seasick, cold and wet and no beds to go to. That's what I call roughing it de luxe."

WHEN the wind hauled astern the passengers fought their way aft and huddled on the after well deck and on top of the stern-castle. Some took a chance and climbed up on the boat deck, which they found tenable in spots. The deck crew, which had sought protection in its quarters in the stern-castle, now desired to come out on deck and breathe some fresh air; when they found the passengers huddled here, where they had no business to be, loud, violent and profane recrimination resulted, two old ladies fainted and several young ladies had hysterics. Mr. Terwilliger finally solved the situation by declaring he would search out Sparks and send a wireless message to Honolulu, asking the Chamber of Commerce, in the name of humanity, to send out a steamer to remove them from the horror ship Astoria.

He was as good as his word. However, the wireless operator on duty had been going to sea more than a dog watch, so before sending Mr. Terwilliger's message he submitted it to Captain Henderson to be censored. The doughty skipper censored it by the simple expedient of crumpling it into a ball and throwing it overboard. The Reverend Terwilliger saw him and remonstrated. He made the mistake of going up on the navigator's bridge to do this.

"Who invited you up on my bridge?" Henderson roared. "Get down or I'll bust your bob-stay."

"You send that wireless message," Mr. Terwilliger shrieked and shook a long finger in the master's face.

Henderson thereupon made a run at him and Mr. Terwilliger fled. "I'm running this ship and if anybody is to send out an S. O. S. I'll send it," he roared after the departing cleric. Then he added something about the act of God, perils of the sea, et cetera, et cetera, and dived down into his cabin.

"The barbarous brute is blaming our plight on God again," Mr. Terwilliger reported. "I can't do anything with him. I do believe he's as drunk as the chief engineer and that we're in the power of two villainous pirates."

The cruise de luxe proceeded at nine knots toward Honolulu. Fortunately they were down in the warm southeast trades now and the passengers suffered not at all from the cold as they covered on deck that night. Room stewards, for and in consideration of huge tips, tied sponges over their noses or held their breath long enough to invade cabins and drag mattresses and blankets out for the women.

The Reverend Terwilliger offered fifty dollars for a mattress and blanket, but nobody would volunteer to earn the money. Mr. Terwilliger had now definitely been identified by the Chinese waiters and room stewards as a Number One Joss Man, and since from time immemorial the men who go down to the sea in ships have

Cos  
know  
sible  
the f  
know  
didn't  
For  
contin  
and li  
mot  
tables  
more  
not bo  
engine  
canned  
The  
Honol  
fast t  
fellow  
port a  
send c  
friends  
that al  
furious  
the sk  
orderin  
ship ar  
self to  
hotel b  
in the

THE  
and th  
Terwill  
Cappy  
for thei  
upon sp  
the loca  
the Ste  
and will  
tions al  
them th  
own risk  
Mr. T  
and was  
man's c  
defected  
When  
Tahiti  
thousan  
duplicat  
warded  
later he  
merely:  
If Mr  
travelin  
have res  
Fortuna  
him so  
over his  
Every  
departm  
reached  
his blan  
state of  
charity,  
ashore,  
carafe b  
he had c  
water sp  
a foot o  
Terwilli  
Mr. Ter  
about of  
gentlema  
and silen  
In self  
"Well,  
demande  
didn't w  
Thereu  
and pres  
adornme  
as a mo  
immedia  
under th  
which ar  
doctor h  
conscious  
ashore an  
as he pur  
The pur

known that a preacher means the worst possible luck to a ship at sea, they presented to the frantic Terwilliger what is colloquially known as "the dead face" and told him they didn't savvy.

For the better part of two days the agony continued; then the ammonia gas disappeared and life resumed its wonted monotony, only more so. All of the meats, fish, fresh vegetables, fruits and eggs in the storeroom tasted more or less of ammonia. This, however, did not bother Mr. Miller and his brave lads in the engine department, for they were subsisting on canned goods.

The Astoria, despite her hard luck, made Honolulu in ten days. The moment she was fast to the dock, Mr. Terwilliger and his fellow de luxers went ashore, to call on the port authorities and lodge a complaint, and to send cables to Cappy Ricks and to anxious friends at home. Captain Henderson opined that all of the passengers must have signed a furious cable to his owner, for the same night the skipper received a wireless from Cappy ordering him to rush fresh stores aboard the ship and under no circumstances permit himself to be held responsible for the passengers' hotel bills for more than the period stipulated in the advertising, which was one day.

THE Astoria lay two weeks in Honolulu, and the passengers, advised by the Reverend Terwilliger, decided to dwell ashore and sue Cappy Ricks if he declined to reimburse them for their hotel bills. Captain Henderson thereupon spent some money for large space ads in the local papers, advising the passengers that the Steamship Astoria and owner stood ready and willing to accord them de luxe accommodations aboard the floating palace and warning them that they patronized the hotels at their own risk.

Mr. Terwilliger thereupon consulted a lawyer and was informed that he didn't have a Chinaman's chance to collect; whereupon he led his dejected cohorts back to the ship.

When eventually the Astoria pulled out for Tahiti Mr. Miller left behind him twenty-three thousand dollars' worth of repair bills, the duplicates of which he had approved and forwarded to Cappy Ricks to pay. Eight days later he received a wireless from Cappy, saying merely: "You have betrayed me."

If Mr. Miller had not been so far from home, traveling over a poorly drained road, he would have resigned immediately and walked back. Fortunately matters in his department kept him so busy that he had little time to brood over his wrongs.

Everything was going well in the steward's department and by the time the Astoria reached Tahiti Mr. Terwilliger had resumed his bland composure and was in that beatific state of mind which borders on Christian charity, until, returning from his first trip ashore, he discovered that a heavy glass carafe had fallen from the window ledge where he had carelessly left it and broken off the cold water spigot in his wash-basin. The result was a foot of water in his stateroom, with Mrs. Terwilliger's switch and best petticoat and Mr. Terwilliger's new suitcase bobbing merrily about on the incipient flood. The reverend gentleman sent at once for Captain Henderson and silently pointed into the stateroom.

In self-defense the skipper grew aggressive. "Well, what are you kicking about?" he demanded. "We advertised a floating palace, didn't we?"

Thereupon Mr. Terwilliger forgot his calling and presented the master with that form of adornment which, in pugilistic circles, is known as a mouse on the eye. Captain Henderson immediately worked Mr. Terwilliger over under the rules of the Loughshoremen's Union, which are very severe. As soon as the ship's doctor had brought Mr. Terwilliger back to consciousness, the latter had his baggage taken ashore and then asked for a rebate on his ticket, as he purposed abandoning the cruise de luxe. The purser refused to give it to him, so Mr.



*Of Course It's*  
**a CROSELY**  
Better—Costs Less  
Radio

Crosley  
Head Phones  
Better—Cost Less  
\$3.75

Is it distance that you want in a radio? A Crosley will get it—the smaller models with earphones, the 52 and Trirdyn on a loud speaker. During the recent international test week, hundreds of voluntary letters were received telling of practically all foreign stations being brought in on every Crosley Model.

Do you desire ease of tuning? You have it on a Crosley. It is child's play to locate new stations. After they are logged, turn the dial or dials to the places marked and immediately get the city you want. Is selectivity important to you? Tube for tube Crosley Radios give you the ultimate in selection. The Trirdyn is especially noted for the ease with which local stations may be tuned out when desired.

Do you wish economy of operation? Because they use the famous Armstrong Regenerative principle, Crosley Radios require fewer tubes—the one tube 50 equalling most three tube sets and the three tube Trirdyn outperforming most five and six tube instruments. And because of the fewer tubes, Crosley consumes less battery current.

Is Price a factor with you? Crosley Radios, each in its class, are the least expensive ever produced. Quantity production allows these low prices without lessening in any way the very great efficiency of the Radios.

Does beauty enter into your selection of a radio? Among the various Crosley Models all beautifully finished, you will find one or more which will charm you and exactly blend with the surroundings in your living room. No matter what appeals to you most in radio you will find that point outstanding in a Crosley.

**BEFORE YOU BUY—COMPARE. YOUR CHOICE WILL BE A CROSELY For Sale by Good Dealers Everywhere**

All Crosley Radios, except the Model 50, will operate a loud speaker. **Crosley Regenerative Receivers are licensed under Armstrong U.S. Patent 1,113,139. Prices West of Rockies—add 10%.**

Write for Complete Catalog

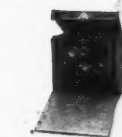
**THE CROSELY RADIO CORPORATION**

Powell Crosley, Jr., President

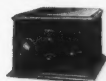
372 Sassafras St.

Crosley Owns and Operates Broadcasting Station WLW

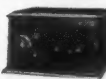
Cincinnati, Ohio



**Crosley New One Tube \$2.95, \$3.00**  
A new, compact portable radio with built-in speaker. Complete set. Price in advance to the dealer. Add \$1.00 to the price for the complete set. Price in advance to the dealer. Add \$1.00 to the price for the complete set. Price in advance to the dealer. Add \$1.00 to the price for the complete set.



**Crosley Two Tube \$1.50, \$2.50**  
Radio in the regular \$1.50 or \$2.50 complete set. Add \$1.00 to the price for the complete set. Price in advance to the dealer. Add \$1.00 to the price for the complete set. Price in advance to the dealer. Add \$1.00 to the price for the complete set.



**Crosley Three Tube \$2.50, \$3.00**  
This is the Crosley 32 Model, price \$2.50 in new cabinet with shipping point and price in advance to the dealer. Add \$1.00 to the price for the complete set. Price in advance to the dealer. Add \$1.00 to the price for the complete set.



**Crosley Trirdyn Regulator, \$30.00**  
With tube and Crosley Phone, \$35.75



**Crosley Trirdyn Special, \$60.00**  
With tube and Crosley Phone, \$75.75. Ask your dealer about the new Crosley Trirdyn Special. Write for complete catalog.

MAIL THIS COUPON AT ONCE

The Crosley Radio Corp.  
372 Sassafras St.  
Cincinnati, O.

Mail me, free of charge, your catalog of Crosley receivers and parts.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_

RUBBERSET
RUBBERSET

# ALBRIGHT

## TOOTH BRUSH

A PRODUCT OF

# RUBBERSET CO.

**It gets in between where decay begins!**

Decay invariably begins BETWEEN the teeth and on the UNEVEN grinding surfaces—places which cannot be reached by ordinary toothbrushes having a mass of bristle. The ALBRIGHT toothbrush was designed by 4118 dentists and more than 20,000 now endorse it. The tufts of bristles are wedge-shaped and widely spaced. They penetrate into every crevice. The ALBRIGHT is different in design and different in results.

45¢
35¢
25¢

Handles in five distinctive colors for quick identification of your toothbrush—White, Light Amber, Dark Amber, Ruby, Blue

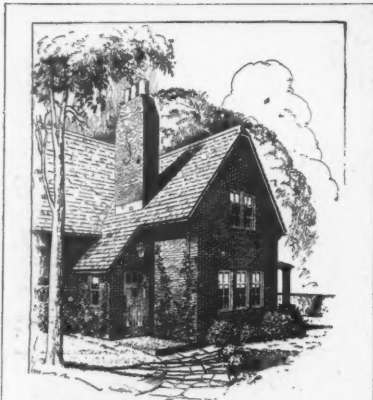
**RUBBERSET CO., Newark, N. J., U. S. A.**

**Buy it in the Red Box**

**It gets in between—where decay begins**

ALBRIGHT
RUBBERSET





## Plan Your Home Now!

GET the most attractive book published on building a home—"The Story of Brick." It tells you the things you want to know. It is read in the schools. Send for your copy today. No charge.

**"Bungalow and Small House Plans."** Four booklets showing 3 to 4-room, 5-room, 6-room and 7 to 8-room houses. Each, 25 cents. Entire set, \$1.00.

**"The Home of Beauty"** with 50 charming designs of 6-room houses. Sent for 50 cents.

Complete plans on all these houses available at nominal prices.

**"The Home Fires"** tells how to build a real fireplace and shows many attractive fireplace designs. Sent for 25 cents.

American Face Brick Assn.  
1744 Peoples Life Building  
Chicago, Illinois

## Your Own Name

Woven into a genuine  
**CASH WOVEN LABEL**

Sewed to Clothing & Linen  
saves Laundry Losses and  
marks your individuality!

J & J. CASH, Inc.  
300 1/2 29th St., So. Norwalk, Conn. 12-13

## Old Money Wanted

Have you an odd or old coin or bill? It may be worth several dollars. Get posted. Send 4c for Coin Circular. May mean much profit to you. Send now.

NUMISMATIC BANK, Dept. D, Fort Worth, Texas.

## RADIO Wants You!

Radio, the wonderful new growing profession, offers you a glorious opportunity—big money, fascinating work, easy hours, a real future! Wonderful new course prepares you quickly in spare time at home. Famous radio experts help to give you practical work. Radio materials supplied free with course. Write for Free Book, "Rich Rewards in Radio."

NATIONAL RADIO INSTITUTE, Dept. 105EB, Wash., D. C.

## A \$3500 Hotel Job in 20 Weeks

Nation-wide demand for trained men and women in hotels, clubs, restaurants and cafeterias. Fast experience unnecessary. We guarantee to teach you in our 10-lesson home-study course on hotel work all that the leading hotel experts know about the business, and we put you in touch with positions everywhere. Our students employed, our methods endorsed by leading hotel men everywhere. Write for Free Book "Your Big Opportunity."

Lewis Hotel Training Schools  
Room L-287 Washington, D. C.

Terwilliger went ashore to search for an American Consul. As soon as he was gone the ship sailed—with Mrs. Terwilliger—for Rarotonga, where Mrs. Terwilliger left the ship carrying a suitcase filled with affidavits from her indignant and sympathetic fellow passengers.

The Astoria snored easily in and out of half a dozen island ports. During her itinerary her passengers accumulated prickly heat, failed to discover even a modicum of the allurements and romance that had been promised them, and were bitten severely by blood-thirsty malarial mosquitos in every port. Also, bedbugs and cockroaches, born aboard the ship and now grown to man's estate, as it were, invaded the cabins as an added attraction.

AT SUVA the skipper had an offer of a thousand tons of bulk copra for discharge at San Francisco. Realizing that this freight would add some ten thousand dollars to the income of a singularly disastrous voyage, he accepted promptly and the Astoria turned her nose toward the only spot on earth where the weary traveler can secure accommodations de luxe, to wit, the United States of America.

Six days out Mr. Miller, following a practise which had grown to be practically automatic with him every few hours, passed his calloused greasy hand over the thrust bearing. He had observed the day before an infinitesimal amount of play in the thrust bearing and he was watching it as an anxious mother watches a baby with the croup.

It was perceptibly warmer than it had been. However, the chief had endured so much aboard the Astoria that he was half afraid to believe the evidence of his own sensory nerves, so he went over to the ice machine and chilled his hands on the frozen coils. Then he fondled the thrust bearing again, and promptly commenced to weep, partly because he was broken-hearted and partly because his rage could find no other outlet. The third, who was on duty, happened to be watching him at the time, and because he was a competent engineer, he promptly killed the engine and joined the chief.

"Crack in the shaft," Mr. Miller sobbed. "Call the watch and we'll get the shoe off her and have a look-see at the brute. May the devil burn the tail off Cappy Ricks, the blankety-blank miser; may he roast in the lower cells of Hell and be chief fireman for all eternity. I begged him to let me pull the tail shaft; now if he says a word to me I'll tell him to take his filthy old wagon and junk it."

Greasy, sweaty madmen fell upon the shoe and got it off, while the Astoria, all her sea way gone, rolled in the trough of a long, lazy ground-swell that would have sickened the bronze statue of a naval hero. Between the first and second thrust collars they found a crack extending half-way through the shaft. Mr. Miller swore he could stick his little finger in that crack; in fact the shoe was jammed so they had to jimmy it out with a crow-bar.

"What's to be done, Chief?" the skipper inquired anxiously when Mr. Miller summoned him to inspect this new catastrophe.

"We can take a chance and keep on until the shaft cracks in two, which will not be very long; we can wireless for help and take a tow that will cost Cappy Ricks a couple of hundred thousand dollars in salvage; and we can take the hand-ratchet drill and drill a series of holes through the first and second thrust collars and bolt them together under the shoe with specially turned bolts made from tool steel, a supply of which I have on hand. This operation will very probably draw that crack together and keep it from spreading, and by taking it easy when we get started again, the chances are about sixty-four to one we may get home on this ruin."

"Do that," the skipper ordered. Mr. Miller gulped and sighed. "The space is so small I can only use a hand-ratchet drill and—oh, Lord, skipper—have you ever tried drilling a hole through the steel of two big thrust collars on the shaft of a fifteen thousand

ton steamer? It's a day's work to drill one hole—and I'll have to drill twelve in order to draw the collars back into place with six bolts. Besides, I've got to machine the bolts."

"Work nights," the stony-hearted skipper suggested and fled up on the fiddley just in time to escape being brained with a spanner in the hands of the semi-insane Mr. Miller.

From that moment on, the engine room of the Astoria became an inferno in which greasy shapes moved cursing day and night for ten days and ten nights, while the Astoria rolled in the ground-swell and the passengers rolled in their berths and prayed God to sink the ship and terminate their misery. But at length the job was done, the shoe bolted into place again and the engines turned over very carefully.

Gradually Mr. Miller speeded them up until the ship was doing five knots, but beyond that speed he would not go.

While Mr. Miller had slaved in a delirium below, however, the deck department had been having its share of woe. For them and the passengers once more the bells of Hell had gone ting-a-ling-ling; in his quarters under the bridge the skipper gnawed his moustache and cursed the spirit of loyalty to the pay-roll which had induced him to accept that thousand tons of copra in bulk. Oh, if he had only carried one little ton of bulk copra before! Alas, he had not! Wherefore he had known not the way of the copra fly, which breeds in copra by the trillion and, unless the copra be sacked, will, some two weeks after it has been stowed loose in a vessel's hold, come crawling up on deck through every crack and cranny.

The sixteenth day out this horrible catastrophe overtook the Astoria. The pesky, itchy, smelly little flies swarmed up on deck in platoons, which rapidly grew to companies, battalions, regiments, brigades, corps and finally a field army. They swarmed in eyes, noses and ears. Naught was heard aboard the doomed vessel save the slap, slap, slap of de luxe tourists, the hysterical protests of the women and the deep throaty growls of the men. There were copra flies in everything, including the food.

HOWEVER, all things save eternity have an end. Mr. Miller had done his job well, the shaft held and eventually the Astoria, so short of food owing to the protracted voyage that her de luxe passengers had been rationed for a week prior to her arrival, loafed lazily in the Golden Gate and dropped anchor on the Quarantine Ground. Cappy Ricks was hovering alongside in a launch almost immediately and as soon as the vessel had been given pratique the old gentleman came running up the companion ladder and sought his skipper in the seclusion of the latter's cabin. Ten minutes later he fled down the companion ladder to his launch and coughed away for Meiggs wharf.

About this time Mr. Skinner drifted in to Matt Peasley's sanctum in the Blue Star Navigation Company's offices. "Matt," said he, "Cappy Ricks is in trouble."

"How come?" Matt queried.

"Well, ever since that steamship Astoria of his put to sea, a steady stream of youths in the uniform of the Radio Corporation of America has been wearing out the carpet runner that leads into the office of our honored chief. If he has received one wireless message he has received a thousand, and, curious to relate, he has only answered about twenty of them."

"Whatever news he gets is bad news, because he's been growing thinner and sadder and more nervous and irritable with each day that passes. Sometimes he appears to be on the verge of tears. He hasn't played a game of golf for a month; he had a very large credit to his account on the ledger of the Ricks Logging and Lumbering Company and he's drawn against it very heavily and I don't know what he's done with the money. He won't tell me, his confidential man."

"These cruises de luxe are expensive luxuries, Skinner. That's why I steered clear of the

Astori  
we'll k  
sheep.  
home.

In p  
Cappy  
two h  
file un  
unhap  
lumb  
modio  
cheap?

"No  
like a  
"Is  
"Ab  
in the  
"If  
afford  
her wo

"Yes  
"The  
Heaven  
Naviga  
worth.  
grief,  
read th  
store  
fire Cap  
enginee  
dinosaur  
money,  
law suit  
I've got  
be gone  
servers  
plaints  
Give a  
never su

"Mat  
sengers.  
me, pro  
a bill of  
Star Na  
of the h  
office an  
tonight.  
Me—I'r

AND  
ferry de  
in front  
"I've  
—includ  
the form  
lunatics.  
fine prin

"No,  
"Nobod  
"Not  
fortunat  
ticket co  
tion Co  
tight an  
lawyer i  
happene  
owners."

"It is,  
in that c  
"The  
Boilers p  
worthy,  
to go by  
sequently  
faulty na  
cannot g  
home. A  
the Mid  
afford to  
good mor

He too  
propelled  
They w  
quered p  
"Matt,  
for my A  
"Nothi  
Cappy  
"You v  
sadly. "  
I retire—

Astoria," Matt answered. "However, I think we'll have to treat Cappy like little Bo-Peep's sheep. If we leave him alone, why he'll come home, dragging his tail behind him."

In proof of the soundness of this prophecy Cappy entered his son-in-law's office some two hours later. He carried a bulky letter file under his arm and he looked singularly unhappy. "Matt, old horse," he said very humbly, "do you want to buy the fast and commodious American steamship Astoria pretty cheap?"

"No," Matt Peasley's Yankee mouth shut like a cellar door.

"Is that final, Matt?"

"Absolutely. I have no place for that vessel in the Blue Star fleet."

"If you got her cheap enough you could afford to spend some money on her and make her worthy of a place."

"Yes, I suppose I could do that, Cappy."

"Then take her, Matt. For the love of Heaven, take her. I give her to the Blue Star Navigation Company for whatever she's worth. I'm through. Here, take this bunch of grief, Matt, dear boy. Start in at the top and read through to the bottom and you'll have the story. All I ask, Matt, is that you never, never fire Captain Henderson or Mr. Miller, the chief engineer. Those two can whip their weight in dinosaurs. They've saved me an awful lot of money, but they couldn't save me a mess of law suits and horrible publicity—and—I've—I've got to go to Europe in a hurry, Matt. I'll be gone some time, and if I start now the process servers won't be able to serve me with complaints in action, so the suits can't be instituted. Give a man time to get over his mad and he'll never sue you."

"Matt, you settle with those de luxe passengers. Whatever you do will be right with me, provided you keep me out of court. Here's a bill of sale of the Astoria from me to the Blue Star Navigation Company, Matt. Have one of the boys run down to the railroad ticket office and get me transportation to New York—tonight. Hire a special train if necessary. Me—I'm gone!"

AND he was. But he only got as far as the ferry depot, where his son-in-law stopped him in front of the ticket chopper's gate.

"I've read all the exhibits in the case, Cappy—including one you didn't hand me, and that's the form of ticket you sold those de luxe lunatics. Have you by any chance read the fine print on the back of your de luxe ticket?"

"No, of course not," Cappy spluttered.

"Nobody does."

"Not until they get into trouble. Cappy, fortunately for you, you pirated the form of ticket contract used by the Blue Star Navigation Company, and that's absolutely airtight and drawn by the smartest, slickest lawyer in North America. Everything that happened on that boat is no fault of the owners."

"It is, Matt. I shouldn't have sent her out in that condition."

"The United States Inspectors of Hulls and Boilers passed her, which proves she was seaworthy, whether she was or not. All you have to go by is what the inspectors tell you. Consequently, anything that happens except faulty navigation is the act of God and they cannot get a judgment against you. Come home. All of your de luxe enemies come from the Middle West anyhow and they can't afford to linger in San Francisco and spend good money suing you."

He took little old Cappy by the arm and propelled him gently to a waiting automobile. They were half-way home when Cappy queried plaintively:

"Matt, how much are you going to give me for my Astoria?"

"Nothing—net."

Cappy sighed.

"You've bought a steamer, son," he said sadly. "You certainly have—and this time I retire—forever—from active business."

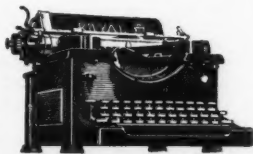
## Private Secretaries of FAMOUS MEN



... For the required perfection in my finished work, the smooth speed and clear impressions of my Easy Writing Royal Typewriter are indispensable.

*Elsie A. Regula*

... Secretary to C. A. Whelan, President of the United Cigar Stores Company of America—the largest retailer of cigars and cigarettes in the world, operating over 1200 stores and 1800 agencies.



"Compare the Work"

**ROYAL**  
Trade Mark  
TYPEWRITERS

Royal Typewriter Company, Inc., 316 Broadway, New York City  
Branches and Agencies the World Over

# Bourjois

Master of French Toiletries

Naturally, one prefers to choose the face powder and rouge that touch the face pleasantly, and remain beautifully.



## MANON LESCAUT\* FACE POWDER

has delicate French perfection. One little pat of your puff will reveal that it is not only pleasing, but distinguished.



## ASHES OF ROSES\* ROUGE, OR ROUGE MANDARINE\*

— the former dark and rich, the latter light and bright, are perfect companions to Manon Lescaut. One may truly say "They make beautiful skin fascinating!"

### Mail . . . This . . . Coupon

A. Bourjois & Co., Inc., 37 W. 34th St., N. Y. C.

I enclose 15c (stamps or coin) for which send at once a sample box of MANON LESCAUT in the shade checked: White ☐ Rose ☐ Rachel ☐ or Peaches\* Powder ☐ Peaches-and-Cream\* Powder ☐

Name

Address

City  State

\* Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

## Two Women of Delight (Continued from page 55)

were dragging a poker table to barricade the door. The latter glanced up at her and grinned.

"I'll git yo' an Apache scalp next time they come," he called. She laughed shrilly.

"Yo' look out fer yo'r own scalp, pardner," she retorted.

The saloon keeper mopped his forehead with his shirt-sleeve. "They're o. k. in Rath's store," said he. "I done heard the ol' man's buffalo gun a-boomin' jes' before the rush broke."

"I seen 'em gettin' into Thompson's house," the bartender answered, "but they jest did make it. Ben he had to pack his wife in his arms. I hearn her holler too. Wonder ef she was hit."

Lil's laugh died away.

"I don't know whether she was or not—" Stowers shook his head—"but a minute or two back I heard her myself." He turned his attention to the poker table.

"What's up?" he demanded a moment later. Lil's hand was gripping his shoulder.

"Yo' leave me out." Her face was ablaze with an excitement which he had never seen there. "I'm going over to Thompson's."

"But the's two men there—"

"You fool," she cried and threw him aside as if he were a child. She dragged the table from the door, and the next moment she was in the street.

APPARENTLY the place was empty of Indians. Even the dead had been borne away by the bolder of the living. Only the patches of red where the earth had soaked up the blood betrayed where they had lain.

Now, as she ran, the tufts of bear-grass and the clumps of Spanish bayonet along the edge of the mesa became alive with smoke puffs. The bullets splattered dust about her feet. She made a grim figure with the wind whipping her scanty skirt against her lean limbs and the streak of dried blood on her face. The door of the blacksmith's house was closed. She flung herself upon it.

"It's me," she cried and beat against the wood with the butt of her rifle. "It's Lil."

Around the corner of the house a shadow crept. It stood out black upon the gray earth, sharp outlined beneath the rays of the newly risen sun. Inch by inch it came on. She ceased her hammering and shifted her rifle into both hands. A frowsy mat of black hair was following the shadow around the corner when she pulled the trigger. The Apache pitched forward and lay face down. The door opened and she half fell inside.

Recovering her balance she pressed one hand against her flat breast, and while she struggled to regain her breath, she whispered:

"Where is she?" The blacksmith let fall the bar before the door and pointed to the next room. "You men look out fer this end," Lil gasped and swept on by him.

Within the bedroom she paused a moment until her breath was coming more easily. She stood her rifle against the wall and stepped closer to the bedside.

"There, girl, don't yo' fret. We're goin' to pull through this together now," she said.

The newly risen sun was pouring white-hot rays upon the mesa. The four flat-roofed adobes and the pile of baled hay stood forth against the cloudless sky in sharp clear outline. Every scanty shrub and clump of cholla cactus was revealed to the last detail; the smallest pebble in the roadway was distinct, casting its own black shadow. Save for the stirring of the bear-grass in the wind, the landscape held no sign of movement now. It was as if the place had been deserted for years.

So it appeared, and as the minutes dragged on by there came no change perceptible to any of the watchers at the barricaded windows. But change was taking place; sometimes a shallow gully near the mesa's brink was hiding it; sometimes a boulder or a bunch of yuccas. And there were moments when the warriors

squirmed along their bellies in the open so slowly that the dry earth which they had sprinkled upon their backs blended to perfection with the earth about them.

Only the belief that they would find the men of Delight asleep had caused them to creep in upon the place in the beginning; and their first rush had been no more than an outburst of savage passion as unexpected to themselves as the resistance which had kindled it. Now they were going about their business according to the tenets of an art which had come down from their forefathers.

MORE minutes passed. The empty street remained as silent as an abandoned graveyard. Into the silence a puff of white smoke drifted; the morning wind which urged it on was laden with a billowing cloud. This darkened as it came, until the air was heavy with the stifling fumes and the watchers in the barricaded windows saw the swirling wreaths shut out the nearest buildings from their sight.

Then while the smoke grew thicker in the street and the red wave of flame mounted higher from the pile of baled hay beside Rath's store, the Apaches came again. The uproar of the rifles broke the silence of the mesa and the men of Delight toiled with their flaming weapons until the sweat was running down their bodies.

So through the morning while the air was reeking with hot acrid smoke the noises of the battle rose and fell where men were striving to bring death. At times the bullets rattled like rain on the walls of the room where the two women were fighting their own fight to bring a new life.

Late in the afternoon when the smoke from the burning hay was beginning to grow a little thinner, old man Rath shoved the long barrel of his Sharp's rifle through the loophole in the pile of flour sacks which he and Jack Hayes had heaped behind one of the store windows. Across the sights his eye caught the fillet of a warrior crouched beside a clump of soto bushes. He had marked that turban before—a trifle cleaner than the others, adorned with bits of turquoise matrix and eagle feathers. Now as his bead came down to rest just a fraction of an inch beneath the head-dress, the storekeeper's eyes wore a look of satisfaction. He pulled the trigger. "I reckon that will tame 'em for a while," said he.

The body of the chief was a crumpled heap beside the soto bushes. Old man Rath pulled a plug of tobacco from his pocket and before he had bitten off the chew the body had vanished. But the warrior who had risked his skin to recover it did not return to sight. Nor did any of his companions. The Indians had seen all they wanted of Delight.

The first faint shades of dusk came creeping down from the ash-gray mountains to find them mounting their ponies in the bed of the dried wash five miles away. Their moccasined feet drummed the flanks of their lean mounts; their forms were again made hideous with the cast-off clothing of the white man. A file of scarecrows, they jogged on across the valley flats seeking the flanks of the mountains which led southward to the border.

The men of Delight had come forth from their barricaded doors to gather in the little street. Here they awaited tidings from the blacksmith's house. For the other battle was not yet over.

The dusk was growing deeper and a light was burning in the window when the news came to them at last. Lil opened the door and the shine of the lamplight was upon her as she stood there on the threshold to announce her tidings. It occurred to some of them in that moment that there must have been a time when she was a fine looking woman.

She raised her hand and there was a quiet authority in the gesture which made them drop their heads a little. In silence they came in.





## Was she right —or prudish?

EVERYONE expected her to marry him. He was attractive, of fine family and progressing in business. Yet she was only casual in accepting his attentions.

Other girls would have "fallen over themselves" to have his interest.

It puzzled her friends, her family—and, most of all, the man himself.

\* \* \*

That's the insidious thing about halitosis (unpleasant breath). You, yourself, rarely know when you have it. And even your best friends won't tell you.

Sometimes, of course, halitosis comes from some deep-seated organic disorder that requires professional advice. But usually—and fortunately—halitosis is only a local condition that yields to the regular use of Listerine as a mouth wash and gargle. It is an interesting thing that this well-known antiseptic that has been in use for years for surgical dressings, possesses these unusual properties as a breath deodorant.

Test the remarkable deodorizing effects of Listerine this way: Rub a little onion on your fingers. Then apply Listerine and note how quickly the onion odor disappears.

This safe and long-trusted antiseptic has dozens of different uses; note the little circular that comes with every bottle. Your druggist sells Listerine in the original brown package only—*never in bulk*. There are three sizes: three ounce, seven ounce and fourteen ounce. Buy the large size for economy.—*Lambert Pharmaceutical Company, Saint Louis, U. S. A.*

LISTERINE Throat Tablets, containing the antiseptic oils of Listerine, are now available . . . While we frankly admit that no tablet or candy lozenge can correct halitosis, the Listerine antiseptic oils in these tablets are very valuable as a relief for throat irritations — 25 cents.





## "She's the best girl in the office"

"She hasn't been here as long as some of the other girls, but she knows ten times as much about this business. I've watched her work during the last six months especially—ever since I heard she was studying at home with the International Correspondence School's. I know she's ready for bigger work and I'm going to give her Miss Robinson's position at a raise in salary. I wish we had more girls like her."

Why don't you study some special subject and prepare to earn more money? There's no surer way to do it than by studying at home in spare time with the International Correspondence Schools.

The I. C. S. has a number of courses especially arranged for women. Some I. C. S. women students are making as high as \$35, \$50, \$75 and \$100 a week as private secretaries, artists, expert letter writers, pharmacists, assistants in chemical laboratories, high-priced sales executives, office managers, advertising writers and in Civil Service and banking.

Mark and mail the coupon and we'll be glad to send you interesting, descriptive booklets telling what the I. C. S. can do for you.

### Mail the Coupon Today

**INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS**  
Box 2554-B, Scranton, Penna.

Without cost or obligation, please send me your 48-page booklet, "How Women Are Getting Ahead," and tell me how I can qualify for the position or in the subject below which I have marked an X:

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Advertising         | <input type="checkbox"/> Civil Service         |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Private Secretary   | <input type="checkbox"/> High School Subjects  |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Assistant Bank      | <input type="checkbox"/> Illustrating          |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Cashier             | <input type="checkbox"/> Cartooning            |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Accounting          | <input type="checkbox"/> Bookkeeping           |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Chemistry           | <input type="checkbox"/> Business Law          |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Pharmacy            | <input type="checkbox"/> Corporation Secretary |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Business English    | <input type="checkbox"/> Architecture          |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Spanish             | <input type="checkbox"/> Drafting              |
| <input type="checkbox"/> French              | <input type="checkbox"/> Designing             |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Salesmanship        | <input type="checkbox"/> Telegraphy            |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Letter Writers      | <input type="checkbox"/> Window Trimming       |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Stenographer and    | <input type="checkbox"/> Railroad Clerk        |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Typist              | <input type="checkbox"/> Dressmaking           |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Show Card Lettering | <input type="checkbox"/> Millinery             |

Name.....

Street.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

Persons residing in Canada should send this coupon to the International Correspondence Schools Canadian, Limited, Montreal, Canada.

## BE A RAILWAY TRAFFIC INSPECTOR

**EARN UP TO \$250 PER MONTH**  
Prepare in 3 months' spare-time study at home for this fascinating profession. Travel; meet big railway officials. Splendid opportunities.

Start at \$110 Expenses paid. Position guaranteed  
Per Month. Upon graduation or money refunded.

You can easily qualify. Send TODAY  
for Free Booklet No. B-73.  
Standard Business Training Inst.  
Buffalo, N. Y.

Standard Business Training Inst.  
Buffalo, N. Y.  
Send me, entirely free, Booklet No.  
B-73 giving full particulars about  
course in Railway Traffic Inspection.

Name.....  
Street.....  
City.....

And now she smiled upon them with a sort of tolerance; as if she knew her place here, as if they were allowed on sufferance. Nor was there one of them who resented this; they took it with a meek acceptance. And when Jim Stowers said a quiet word to old man Rath, she placed her finger on her lips.

"Ef yo' cain't keep quiet," she told them in a half whisper, "I'll throw yo' out. Come here."

Beside the kitchen stove there was a clothes basket. She bent over it and lifted the tiny form from it. There was infinite tenderness in the manner of her doing this. They looked upon the atom of a face which showed above the swathings in her lean arms. They saw her eyes looking down upon it and they realized of a sudden—it came to them in a vague way, more of feeling than of thought—that for all her hardness and all her sinning she had within her something of which they had never dreamed.

As yet—save for Jim Stowers's luckless remark—no man had spoken. The bedroom door opened and Ben Thompson came forth. His eyes went to Lil's and they were like the eyes of a grateful dog.

Now old man Rath became emboldened to ask the question which was in all their minds.

"Which is it, Ben?"

But it was Lil who made the answer.

"A boy," she told them, "and a fine one."

She said it as one who understood her subject.

Unsatisfied as yet the storekeeper went on.

"And yo'r wife, Ben?"

Again it was Lil who spoke.

"Jes' fine. An' now, yo' men clear out of here. We got to have some quiet."

ONE morning two weeks later Ben Thompson was standing in the doorway of his home. It was his custom, before departing for the blacksmith shop, to dally here a little while beside his wife and get a good-by kiss. But this morning she was slow in coming.

The hour was early but the little street was wide awake. Down by the new corrals a cloud of dust was rising and the voices of several teamsters emerged from the golden haze, uplifted in cheerful profanity. A pair of customers were entering old man Rath's store; another pair were coming forth from the saloon passing the backs of their hands across their lips. Several piles of glaring yellow lumber, a new heap of empty tin cans which gleamed in the sunlight, and half a dozen tents gave evidence that Delight was booming.

The clatter of dishes came from the blacksmith's kitchen where the woman from Tucson was clearing away the table. Ben's face wore a look of placid satisfaction as he listened to the sound; the belated arrival of the hired help had wiped away the last of his perplexities. Mary's slight footfall made him turn his head. He slipped his arm about her as she took her place beside him.

"What kep' yo', honey?" he asked.

In answer she handed him an envelope. He noticed as he took it that it bore no name.

"I want you to give this to Lil. I didn't know just how to address it."

He took it from her hand. "But what—"

"You just give her the letter, Ben. I'll tell you about it when you come home. There isn't time now." Her voice trailed off as she said the last words and he saw how tired her face was. He would never know how much of an effort it had cost her to write that note.

Morning was well along toward noontide when Ben left the blacksmith shop to perform his errand. Business was picking up at Stowers's place. Lil was taking her morning's morning at the battered bar when he found her.

"Hello, Ben." She shoved the bottle over toward him. "How's the family?"

There was a carelessness in the manner of her greeting which somehow roused his antagonism; he did not know what lay beneath that studied hardness of voice and smile. So he merely shook his head at the proffered drink and handed her the envelope.

"Folks is all well," he told her. "The wife wanted me to give yo' this."

When he was outside the door Lil read the letter. "Dear Lil." She paused at that, and the dull color came into her cheeks as it had come when the girl had smiled upon her that first evening.

"Dear Lil," she repeated the words to herself. "Humph!" Then she read on.

"I want you to come over to see my baby. He is so wonderful and looks just like his father. If it had not been for you, I might not have him now. Won't you please come and have a cup of tea with me tomorrow afternoon. I want to tell you how thankful I am for what you did."

And it was signed, "Sincerely, Mary Thompson."

For some time she stood there before the bar holding the sheet of paper in her hand. Her face remained as hard as ever. Then suddenly the lines about her mouth broke and her lips twisted with emotion.

"And have a cup of tea," she whispered.

Curiously it was on these words that her mind had centered. That was the thing they did—these decent women—when they visited each other. They drank tea and talked.

There passed a moment during which she found herself wishing with all her scarred old heart that she could go across the street to drink tea—and to talk as woman to woman—with Mary Thompson.

What would they talk about? She shook her head. And then, she told herself with eagerness, there was the baby. All women could talk of babies. And she could find much to say of this one. If she could only hold that little form in the crook of her arm again! And feel the soft baby fingers clutching hers! It was not the first time she had known that longing since the day when the two of them had fought their battle together.

Her face went hard. The lines about her lips were once more inflexible. For the wisdom of her breed had returned to her. She knew that pretty little thing across the street did not want to drink tea with her. Ben Thompson would never know the effort the letter had cost its writer. But Lil did.

"Well, it was game of her," she told herself and took a drink. She shrugged her lean shoulders.

That settled it. She was not going.

But did that settle it? Those little slips of big-eyed girls were always stubborn in their quiet way. Now that she had begun this thing, Mary Thompson would be sure to try and see it through. The chances were she would think she had offended Lil by something in the note.

"And she'll come down the street, wheelin' a baby carriage pretty soon," Lil reflected grimly, "and run against me. Then she'll ask me what's the matter—am I mad or something?"

There were elements in the picture which would not be banished from her thoughts. She stood before the bar musing over it for some time. At last she nodded decisively and took another drink.

The blacksmith was shoeing a horse when Lil appeared in his shop door an hour or so later. He stood there, with the hoof clamped between his legs, regarding her with growing perplexity as she said what she had to say.

"Jest tell yo'r wife," she bade him crisply, "that I cain't come over to her house tomorrow. The reason is, I'm quittin' town when the wagons pull out in the mo'nin'." She saw the amazement in his eyes and her smile grew harder. "This place is gettin' too crowded fer me."

That was the only explanation which she offered anyone. And when she was departing in the half light of the dawn, she gave it to the teamster on the wagon seat beside her.

"Well, yo' always was a tramp, Lil," the skinner commented. "Always a-movin' on."

"An' will be till I die." She laughed.

They were passing the blacksmith's house just then. A light was burning in the bedroom. A little wail came forth into the street. Lil's hands went to her lean breast. Then her laughter rose till it drowned the cry.

## When You Marry a Foreigner

(Continued from page 59)

me she was engaged, to say a daring and rather terrible thing.

"Betty"—let's call her Betty and the man Comte de Beauvallon—"Betty," I began, "there's one thing every American girl who marries a Latin ought to know before the knot is tied. American and English husbands generally commence marriage with the idea of staying in love with their wives and being faithful to them forever.

"The men of Latin countries start with exactly the opposite idea. They don't expect to stay in love, and they don't even dream of being faithful. But on the other hand they will probably be more polite and agreeable than the men with better intentions.

"A girl as pretty as you are, if she knows this in the beginning, can very likely bring a miracle to pass. But it takes an American girl to do it! A French girl—or any Latin girl—after a little misery generally puts up with life as it is. She contents herself either by adoring her children or some man who isn't her husband."

Betty couldn't, wouldn't believe darling Louis was like that!

"That isn't the point," I persisted. "Louis thinks he is like all the other men he knows. Your job is to keep him from being like his friends.

"Just realize and remember, my angel child, that, if Louis is true to his traditions, by the time you have been married two years he will scarcely do more than respect you and possibly fight a duel or two for you if necessary.

"It will be Louis's ancestors who will betray you! Fight against them with your own charm. If you married an American, a fine, loyal fellow setting out with you hand in hand along a straight path, you could perhaps—only just perhaps!—afford to relax your vigilance now and then.

"With a Frenchman, or an Italian, or a Spaniard, you cannot do that—no, not for a minute! You must keep up to concert pitch. You must always, every day in every way, be the most delightful, exquisite creature Louis ever met.

"You are that now. Maybe he couldn't marry you if you had no money. But he isn't marrying you for your money. It's because he is fascinated by you.

"If he thinks of the future, he thinks, 'What a pity this divine feeling can't last. But it can't and won't, so that's that.' Show him that he is wrong. Surprise him. Teach him that you're the wonder of the world, and that every other woman is a mere anti-climax after you."

Well, strange to say, Betty wasn't furious with me for my brutality. Whether she took my words to heart, or whether she would have done the same thing without any sophisticated advice whatever, I do not know. At any rate she is not only one of the American idols of Paris today, but the idol of her husband as well. She has sacrificed peace and comfort for this end. But it was worth it!

IN ROME one winter an American girl we knew was the sensation of the season, and had the chance of marrying at least half a dozen desirable young men. Her parents didn't want her to marry a foreigner, for they had an American son-in-law picked out at home. Probably if they had not fussed so much, or if the American had dashed over and done the caveman act, everything would have been different.

Unfortunately for their plans it was left for one of the Italians to play caveman, and he did it very well, as most Italians can. He ran away with the girl to his native Naples. Father and mother had to follow. The young



### Women, too, prefer the Remington Portable

It is only natural that they should—for it is the modern way to write. The Remington Portable has every feature common to the big machines; is easy to operate; does beautiful work always; is compact, and carries its table on its back.

It is the recognized leader in sales and popularity.

Remington Portable is sold everywhere. Easy payment terms, if desired.

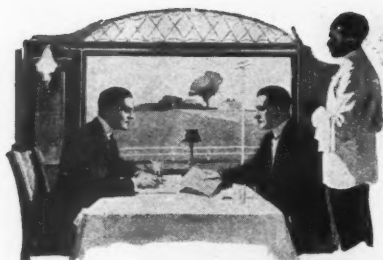
REMINGTON TYPEWRITER COMPANY  
374 Broadway, New York

Write today for illustrated "For You—For Everybody." Address Dept. 122



# Remington Portable





## He Lives Better on \$1,000 a Month!

—Salesmanship the Answer

"My salary as a letter carrier," writes J. J. Graney, a California man, was \$1,200 a year. This is the top in the Post Office. After finishing six assignments of the LaSalle course in Modern Salesmanship, I had the opportunity to go with a real estate company, and I have made good. I have not worked nearly as hard since I have been selling, but have increased my earning power about 400 per cent. During September I earned \$225, October \$300, November close to \$700, and I expect to make \$1,000 this month...."

Are you—like Graney—following a well-organized plan to double—triple—quadruple your salary? Or are you relying for advancement upon business knowledge picked up thru day-to-day experience? LaSalle has added millions and millions of dollars to the earning power of its members. If a successful career is worth 2c and two minutes of your time, check on the coupon the field of advancement that appeals to you, fill in your name and address, and place it in the mail TODAY.

### LASALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY

The World's Largest Business Training Institution

Dept. 355-SR Chicago, Illinois

Please tell me about your salary-doubling plan as applied to my advancement in the business field checked below. Send also copy of "Ten Years' Promotion in One," all without obligation.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Modern Salesmanship              | <input type="checkbox"/> Modern Business Correspondence and Practice |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Business Management              | <input type="checkbox"/> Modern Foremanship and Production Methods   |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Higher Accountancy               | <input type="checkbox"/> Personnel and Employment Management         |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Traffic Management               | <input type="checkbox"/> Expert Bookkeeping                          |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Railway Station Management       | <input type="checkbox"/> Business English                            |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Law—Degree of LL. B.             | <input type="checkbox"/> Commercial Spanish                          |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Commercial Law                   | <input type="checkbox"/> Effective Speaking                          |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Industrial Management Efficiency | <input type="checkbox"/> C. P. A. Coaching                           |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Banking and Finance              |  |

Name .....

Present Position .....

Address .....

### SUCCESS

Would you give 25c to learn how to become a marvelous dancer?



## Popularity Overnight!

GOOD times—lots of fun—popularity! If you're a good dancer—know all the latest steps and are at ease wherever you go you're sure to be popular. And now you can learn the latest dances in a few hours—right in your own home—without music or partner by Arthur Murray's famous print-and-picture method! Not half as expensive as a personal teacher! So simple even a child can quickly learn. And think of it, 250,000 people have already used this simple method to bring them good times!

### Five Dancing Lessons FREE

To prove that Mr. Murray can quickly and easily make you an accomplished dancer, he will send you Free in plain cover, a lesson in Fox Trot, Secret of Leading, How to Follow Successfully, The Correct Dancing Position and How to Gain Confidence. To pay the cost of mailing, handling, etc., send 25c. Learn in private—surprise your friends. Act now. Become popular overnight.

ARTHUR MURRAY, Studio 417  
290 Broadway New York

people were married and the bride was triumphant—for a little while.

But she was a New England girl, and even if she had been wise as the serpent, I hardly believe that Boston and Naples could have been happily mated.

The man—a very attractive young marchese with a brilliant war record in the air service—was as wild as a hawk. He loved the pretty golden-haired girl he had stolen, but he loved himself a great deal more. He was childishly conceited, as many Italians are, and while he had warm impulses and a heart that was not bad, he had in him a cynical and cruel streak and the sharp and bitter wit peculiar to Neapolitans.

The girl had found him a wonderful lover and had been carried out of herself by the romance, but when it was time to settle down into married life she came back to herself again!

That was the trouble. To a New England mind, the man was a perfectly impossible husband.

You could never count on him, never know what he would do next, and that eccentricity was no longer as charming as it was when they had been secretly engaged. So the dove from New England began trying to tame her wild hawk.

She criticized him, and no girl had ever done that before. But even so, if an Italian girl had done it nothing more serious than a few rows would have followed. Two hot-blooded creatures would have outyelled one another in Italian, and in the end have fallen into each other's arms. The Boston girl, however, didn't lose her temper. She was cool and quiet, and she nagged a little. This brought out all that was worst in the complicated Neapolitan nature.

The once adoring lover revenged himself by wittily criticizing his wife's little peculiarities. He played cruelly funny jokes upon her. He made her lose all the self-confidence of a pretty, spoiled girl. As he became sarcastic she became sullen. This state of affairs lasted two years or more, and the pair almost hated each other by the time their child was due to be born.

If the girl had cared to win her husband back then, and had realized the immense power of a woman about to be a mother over the heart of an Italian, there would have been a chance to begin over again. Perhaps she did care, but the barrier was of stone, not of glass, and she couldn't see what was on the other side of it.

The husband begged that his child should be born at his country house not far from Naples. The wife was determined that it should be brought into the world by a certain Boston doctor.

She had her way, and before the baby girl was many months old, letters from friends reported that the Marchese was making a scandal with a Russian dancer in Rome. He was disappointed that the child was a girl, and as his wife had preferred to leave him at such a time she could stay away for all he cared. There is no divorce in Italy, so the law still holds those two together, though their lives are far apart.

FAR be it from me to advise any American girl not to marry the man she wants to marry, whatever country he comes from, for she would do just as she pleases, and hate me in the bargain. However, I have often wondered how long even a very sophisticated and very attractive American girl could keep the affection of a typical Spanish gallant from straying to other women.

To me the Spanish have always seemed the most Latin of the Latins. No pretty woman has had quite all the experience she ought to have in life unless a Spaniard has made love to her, for he can do it in a most thrilling manner if he is worthy of his noble country's traditions.

The difficulty is that the Spaniard makes love too well to waste his talents for long upon

one woman. He simply has to show all lovely ladies who cross his path what they have missed by not encountering him before. The most charming Spaniards are to be found during the gay season at San Sebastian, and in the Spanish season at Biarritz. But the Spaniard isn't quite as great a peril to American girls as are the philanderers of some other nations, for he really seems to prefer his own countrywomen to other women. And no wonder—they are so beautiful!

NOW while the pictures of things I've seen and known are flickering across the screen of memory, I must speak of German husbands. They are of course the very opposite of Spaniards, and for a long time they were well out of the international marriage market. At last they are slowly tiptoeing in again, and cannot be ignored.

They still possess old titles and old castles. Though in many cases their money is gone, that only makes them more dangerous, because more romantic. Popular opinion to the contrary, German men can be very romantic indeed. In Berlin, in Dresden, in Munich, in Cologne, in Baden-Baden and in various garrison towns all over Germany before the war, American girls could meet dazzlingly attractive officers.

Men of the old army set have not changed in looks and manners, though circumstances and pocketbooks are different. No doubt they can make German girls happy, because German girls know what to expect of their husbands; but I doubt that any typical American girl—unless German blood runs in her veins—has ever been, or ever can be, truly happy, married to a German.

German lovers are delightfully sentimental, but no matter how modern they may be they still believe that once a woman becomes theirs she is their property forever. All the flowery German rhetoric is for the engagement days and before.

A German's wife must look nice and keep the house well and have several healthy babies at short intervals. She cannot longer be a charming, whimsical young flirt. She mustn't want too much fun, but she must be willing that her husband should have as much as ever.

In fact, she must be as good as gold and as stodgy as a dumpling; though if she'd been anything like that before marriage, it would have needed a big dowry to make a German man look at her. If a German's wife fulfils these requirements he will be civil to her while her pretty nose is on the grindstone. That's where a self-respecting wife's nose belongs!

I have known a great many delightful German men in their own country and out of it, but I would dare the most open-minded of them to prove I am not right about them as husbands, from an international marriage point of view.

For an American girl and a German husband, the inevitable barrier is neither of glass nor of stone. It's of putty.

Germans who have settled in America or who have been born there no doubt absorb the ideals of their adopted land and become different men. I am not talking of them. I am talking of Germans on their own soil.

I don't know why it is that Austrians, Hungarians, Russians, Dutchmen, Swiss, Swedes, Norwegians, Danes, as well as the men of nations I've dwelt upon at more length, can all be turned into agreeable husbands by the wise Bettys of the U. S. A., whereas I've never yet seen a German-American marriage a success in Germany.

Miracles can happen anywhere, however. No matter what the barrier may be—glass, stone, putty or cotton wool—the most important secret in an international marriage is this: regard that barrier not as an obstacle to happiness but as an interesting and mysterious object you would not for the world break down.

4  
DAY  
TRIA  
FRE



## All you long for Health, Happiness, Success are the Reward of Internal Cleanliness

THE things that mean most in life—social position, financial independence, personal attractiveness—are seldom gained without health. But health cannot be preserved without internal cleanliness—thorough elimination of waste, day by day. Hence, internal cleanliness is literally the foundation upon which happiness and enjoyment of life are based. Medical science has pointed out the dangers that result from faulty elimination. "Many bodily and mental ills arise from this condition," says a noted authority. "Dizziness, headache, insomnia, complexion troubles and excessive nervousness have their almost certain origin in clogging of the intestine." Thus, mental and physical abilities are impaired. As this clogging becomes chronic, more serious conditions appear, until you are the victim of some grave organic disease.



"Regular as Clockwork"

do not overcome faulty elimination," says an eminent specialist, "but by their continued use tend only to aggravate the condition and often lead to permanent injury."

Medical authorities have found in the Nujol lubrication treatment the best means of overcoming faulty elimination. The gentle lubricant, Nujol, softens and lubricates the food waste, thus hastening its passage through and out of the body. Nujol is not a medicine or laxative and does not cause distress. Like pure water it is harmless. Nujol is prescribed by physicians and is used in leading hospitals all over the world.

Remember, if you wish to enjoy continued health and happiness you must maintain internal cleanliness. Take Nujol as regularly as you wash your face or brush your teeth. Nujol makes internal cleanliness a habit—the healthiest habit in the world. For sale by all druggists. Made by Nujol Laboratories, Standard Oil Co. (N. J.)

Tested and approved by the  
Good Housekeeping Bureau of Foods,  
Sanitation and Health

### How to Maintain Internal Cleanliness

Leading physicians advise against the habitual use of laxatives and cathartics. "They

# Nujol

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

## For Internal Cleanliness

Nujol, Room 828 Z—7 Hanover Square, New York

For this coupon and 10c (stamps or coin) to cover packing and postage, send trial bottle and 16-page booklet, "Internal Cleanliness". (For booklet only, check here ☐ and send without money.)

Name.....

Address.....

4  
DAY  
TRIAL!  
FREE!



## Could she earn her own living?

**SHE'S** your daughter—and perhaps you hate to think of her having to work for a living.

But this sort of thing does happen in very nice families—and too often the girl is utterly unprepared for any well-paid occupation. So she takes a poorly-paid job as sales girl, waitress or clerk.

\* \* \*

It's different when there is a Corona in the home. A child who has learned to use Corona Four, with its standard office keyboard, can operate any office machine—and you've provided her with the best kind of an insurance policy against the day when she may be forced to support herself.

Look for Corona in your phone book, or write to Corona Type-writer Co., Inc., 113 Main St., Groton, N. Y.



# CORONA

GERMAN ARMY OFFICERS'  
**FIELD GLASSES**



Brand  
New  
8  
POWER  
**\$9.85**  
POSTPAID

Genuine German War Glasses purchased at exceptionally advantageous rates of exchange and manufactured by most prominent German optical factories. Finest achromatic day and night lenses. 40 m.m. objective. Dust and moisture proof. Pupillary adjustment. Built regardless of cost according to strictest military standards. All glasses guaranteed in perfect condition. Shipped promptly upon receipt of check or money-order with guarantee of full cash refund for any glasses returned.

Order your field glasses today  
**HENDERSON BROTHERS**  
Largest importers of field glasses in America  
95 E. Federal Street, Boston, Mass.

## If I Could Live My Life Over Again

(Continued from page 33)

would have gone far if she had not been tied to her husband. There was nothing to be said against him—except that he alienated her friends, was blind to her interests, and could not understand her jokes. Incidentally, she carried more than half the financial burden. I could not see why she did not leave him.

She spoke of the sanctity of the home, and I was courteous. But I knew what her home was, and what mine had been; I saw no sanctity in them. I was not sentimental about homes.

She painted for me the misery of a lonely old age. But I was impatient. Why should I invest all the years of my life to buy, in my feeble decline, a companionship which probably would not be so very congenial, at that?

So I left marriage for a career. Not that I thought of it in those terms. Naturally I knew that I must continue to be self-supporting, but I thought in terms of dollars, not of careers. It was almost by accident that I began to write.

**B**UT almost at once, quite surprisingly, I was happy. I woke in the morning happy, I worked happily all day, and I sang to myself while getting my lonely supper in my lonely house. There is a great joy in being lonely. It is the joy of freedom, which comes to one afresh from a thousand little incidents. To go where one wants to go, when one wants to, without consulting any other person's needs or plans; to have no standing appointment, so that one may have companionship or solitude as one's mood dictates; in a word, to have nobody in one's life but one's self—that is both peace and exhilaration. Is there a woman long married, however happily, who does not feel that relief and expansion when her husband goes away for a few days? I felt it all the time.

There was, of course, the necessity of making my living. We independent women are in fact slaves to one responsibility which married women usually escape. Yet it is no more difficult for a woman to succeed in business or the professions than it is for her to succeed in the work or management of a house. The independent woman, too, if she succeeds at all, escapes the monotony of a household whose tasks are endlessly repeated. She has at least the illusion of going forward, of accomplishing something.

The rewards of creative work are often brought forward as though they were recompense for missing motherhood. That is like the mistake of the child in arithmetic who tries to subtract the acres from the cows. Motherhood is one thing, and a conscious creation of something that expresses one's own self is another—as every mother knows, while more or less helplessly she watches the beloved strangers growing up in her house. Men are never tired of repeating that no woman's life is complete without children. This is true. But there is another fact no less true, which I have not seen stated. This is the fact that, aside from inevitable death, nothing destroys a woman's life but children.

The woman-animal wants children; all the force of blind emotional life in her makes her want children. But the woman-mind passionately desires to continue to be itself, to keep her wholeness, her integrity, as an individual. She cannot do this if she pours herself into her children. That is why the individual in the woman struggles for its life against the demands of her children.

Let us be frank about this. If we measure the values of life in terms of selfish satisfactions, let us admit that the unmarried woman gets more of them than the wife, and the childless woman more than the mother. We need not ask for proof of this from personal revelations; it is obvious. In societies where women are self-supporting, divorces multiply and marriage breaks down. In societies where methods of birth-control are within reach of the

multitudes, the birth-rate declines. No appeal, no argument, no authority, moral, religious, or legal, can stop these changes. The preference of the individual woman is stronger than church or state; she does not want a husband, nor children, as much as she wants other things which they keep her from having.

There is nothing surprising about this. It has long been recognized that man is a wary creature trapped into marriage, and that he is kept in it only by laws designed to protect the home from his deserting it. Yet consider how light are his burdens, compared to those of his wife. His sacrifice is mainly financial. If she can be self-supporting, she, too, makes a financial sacrifice. He continues his work and his accustomed life. The satisfactions to be had from love and home and children are his, as they are his wife's. He has them without the long discomfort and pain of bearing children, without enduring the slow eating away of his days and years by infinite repetitions of detail, without the mental deterioration which every mother knows who spends her best years in patience on the intellectual level of small children. Yet it is accepted as commonplace that men do not desire marriage and fatherhood in the abstract.

The fact is that marriage is a sacrifice of the individual to the family. Let us realize that this question of self-surrender is the real question before us. In self-satisfactions, independence will give more than marriage, and women know it. The bugaboos set up to keep us from flocking into it are like Charlotte Perkins Gilman's "frightful obstacle." We walk directly through them, as though they were not there. And they are not.

None of the warnings that were given me have proved to be true. I am lonely only so far as I enjoy loneliness. I find many companionships with women, and a few with men, that are more satisfying to me than romantic love. (But I have had that, too.) I have been ill and unhappy and worried, but I have never lacked sympathy and help. At one time I did miss children, and thought of adopting a child, but now I do not want one; I feel not the slightest envy of mothers. I never look wistfully at happy wives. I shall not have a sad old age. I have so many interests, I want to do so many things, that though I live to be a hundred, I shall never have an empty hour in which to sigh beside any of my solitary hearths. My interests, my friends, my work, fill my speeding days so full that I shall miss entirely that time of being empty-handed which comes to mothers when all their children are grown. I shall never live my life over in a grandchild; I shall never, until I die, finish living intensely my own personal life.

**B**UT there is this to say of me—and I believe it to be true of other women whose lives are like mine. In my very deepest self, I am not the woman I might have been. This was the one argument which my friend might have used to keep me married, had she known it.

I look at her now, and she is a better woman than I am. Behind her are forty years of marriage, with a man she does not love. They have been years of working and saving for children who are now far away from her, both in distance and in spirit. Her mind has not developed as it might have done. She has never seen the places that all her life she has wished to see; she has never had time to read the books she wanted to read, and now her eyes are failing, she will never read them. And yet—

The fact is that I am selfish. Oh, not in any crude sense. I do not seize the largest piece of cake, or fail in sympathy for friend or stranger. But fundamentally, to the core of me, I am selfish. I have had the life I wanted, I am living the life I like—I am even friendly to my friends because it gives me pleasure to be

friendl  
ing. S  
to any  
and th

Our  
and to  
accepte  
no bett  
that is  
cently  
else. I  
own liv  
—and

It is  
not m  
yield r  
she can  
that is  
gains n  
again, I  
to the  
her and  
careless

Hum  
self-sur  
ods of  
method  
short c  
been er  
more is  
Only t  
pressur  
sirable  
duty in  
forced.

marriage  
women  
make o  
sonal li  
ing abou  
do this  
We kno  
render t

**T**his,  
not face  
Thousan  
see it,  
gling be  
the clai  
everywh  
married  
profession  
nurses o  
promises  
continue

The v  
marriage  
life, nor  
envelope  
is for or  
satisfact  
children  
is divide  
are more  
selves, g  
she wou  
growing  
asters, a  
realized  
house th  
seems e  
some oth  
doesn't  
her is sti  
and for  
there is  
been mo  
friend, a  
he must  
few days  
it does n  
this is  
about th  
than I.

I do n  
her. Per  
if I were  
one wor  
—if I wo  
stay mar



friendly. Even my virtues are thus in-growing. So that, now, I see that I was never given to anything larger than myself, outside myself, and that now it is too late for me to be.

Our mothers lived relaxed to the flow of life and to destinies outside themselves. They accepted the whole of life—because they knew no better. Carlyle sneered at the woman who said that she accepted the universe. So recently ago as that, women could do nothing else. It is only today that we have set up our own lives against it. We have saved our lives—and perhaps lost them.

It is hard to put this clearly. Because I do not mean that wifehood and motherhood yield richer satisfactions to the woman than she can have without them. I do not believe that is true. It is not that the wife and mother gains more, but that she *is* more. And here again, I do not mean her value to the state and to the race. I mean rather, that life has taken her and used her, sometimes cruelly, always carelessly, and has made her a finer person.

Human beings must be compelled to such self-surrender as that. Nature has her methods of enticing and compelling, but those methods that suffice for the brief matings and short childhoods of other animals have never been enough to coerce mankind. Something more is needed to maintain human marriage. Only two generations ago there was the social pressure of a belief in marriage as something desirable and irrevocable; there was a sense of duty in marriage, which church and state enforced. These forces are weakened, or gone. If marriage and our children are to be saved, women must compel their rebellious selves to make consciously the same surrender of personal life that our mothers made without thinking about it. It is too late now to expect us to do this without knowing what we are doing. We know what it is to live our lives, not to surrender them.

**T**his, it seems to me, is the real issue. I did not face it, because I did not know what it was. Thousands of women of my generation did not see it, either. Most of them are still struggling between the claims of their own lives and the claims of husbands and children. They are everywhere; the self-supporting wife, the married mother who keeps her own name, the professional woman whose children are with nurses or in boarding school. These are compromises; they do not end the struggle that continues within these women.

The woman who gives herself entirely to marriage and the family does not have an easy life, nor, usually, a very happy one. The pay-envelope is not as large for two, or five, as it is for one. Housework has moments of deep satisfactions, and years of monotony. Bearing children is not a joyful business, and a mother is divided into bits among her children. They are more to her than herself, yet they are themselves, going their own ways, making mistakes she would not make but must suffer from, growing up into a world of dangers and disasters, and then—so quickly that she has not realized her years are gone—leaving her in a house that seems empty. To herself, she seems empty, too. She meant to keep up some other interests, she says vaguely, but she doesn't know—she's been so busy. Part of her is still with the children, wherever they are, and for the rest, she takes up club work, and there is the automobile. Her husband, if she has been most fortunately married, is now an old friend, and she is deeply fond of him. But when he must go to that convention, and she has a few days to herself, she says what a difference it does make, not having a man around. All this is true. And yet—there is something about that woman. It is not that she has more than I. It is that she has given more.

I do not know that this is any satisfaction to her. Perhaps she does not even realize it. But if I were twenty again—and I do not retract one word I have said about the joys of my life—if I were twenty again, I would marry and stay married.

# 5-Room ALADDIN \$498

WE PAY THE FREIGHT

You can buy all the materials for a complete home direct from the manufacturer and save four profits on the lumber, mill-work, hardware and labor.



## Attractive Designs—Sturdy Construction

### Fine Lumber

Aladdin houses are all built of beautiful clear "A" Redwood siding, clear flooring, clear interior woodwork and sound, strong framing. Aladdin's free catalog printed in four colors gives all facts. Send for it today.

### Aladdin's 19 years' success

proves that you can do as thousands of other home-builders do every year—save from \$200 to \$800 by building an Aladdin home. There is an Aladdin near you wherever you live. Go and see one. **SAVE** money, time and annoyance by ordering all materials from one reliable manufacturer.

**SAVE 18% Lumber Waste and 30% on the Labor Cost**  
**PRICES** are all Freight Paid to your Railroad Station

**Price Includes** all lumber cut to fit; highest grade interior woodwork, siding, flooring, windows, doors, glass, paints, hardware, nails, lath, roofing, with complete instructions and drawings. **Freight Paid** to your station. Permanent homes—**Not Portable**. Many styles to choose from. **Write nearest mill today for FREE Money-Saving Catalog No. 157.**

**The ALADDIN Co. • Bay City, Mich.**

Also Mills and Offices:

Wilmington, N. Carolina Portland, Ore. Toronto, Ont.

### 6 Rooms \$648



### 7 Rooms \$799



### Story and Half \$825



### 7 Rooms \$998



WE PAY THE FREIGHT

# SHEET MUSIC - 15¢

Ask for Century Edition



THE more intelligent and the more thrifty you are—the more you will appreciate Century Edition sheet music. It is all sheet music can be—the very best edition of the world's very best music. Every note certified to be as the master wrote it. There isn't a reason why you should pay more than the Century price 15¢ (20¢ in Canada,) when you buy "Il Trovatore," "Cradle Song," "Dixie's Land," "Dying Poet," "Dreaming," or any of the other classical and standard compositions. Patronize the Century dealer. Century's low price is possible only because of his small profit. If your dealer can't supply you, we will. Complete catalog of over 2300 selections free.

Thousands of successful teachers use and recommend CENTURY CERTIFIED MUSIC exclusively—because they know it is all that good music can be at half the price or less; and they know parents appreciate the saving.

Century Music Publishing Co.  
247 W. 40th St., N. Y. C.



*Don't let your face touch  
its pillow until your skin has been  
thoroughly cleansed*



## .... Here so soon and so clear-skinned!

—then she asked me, "How in the world do you manage to look so fresh and clear-skinned this early in the morning?"

So I told her of my "three golden minutes" at bed time, when I wipe all the day's dirt from my skin with the perfect cold cream that cleanses and beautifies; the one so pure doctors prescribe it—Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream.

Make it your rule too, never to let your face touch its white pillow at night until your skin has been thoroughly cleansed—and it will soon be noticeably more lovely.

For sale at department and drug stores—the white package with red bands. Tubes, 10c, 25c, 50c. Jars, 35c, 50c, 85c and \$1.50.

There's a "Try-It-Yourself" trial tube for you—Free. Just send the coupon below.

### How to use those "Three Golden Minutes"

I—Smooth a coat of this perfect cold cream over your face and neck.

II—Leave it on a minute to sink in.

III—Wipe off the cleansing cold cream with a smooth cloth and finish with a dash of cold water.

**Daggett &  
Ramsdell's**  
PERFECT  
COLD CREAM



Daggett & Ramsdell, Dept. 2017  
214 W. 14th Street, New York

Please send me the free trial tube of the  
Perfect Cold Cream you offer above.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

In Canada: Daggett & Ramsdell, 165 Dufferin St., Toronto.

## A Garden on the Road to Hell

(Continued from page 41)

regret, but there has never been one moment since I came to prison that I have pitied myself or permitted the pity of others to depress me.

When the book came out I read this and reading it I was sure that the writer was telling the truth. For, you see, I knew Chapin, knew him very well indeed. I was sure that this was exactly what the Chapin I had known down on the Evening World would feel and would say. For the Chapin I had known was a hard man and to the best of my knowledge and belief and to the best of my personal observation he had never manifested real tenderness except in his attitude toward the fragile, faded little woman who was to die by his hands.

In the prison, Charles E. Chapin was Number 69,690. Outside the prison, to the world at large, he ceased to exist. I rarely heard his name mentioned in any company. The physical image of him as I last had seen him, humped over his desk in the Pulitzer Building on Park Row, was growing fainter in my mind. Then one day lately the editor of this magazine said to me:

"You worked under Charley Chapin. You remember, of course, what sort of man he was—his peculiarities, his abilities, his faults and his virtues. I heard you say once that he was one of the most vivid, most outstanding personalities you ever encountered. I think there is a story in the entombing, the total eclipse behind prison walls of such a man. Try to write it, won't you?"

I said I'd try. By a coincidence, in the very same week Chapin came back to life again. At breakfast I was reading the morning paper. On an inside page under a small head appeared a dispatch from Ossining giving a summary of a report just released by the State Prison Commission. Chapin was the only individual mentioned by name. Describing him as "a prisoner possessing exceptional ability and ideas of beauty" the report went on to say this:

He has adorned the gruesome place with flowers, trees and shrubs, and the yard which five years ago was desolate and littered with stones and rubbish is now a thing of beauty. The rose garden is an inspiration to dark and troubled souls.

Again I'm getting ahead of my story. Let me go back.

When I went to work as a reporter and rewrite man on the Evening World, Chapin was its city editor. He had the reputation of being the best city editor in town. He deserved it. He was the best city editor I ever worked for, and in my time I've worked for some of the smartest city editors in this country.

Let me draw a little picture of him as he looked to me on the first day of my service. The picture should be easy to paint because day after day for more than six years I used to see it.

The portrait should show an angular erect man of medium height, quick in his movements, dandyish in his dress. He was prematurely gray, prematurely wrinkled. His chin, which was bony and aggressive, he carried shoved out ahead of the rest of his face; it made you think of the bowsprit of a racing yacht that is moving under full sail. His mouth was a straight harsh slash behind his close-clipped mustache. When he smiled the corners of his mouth did not go up or go down. Merely the slash widened and the mouth took on a mirthless square-ended shape. He had a wonderful sense of humor, but it was satiric, ironic, cruel sometimes. Still, when the joke was on him he would enjoy it just as much as though it had been on some one else. His was not the sort of egoism which holds its owner sacred.

His eyes were curious eyes—a palish, shallow gray in color, and the light which lit them seemed not to come from within his

skull but from without. Ophidians have such eyes, but they are rare in human heads. His voice was high-pitched and nasal. When he was excited or irritated it rose to a sound that was partly a whine and partly a snarl.

Here was a man who was marked for tragedy. I know that now. After the killing I often wondered that I had not known it all along. He was so terribly lonely. He had thousands of acquaintances but I don't believe he had any friendships in the more intimate, more affectionate sense of the word. The fires of an earlier dissipation had blasted him. The blaze was out now and had been out for years and years before I met him, but the scars still showed, as though something inside of him had been burned up; you felt that there were dead cinders in his soul. I'm not trying to be smart at the expense of a man who fell, and fell all the way down to hell. I'm trying to sketch an honest likeness, that's all.

There was another thing which proved that he once had been a master drinker—his craving for sweets. He ate candy, doughnuts, cakes, jams. Every little while during the day he would be sending up to the lunch-room for a slice of pie or a dish of preserved cherries or an order of prunes—anything sticky and sugary that would make an alcoholic ferment in his stomach. He smoked almost incessantly. A hundred times, yes, a thousand times, I've seen him mangling a sodden cigar between bites of his soggy pastries.

AS NEARLY AS we might judge, there were just three things in Chapin's life that he loved. One was power. Authority, the absolute despotism of a city editor's job, the divine right to hire and to fire, to punish and reward, to tell this one to do that and that one to do the other thing, the lordship over the seemingly slack but really exact discipline of a city room—these things were fragrant incenses for his personal altar fires.

And the second of these beloved things was money. He dearly loved money, not for the sake of hoarding it but for what it could bring him in luxury and display. For a newspaper man he had a very large salary. He had inherited something from the estate of Russell Sage, who was his great-uncle. Rich men had shown him how to invest his money to advantage. Office rumor had it that he was always dabbled at this or that speculation. And for all the time I served under him, he apparently was a consistent winner. He lived in an elaborate suite at one of the smartest hotels in town. He owned a trim little yacht. On the Speedway he drove a swift pair of trotting horses; this was before automobiles came in. When they did come in he bought one. He ate at expensive restaurants, patronized expensive tailors, smoked long strong fifty-centers after his dinner, went to Europe or to California on his vacations.

And the third thing that he loved was his wife. I've seen him proving it so many times in so many ways. In her presence his voice softened, his manner changed. Toward her he was gentle, considerate, mindful of the small graces which mean so much to any woman and notably to a woman who is no longer young. Now, in the end he killed that woman. Others who knew him may think what they please, but I, for one, always have accepted his own description of his motives in killing her as an absolutely correct description.

As a newspaper man I am sure, this country has not produced many men who were his equals in his particular field. I never saw one who was quite his equal, all things considered. He had an uncanny knack for ferreting out the news where it was hidden. He was the Bedford Forrest of city editors. You remember about Forrest, the Confederate raider, who could figure out in advance where hell was going to break loose next and get there with

Dust  
welc  
ing c  
when  
Unha  
the s  
ness  
pores  
this s  
Natu  
nigh  
pres  
we m  
To be  
fully  
cream  
softer  
the p  
Tired  
funct  
they  
Some  
natur  
really  
the p  
Ice i  
instan  
the c  
skins  
ient t



*Suppose your eyelids  
failed to close  
when a cloud of dust blows toward you*

Dust in the eyes? How rarely does this unwelcome experience occur, for the protecting eyelids "quick as a wink" snap shut when trouble looms.

Unhappily there is no such protection for the skin. And often its soft, natural fineness is sacrificed because the tiny, delicate pores are subject to the irritating effects of this same dust-laden air.

Nature does her best. The little pore ducts night and day cast out foreign particles and preserve the pliant fineness of the skin. Still, we must help.

To be sure, we use our face creams faithfully to cleanse and nourish. Most face creams have one common purpose—to soften and nourish the skin—but they leave the pores wide open, unprotected as before. Tired, overtaxed, the pores become weak in functioning. And then we wonder why they become enlarged.

Some of us accept this condition as "just natural to my skin." But those of us who really care find ways to reduce and refine the pores to normal invisibility.

Ice is one tested way. Its quick chill instantly contracts the pores and stimulates the circulation. But it is harsh to tender skins, and always more or less inconvenient to use.

Now there is a new and better way—with all the instant pore-contracting benefits of ice, and with none of its fussiness and trouble—a delightful, soothing, refreshing cream, that feels and acts like ice on the skin.

This new cream is called Princess Pat Ice Astringent. It does not take the place of your nourishing creams. It simply finishes the task that they have begun—closes to normal fineness the open, unprotected pores.

While the nourishing cream still remains on the face, apply this delightfully icy and refreshing cream right over it. The sensation is like a cool lake breeze—the effect, an immediate contraction of the pores.

Princess Pat Ice Astringent does not enter the pores. Its smooth contracting action merely restores the refinement of texture to your skin; and its welcome "freezy" chill gently stirs the tiny blood vessels to renewed action, bringing a tide of fresh natural color.

*Powder adheres wonderfully—  
yet cannot clog the pores*

You will be entranced at the youthful beauty which Princess Pat Ice Astringent brings to your complexion. And you will be amazed at how wonderfully your powder adheres—without possibility of its entering and choking the pores.

**Princess Pat**

PRINCESS PAT, Ltd., Chicago, U. S. A.

*How I put my complexion  
to bed*

by "The Princess"

Night is nature's opportunity to build youth into your complexion. First every pore must be thoroughly cleansed with a soft, solvent cleansing cream that removes all secretions, dust and grime. Manipulate gently with upward and outward strokes of the finger tips and wipe off with a soft cloth. Now rejuvenate the oil cells of the skin with a soothing, nourishing cream. Manipulate very gently, and let sleep do the rest. I suggest Princess Pat Skin Cleanser and Princess Pat Cream for this night treatment.

*How I awaken my complexion  
in the morning*



Cool—not cold—water is permissible. Dry the face. Now again use your nourishing cream. Just a thin coating this time, manipulating with the finger tips. Then while the cream still remains, spread your ice astringent right over it. Now your pores are contracted—protected. And when both creams are wiped away together you have the ideal base for your powder and Tint.

*How I Tint*



My way of applying Tint gives, I think, the nearest approach to nature. I use a dry rouge as its transparency lets the luminous quality of the skin show through, and for waterproof, lasting effect, I apply before powdering. Pat it on in the shape of a V with the point toward the nose, leaving a space in front of the ear clear of color. Blend softly. This is nature's own design. I recommend Princess Pat English Tint as by far the most natural, but there is also Medium Rouge if you prefer it.

*How I Powder*



If you value the natural refinement of your skin—do not powder over open pores. Be sure the pores are naturally contracted. Powder profusely over face and neck but take pains to blend softly to leave no chalky patches. All beauty specialists agree on almond as one of the most beneficial ingredients for the skin. For this reason I use an almond base powder that is healing as well as beautifying. And it adheres wonderfully.

*Free—  
this demonstration package*

Containing a liberal amount of both Princess Pat Ice Astringent and Princess Pat Cream. After several days' trial on your own complexion, entirely without cost, let your mirror be your guide.

Princess Pat, Ltd., Dept. 253  
2701-9 S. Wells Street, Chicago

Please send Free Demonstration Package to

Name .....

Address .....

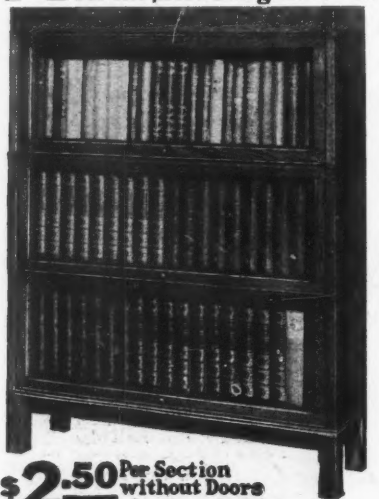
City .....

State .....

(Print Name and address plainly)



## A Good Bookcase for the price of a good book!



**\$2.50** Per Section  
without Doors  
With Disappearing Glass Doors **\$3.25** Per Section  
**On Approval—Direct to User**  
**Lundstrom**  
IT GROWS WITH YOUR LIBRARY  
**SECTIONAL BOOKCASE**  
Endorsed by Over 100,000 Users

Made for and universally used in the finest homes and offices throughout the country. Made in sections of different sizes, combining utility, economy and attractive appearance. Style shown above is beautifully finished in SOLID OAK. Price complete as shown with top, base and three book sections with non-binding, disappearing, felt-cushioned glass doors, \$13.76; without doors, \$11.50. In mahogany finish, with doors, \$16.25; without doors, \$13.25. Other styles in different grades and finishes at correspondingly low prices. Shipped direct from factory ON APPROVAL at a considerable saving TO YOU. Write for new catalog No. 40.  
**The C. J. Lundstrom Mfg. Co., Little Falls, N. Y.**  
Manufacturers of Sectional Bookcases since 1899



Do you know  
you can obtain the

# VENUS PENCIL

with  
**RUBBER END**

Unrivalled for smooth  
writing qualities pro-  
viding pencil luxury  
and pencil economy in  
the highest degree.

10c each  
\$1.20 per doz.

Ask for **VENUS 2B**—  
a soft pencil for general  
use.

At your dealers or write us direct

**American Lead Pencil Co.**  
219 Fifth Ave. New York

**VENUS**—The largest selling  
Quality Pencil in the world  
17 black—3 copying degrees

his men before it broke? Well, that was Chapin, all over.

You couldn't deceive him, you couldn't hoodwink him. With the professional skepticism that is an essence, instinctive or acquired, of every seasoned newspaper man's nature, he was as quick to sense the buried nub of a news story as he was to detect that a reporter miles away from the office was soldiering on the assignment he had been detailed to cover. Sitting there at his desk, far remote from the scene of actual operations and yet mindful of their progress and their development, he suggested a spider in the heart of its web, with eyes all over his body and a sensitive touch upon every invisible radiating thread.

Behind his back his men cursed him for a Simon Legree, a slave driver, a tyrant. But they gave him the best they had in them. Because if he never spared them, this taskmaster of theirs never spared himself, either. And he stood loyally behind his men so long as they kept the faith with him.

Well, that was Chapin when he was going strong. He was going very strong when I quit the Evening World to try to make a living as a contributor to magazines. I used to see him occasionally after that. Always he was still the same old Chapin—cold-blooded, implacable, dictatorial, captious, suspicious, cynical, incredibly resourceful, as unyielding as granite and as dependable; a self-contained autocracy radiating competency. Maybe he'd be a bit grayer, maybe a little more wrinkle in the jowls, but in all essential regards he remained a figure and a personality unaltered.

He looked and seemed and acted so when I last saw him at his desk a few days before that in September of 1918 on which he shot his wife. And after that I didn't see him again through more than six years—not until the day before the day when I sat down to write what you have been reading here.

SING SING is an example of the very worst that the prison builders of a hundred years ago could do. There is a cell block where no reasonably humane man would care to house a hog. For upwards of a century—and this is a compliment to the callousness of legislators and the rest of us, too—living men have been buried in it so that its damp and sunless cells fairly stink with the tally of misery and discomfort which its inmates have endured.

Humane keepers have done what they could to help. There are no stripes now, no shaven heads any more, no torture chambers, no lock-step, no rule of silence. A convict seeing a visitor approach does not have to turn his face to the wall and stand staring at that wall until the stranger has passed. The present warden, Lewis Lawes, is a sane and kindly man. He is responsible for a score of rational reforms for which the men he holds as prisoners have reason to call him blessed. Under him they are human beings and are treated as such, not as penned-up vicious animals.

But there was one thing which none of the wardens until Lawes took over, ever thought to do. Cruel punishments had been abolished and senseless humiliations; but to no one in authority did it occur that beauty might find a place and serve a gallant purpose within the walls of our oldest state prison.

Sing Sing was set in a swamp under a hill. At first, when the tide was high the Hudson River rose until the waves almost washed the foundations of the main cell block. By degrees the low spots within the enclosure were filled in. Rock was thrown there and cinders, until the level of the flat had been lifted several feet. For ninety-odd years thereafter the place was a dumping ground for rubbishy litter.

It was a yard, so-called. It was an offense against all decent yards to call it so. It was covered over, piled up with broken boulders, heaps of rusty iron, discarded timbers, mountains of tin scrap, all the refuse and waste and debris which will accumulate where 1500 men abide in close quarters. It was that those 1500 men had to look at, day in, day out.

## Cosmopolitan for March, 1925

There was one small patch of struggling grass and in an odd nook a tiny flower bed where in summer a few bedraggled flowers contended against neglect and lack of nourishment.

I was taken into this yard last Tuesday. In shape it was a rectangle. On all four sides the departments of the prison flanked it in. Behind the buildings enclosing them in turn were high walls. But when you looked across that stretch you could forget that it was the heart of a dreary prison compound. It was splendid. There were spaces of lawns, soft and luxuriant, with flagged walks brocading them like strips of gray lace laid down on green velvet. There were orderly rows of specimen evergreens, clumps of trim shade trees, masses of ornamental shrubbery arranged with taste and discrimination. There were vines on the walls to mask their bleakness. And everywhere there were flowers—familiar flowers which I knew by sight, if not by name, rare flowers which so far as I could recall I had never seen before.

There was an artificial pool, and upon its surface floated white and yellow and part-colored water-lilies. There was a rose garden of such size and richness and all so well tended, all so carefully laid out as involuntarily to make you think it properly should be the possession of a millionaire fancier. Seeing it here, one would have said, offhand, that Sing Sing's management had benefit of the services of a trained landscape gardener and a force of skilled horticulturists.

And that somewhat common type, the worthy citizen who is against the pampering of criminals as a matter of principle, probably would go further and, with a slightly rising temperature, begin to wonder how many thousands of dollars had come out of the funds of the State in order that these roses might bear and bloom for felon eyes to look upon their glory and felon noses to inhale their perfumes. Right here I would urge calmness upon any such. This flower show didn't cost the taxpayer an extra red cent; and this fact, next only to the fact that these flowers should be growing where they are growing, was to me the biggest and the most wonderful fact about the whole amazing thing.

The agency which turned a dump pile into a treasure had not been content to stop short on that. Not an odd-shaped scrap of earth, not a tucked-in corner behind a building or within a recess in the walls but was brilliant with flowers and grass. The eye strayed downward from wattled windows and guarded watch-towers to rest on zinnias and cannas and asters and all manner of autumnal blooms. It was like bridging two separate worlds in a glance; one a malefactor's world of misery and despair, the other a world of sweetness and gentleness and hope and high intent.

I saw how the approach to the new death house had been planted, so that the last outdoor thing a condemned man sees as he is marched into the barred corridor from which he does not issue forth again ever, is the loveliness of green grass and fair flowers. I saw a backed-in space where formerly garbage cans were kept. It must have been a noisome spot then. Now, so they told me, it is in the spring a sight worth traveling miles to see. Sing Sing's prize tulip bed is there in the center and in May and June, after the jonquils and the hyacinths which hedge them about have quit blooming, thousands of tulips wave their cups in a little circling sea of color.

I visited, one after another, four greenhouses, each a model for neatness. When I came to the last greenhouse of the four I decided that it was the best one of them all. It was so bright, so spotless, so fragrant, so bowered in viney and tropical-looking plants and bushes and shrubs. Its concrete beds and basins were so trim and neat, its glass sides so clean, its trellises so straight and exact, its wall vines so healthy-looking, its caged songbirds—a canary and a bullfinch—so well groomed and plump, so altogether unmindful that they also were doing life sentences in close confinement at Sing Sing.

Now, this particular greenhouse had its special history. It abutted against the old death house, at present converted into a store-room, and itself it was the morgue of that old death house before convict laborers working with odds and ends of metalware and wood made it what it is now. Here, after an electrocution, they used to bring the carrion which had been a man, and which now was officially to be dealt with in the interests of science—in other words, to be cut into and cut up. On the slab where a hundred autopsies had been performed potted flowers stood very thick, and in the sink where the anatomists washed their tools when the job was done, sheaves of cut flowers were lying in cool clear running water.

So I faced the white-haired, erect, sharp-spoken man who had escorted me on the tour. "Boss," I said to him, "in the old days down on the Evening World I never would have dreamed that a time would come when you'd be an expert florist."

"Nor I," he said, and then a twinkle came in his pale gray eyes. "I'd never planted anything in my life—except a few wild oats."

"You ought to see him now," put in the principal keeper, who had joined us. "He's up every morning at five o'clock and out here among these flowers and I guess he'd stay out here with 'em all night if he could. And he's got a whole library of books on flowers and knows 'em off by heart."

"I used to have a harder job than getting up at five o'clock," said the white-haired man. "I used to have to get Cobb up out of bed and down to the office by nine o'clock every morning."

He turned and caressed an exotic shrub and pressed the mold down about its stalk.

"Well, it takes a lot of personal attention to make flowers yield their best," he said, in the manner of one explaining to novices. "The warden gives me all the men I need and I've yet to see a prisoner who wasn't glad to help me out at this work—they'll volunteer for it without waiting to be assigned; but there are some things I wouldn't want to trust anybody else to do. Watering, for example. One plant wants a lot of water; another would be drowned if you gave it half as much. And there are certain other things I wouldn't let anybody else try to do until he'd been properly trained at it. So what with one thing and another I'm pretty busy for a man who's getting along in life. Tomorrow is my birthday—I'll be sixty-six. That's why I suggested that you come today. On my birthday I don't want to see anybody. Anyhow, with winter coming on and so many plants to be got indoors, I can't spare much time."

It was the same old Chapin who spoke. Only he was white now when he used to be gray, but with the same quick, decisive movements, the same bony, projecting chin upheld at a combative angle, the same flashes of a stern and mordant humor, the same trick of chewing on a pipe stem or a cigar butt, the same imperious gestures, the same air of being a creature unbendable and uncrushable. But it was hard to reconcile the image of the Chapin I once served under with the present Chapin who had made over a charnel-house and a garbage dump into beauty spots.

"How did you get started at this work?" I asked.

"It was simple enough," he said. "After the paper died on us I did clerical work for the warden. The judge had condemned me to hard labor but that was a figure of speech. I couldn't stand heavy manual labor; physically and mentally I was all shot to pieces. So I answered letters and filed correspondence and helped in the library."

"One day the warden said to me: 'You look peaked. How often do you get outdoors?'"

"Not very often," I said.

"Well, when were you out for a breath of air and a taste of sunshine?" he said.

"I can't remember," I said, and that was



What a whale of a difference  
just a few cents make

**WEDDINGS**

Engraved INVITATIONS and ANNOUNCEMENTS—VISITING CARDS

Correct in form. Perfect in execution. Direct from the nation's capital. Moderate prices. Send for samples. *Established 1900.*

HAUSLER & CO., Dept. C  
Washington, D. C.  
6 Engraved Birthday Cards 50c.

**Music Lessons**

WITH AN ACCREDITED SCHOOL

**At Home**

**A Complete Conservatory Course By Mail** Wonderful home study music lessons under great American and European teachers. Endorsed by Paderewski. Master teachers guide and coach you. Lessons a marvel of simplicity and completeness.

**Any Instrument** Write telling us course you are interested in—Piano, Harmony, Voice, Public School Music, Violin, Cornet, Mandolin, Guitar, Banjo, or Reed Organ—and we will send you Free Catalog with details of course you want. Send now.

UNIVERSITY EXTENSION CONSERVATORY  
112 Siegel-Myers Bldg. Chicago, Illinois

**Open a Tea Room of Your Own**

FORTUNES are being made in Tea Rooms and Motor Inns everywhere. You can open one in your own home—city, town, country or resort, and make money hand over fist or manage one already going. Big salaries paid to trained managers; shortage acute. We teach you entire business in a few weeks. You train in spare time at home at cost of but a few cents a day. Be independent. Write for Free Book "Pouring Tea for Profit."

LEWIS TEA ROOM INSTITUTE  
Dept. L-202 Washington, D. C.

**New Way to Make Money at Home**

We have openings for a few new members in Fireside Industries, a national organization of artistic home-workers. No experience needed. We teach you just what to do and furnish outfit to members without extra cost. Satisfaction guaranteed.

**FREE BOOK TELLS HOW**

You can easily make extra money, in spare hours or full time without leaving home. Fascinating work, decorating beautiful art novelties to supply big demand. Read experiences of successful members. Send 2c now for postage on FREE BOOKLET giving full details.

FIRESIDE INDUSTRIES  
Dept. A-233 Adrian, Mich.



## How to Double Your Money in 10 Years

ARE you aware that your money can be invested in Forman First Mortgage Real Estate Bonds, yielding  $6\frac{1}{2}\%$ , so that it will actually double itself in a little over ten years' time—without risk or speculation of any sort?

One of our leading financiers recently said, "I do not believe America will ever have a more excellent type of investment than First Mortgage Bonds on Real Estate." And now you can obtain Forman Real Estate Bonds by regularly setting aside any given sum or any certain portion of your income.

We have recently published a very interesting book on starting and building a fortune through Real Estate Bonds. It shows the amazing way money grows—and contains charts showing how to accumulate from \$10,000 to \$100,000 in a given number of years. We will mail a copy postpaid and without obligation of any kind. Merely send a postcard or a letter.

**GEORGE M. FORMAN & COMPANY**  
First Mortgage Real Estate Bonds  
Dept. A-303, 105 W. Monroe St., Chicago  
40 Years Without Loss to a Customer

Sent  
FREE



## Birth Control

Dr. W. J. Robinson's famous book "Birth Control" now in its 26th edition is acknowledged the best book ever written on this subject. It contains 254 pages, printed on fine paper and beautifully bound in cloth. The regular price is \$2.00, but through a special arrangement, and for a short time only, we offer it to you for only \$1.25—almost one-half the regular price. Order your copy at once. Pay postman \$1.25 plus postage when book arrives. Don't miss this opportunity.

Eugenics Pub. Co., Dept. 293, 1655 Broadway, N. Y. C.



Just 17c

a Day  
Pays for  
this  
Beautiful  
Chair

Over 1000 other bargains. Furniture, Rugs, Lamps, Silver, China, Blankets, Stoves, etc. Save big money at our Factory-to-Family prices. Pay as little as \$3 down; up to a year and a half to pay balance. Get all your furnishings at once—pay as you use. Thousands buying this new way.

### Big Catalog FREE

New Spring "Larkin Book of Better Homes" Shows everything for parlor, porch, dining-room, bedroom, kitchen. Bargain Prices on famous Symphonica Phonographs. Also Symphonica Pianos, Player-Pianos in genuine Mahogany, Walnut, Fumed Oak. 30 Days trial. Up to 4 years to pay. Satisfaction or money back. Check below article interested in.

- ☐ Home Furnishings
- ☐ Pianos or Players
- ☐ Phonographs

Cut out this ad.—write TO-DAY for FREE Book.

**Larkin Co. Inc.**  
Dept. 312, BUFFALO, N. Y.  
Peoria, Ill. Chicago, Ill.

the truth. I believed I either would die or go crazy before very long and I preferred to beat the craziness by dying as soon as possible. Anyhow, back there I didn't want to see anybody. I hated to leave my cell in the morning. I was glad to get back to it at night. You can cultivate a quick crop of morbidness up here, if you devote yourself to it. It's different now since I went in for flowers. I'm glad to show people around my gardens and through my greenhouses. Curious, isn't it?"

But it wasn't curious; I understood and he knew I understood. He went on:

"But I'm getting off the track. I was telling you about what the warden said to me that time. 'So you can't remember when you were outdoors last?' he said. 'Well, then, I want you to quit this job and get out in the sunshine! Why not dig in the garden?'"

"There isn't any garden fit to wear the name," I said.

"All right," he said, "then go ahead and make one."

"This is one place where an order is an order. Besides, I used to give orders; I flattered myself that I also knew how to take them. So I went to work."

"What did you have to start with?"

"Two old florists' catalogs that I found in the library. On them I started my education. Then I got a set of garden tools. They came as a gift from the Catholic chaplain, Father Cashin. As a rule, you know, Catholic priests haven't much money to spare; but when I told him the fix I was in he went up in the village and he bought two little sets of garden tools—rake and trowel and shovel and so on. He took one set to his old mother—she's dead since then—and he brought the other set back here to me. I took 'em, but I didn't know what to do with them nor where to start in nor what I was going to plant. That was the beginning."

BY DEGREES the rest of the story came out. Chapin supplied some of it, the principal keeper supplied some, a copy of a letter which Chapin wrote to the editor of a gardening magazine supplied some. At the outset, Chapin spent the full amount of his quarterly allowance on a grass mower and a garden hose. After that he must wait three months before he would be in funds to buy lawn seed with. So he dug down into his tobacco money and bought some seed. He found the soil was too poor, too ill-nourished for the growing of plants. The warden set a gang at work digging out and filling in with loam.

With the grass plots started, Chapin and another prisoner went broke buying a few gladiolus bulbs and a pinch of fertilizer. A florist in Tarrytown learned what project was afoot. He sent a wagon-load of plants—not culls but prime healthy specimens—with his compliments. A private grower in the neighborhood heard the news. He robbed his own gardens for contributions. Chapin may have been dead and buried to the world at large, but here and there were persons—dealers and individual flower lovers—who knew about what Number 69,600 was trying to do. From all over the country gifts poured in. Fifteen hundred bulbs came from one donor and two thousand from another—in all more than eight thousand. Here's an extract from the letter which Chapin wrote to the editor of that gardening magazine:

On the day I began my fifth year behind prison walls I planted the first blue spruce and was so proud of it that I would come into the garden at five o'clock in the morning to admire its beautiful foliage. A friend came to visit me and shared my admiration to the extent of buying me five more like it and when another friend, a few weeks later, asked why I didn't continue the planting to the end of the cell block and was told 'there is but one reason' he guessed what it was and suggested that they be ordered and the bill

sent to him. The trees had begun a life sentence in Sing Sing before the final whistle blew the following day.

Another friend sent me \$50 to buy something for the garden and I had a hard struggle trying to decide how my fortune should be spent . . . Fifty dollars is a lot of money to a 'lifer,' yet when I studied the pages of the florists' catalogs my heart craved so many beautiful plants described in them that I felt like a child with a penny to spend shopping for bonbons at Maillard's. There was a choking in my throat when I wrote an order for shrubs, but no sooner had the letter gone that I spied Father Cashin. I asked him to offer a special prayer for bulbs, and he did, and the very next day came a letter from a bulb importer on Long Island, saying that he had just heard about our prison garden and, 'although our house was robbed last week I am sending you 500 tulip bulbs to help beautify your prison and hope they will gladden the hearts of your associates.'

Originally it was Chapin's ambition to plant a dozen rose-bushes. His rose garden next spring will contain nearly three thousand bushes.

Mainly he told me these facts, not boastfully but with the proper pride of a proper craftsman in an undertaking well done. Mostly we talked about his flowers, or rather he did, larding his speech with technical terms and Latin names. Nothing was said by either of us about repentance or atonement or regeneration or the recapturing of a man's self-respect. Not much was said about the past. Nor about the future. When you came right down to it, there isn't much future to talk about in the case of a man sixty-six years old who is serving not less than twenty years, with no prospect of a parole or a pardon. He didn't invite my sympathy and I didn't bestow it.

As a matter of fact, privately I found myself filled with a sentiment very different from sympathy. I found myself offering him the tribute of a sincere admiration for a first-rate job of work. To myself I said: "This man may have gone all the way down to hell but, by God, he's come all the way back again. It was a round trip that Chapin took!"

Just before I left, I asked a final question: "Oh, boss, there is one thing I'd almost forgotten. How do you protect your flowers?"

He stared at me. "Protect them?" he repeated. "Protect them from what?"

"Why, from vandalism inside the walls—from prisoners who'd trample on them or pluck them. Do you keep one of your helpers on guard when you're off duty, or what?"

"Listen," he said. "To my knowledge no man that's locked up here has ever touched one of my flowers except to do it good. No man, however great his hurry, or however deep in the misery of his own thoughts he is, has ever put a careless foot on my lawn. If he did, any one of fifty of these old roughneck long-termers would haul off and knock him cold. Lord knows I don't need any guards for my garden, but if I should need 'em they're right here—twelve hundred prisoners."

On that I came away. I think Chapin will die in Sing Sing; he's sixty-six, you remember. He has no money and so I suppose that when he does die the State will bury him, and that means he'll have no tombstone, only a marker. But I hope somebody writes a word or two on the marker. I offer a suggestion: Let them write there what the State Prison Commission said about his rose garden being an inspiration to certain sorts of men. It's only a line; but I'll tell the world that it'll fit the case.

Megruer and I were right when we wrote that play and in it said that you can't lock up brains; that a prison may become a forcing bed for a human intelligence. But in our ignorance we didn't go far enough. If I were helping to write that play now, I'd insist on adding something. I'd try to show that a prison—even a prison—may serve as a place for the rebirth of a twisted and tortured soul.



# The Ancient Highway

(Continued from page 65)

in a smile and he held out his two hands as if about to give a benediction. He was even thinner than when Clifton had last seen him. His clothes were ragged and his hair had grown lank about his ears.

"Forgive me, dear Clifton, for disturbing your ears with this exhortation of a hopeless sinner," he cried. "He took me for a tramp and I have put him properly in his place."

Clifton seized the little man's hands, and in his amazement his first words were, "You came with them?"

"With whom?" asked the monk.

"Mademoiselles Gervais and Clamart."

"The two pretty demoiselles I saw through your windows? The Saints forbid! It is my opinion the dark-haired wench is unsafe to travel with, unless one carries a potion against the witchcraft of black lashes and the bottomless pools they sometimes cover."

"You have noted her closely?"

"Very," said Alphonse, unabashed. "I scarce noticed the other. If Mademoiselle St. Ives knew this dark-eyed one was here, with lashes black as jet and half as long as her finger—"

"She sent them," interrupted Clifton, and he gave Antoinette's letter to the monk.

ALPHONSE read the letter slowly and with undisguised amazement, and when he was done he stood for a full half-minute staring at nothing at all through the window.

"It may be she is right, Monsieur," he said then. "Surely men alone cannot win for us in this fight. I know—because for ten days I have been in the camps of the Philistines, an humble missionary carrying the word of God among Ivan Hurd's lawless scoundrels, and my eyes have been open." Suddenly his voice filled and his cavernous eyes burned. "*Cher dieu*, I think I perceive what Antoinette St. Ives has foreseen a million miles ahead of us! There will be outlawry in the woods this year and mayhap desperate happenings and fighting and even deaths! The government will come—its investigation *must* come. On one side it will find Hurd and his political power and his foreigners from Ontario and Maine. And on ours it will find women and children and schools and music and the word of God on Sundays. My dear Sainte Anne, the knell has struck! Justice must be given where there are women and children and these other things—even against the might of Ivan Hurd!"

The little monk's thin hands were atremble and a flush had gathered in the hollows of his cheeks. Eugene Bolduc had risen to his feet and seemed to hold his breath as he listened. Clifton felt his heart throbbing harder against his ribs as the amazing truth of the thing rushed upon them with a numbing effect.

The brief interval of silence was broken by laughter and light footsteps.

Through the open doorway came Anne Gervais. Her cheeks and eyes were aglow.

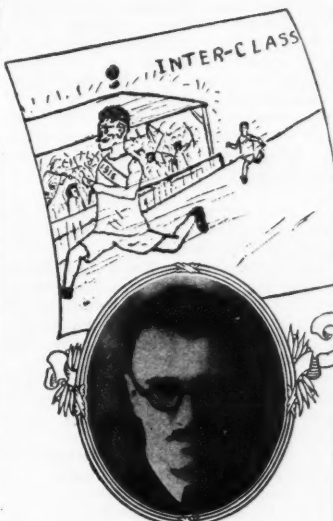
"Pardon!" she cried. "But, Monsieur—"

And then, facing her, she saw Alphonse the monk. Instantly words died on her lips. She drew in a quick breath, and her eyes slowly widened as she stared at him. Then the monk raised his head and looked at her calmly.

"It is me you should pardon," he said gently.

"I can see that you are shocked, child, at beholding a member of the priesthood in such disreputable attire, but Monsieur Brant will tell you I have just come in from arduous travel in the forest. Are you Anne—or Catherine?" and a quizzical smile twisted his face as he advanced and took her hand.

"I am Anne," she said in a low voice that was filled with relief. "Forgive me, Father. Won't you come to our cabin? We have soap and towels, and it will be a pleasure for us to serve you."



Hugh M. Hutton



## Ten Dollars an Hour for Drawing

COMPARE the illustrations shown above. The crude sketch on the left was made by Mr. Hutton before taking the Federal Course. The other, he drew after completing his training. Mr. Hutton says: "One of my very first drawings was the sketch shown above. I am not proud of it. The other I made recently for a college publication. I drew it in five hours and got \$50.00 for it. You can judge for yourself whether I have progressed. Whatever success I may have achieved as an artist I attribute to the Federal Course. I believe it is fundamentally right and that anyone who earnestly tries can learn to draw by studying it."

Can you draw as well as Mr. Hutton did at first? Then with similar training you can learn to draw just as professionally. It is all in the will to succeed.

### There Is a Fortune in Illustrating

Think of the money you can make from your drawings. The world wants ideas. Publishers and commercial organizations all over the country spend millions of dollars annually for good drawings. Some illustrations for magazine covers bring as much as \$1000.00 apiece. Think of getting \$200.00 apiece for five drawings for a story. If you like to draw, let your talent make your fortune. Develop it. It takes practice, but so does anything worth while. Learning to illustrate is fascinating to anyone who likes to draw.

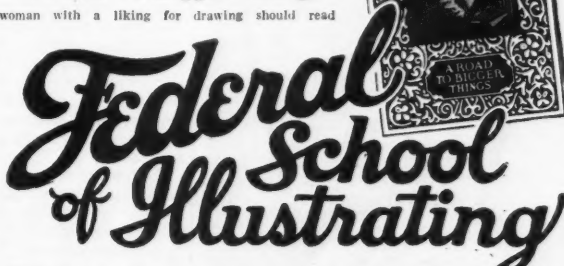
### The Federal Master Course—A Proven Result Getter

The Federal School has taught hundreds of successful students. That is because its method of instruction is right. The Federal Staff includes such nationally known artists as Sid Smith, Neysa McMein, Clare Briggs, Charles Livingston Bull, Fontaine Fox and Norman Rockwell. These artists have succeeded and in the Federal Course they tell you how. They *know* how to teach drawing.

### Send Today for "A Road To Bigger Things"

Every young man and woman with a liking for drawing should read

this free book before deciding on their life's work. It is illustrated and tells all about illustrating as a profession and about the famous artists who have helped build the Federal Course. It also shows remarkable work by Federal students. Just write your name, age, occupation and address on the coupon, mail it to us with six cents in stamps and we will send you a copy of the book free. Do it right now while you're thinking about it.



#### FEDERAL SCHOOL OF ILLUSTRATING

303 Federal School Building, Minneapolis, Minn.

Name.....Age.....

Address.....

Occupation.....

# At Last! Here's a Vanitie for Loose Powder That Cannot Spill



In this new, patented, non-spilling vanitie, you can now safely carry your favorite loose powder wherever you go.

**Norida**  
Vanitie  
for Loose Powder

When it's empty, refill it yourself in a few seconds with your favorite soft powder.

Norida Vanitie comes filled with *Fleur Sauvage* (wild-flower) Poudre, in your favorite shade. Sold in all stores that carry beauty requisites. Price \$1.50.

If your dealer cannot supply you, send \$1.50 and we will mail a Norida Vanitie postpaid. State the shade of powder you prefer.

Economical, Sanitary,  
Convenient—Simple to  
Operate—No more  
cake powder necessary.



**NORIDA PARFUMERIE**  
630 S. WABASH AVE., CHICAGO, ILL.

"I will come," said the monk without hesitation. "Monsieur Clifton, you will surely excuse us, for such unexpected happiness and promise of comfort I cannot put away from me. Gladly would I place this lovely Anne on the calendar of saints if I had the power!" And as he went with Mademoiselle Gervais, he turned and added in a low voice over his shoulder: "Remember, Monsieur. *This is the eighteenth day.*"

CLIFTON turned to Eugene and found him staring through the window.

"He fills me with chills, like a dead man's ghost," said Eugene, without looking behind him. "And he left me a curse strong enough to loosen the teeth in my head if my tongue forgets itself! What did he mean by that eighteenth day, Monsieur?"

"It was a reminder that I am contracted to meet Gaspard St. Ives in Saint Felicien on the twentieth day after my departure from Metabetchewan," explained Clifton.

"He is talking with great earnestness to Mademoiselle Gervais," grunted Eugene. "I don't blame him," said Clifton.

"And they have swerved from the path that leads to the cabin and are wandering toward the big rocks at the river's edge."

"Which proves him man as well as monk." Eugene turned about with a shrug.

"He has aged ten years since I saw him last, six months ago," he said. He caught himself almost sharply. "That is why I mistook him for a vagabond, as you heard him say. He is like a dried-up dead man walking about."

"You make a poor liar, Eugene," laughed Clifton good-humoredly. "But I am not curious enough just now to ask questions. I am excited by all these happenings and what they mean to us. How long will it take to build the schools? Logs, of course, and say twenty by forty feet inside measurement."

Eugene set to figuring on a pad of paper. "Seventy-two logs in each, nine-foot walls, without counting floor or roof," he said. "Six men to a building, one day for the logs, three for the raising and three for roof and floor. Seven days, Monsieur, or the four in a month."

"Good! Choose the six men, Eugene—the best with ax and saw we have. I'll give you plans and locations at supper-time, and tonight I'll send out an order for four of the finest little-red-schoolhouse bells that can be bought in Quebec or Montreal."

He felt a curious sense of elation as he went to his own room, set off at the end of the building in which were the store and the office. This feeling was more than optimism. It was the conviction that something had happened which had completely changed his footing in the approaching struggle with Hurd. He had feared a certain crisis; now he found himself looking forward with almost eager anticipation to the event which had worried him—the government investigation which was bound to follow serious trouble in the woods, and which was equally bound to make somebody pay. Hurd's gangs might overwhelm the Laurentian men in fighting strength, but they could not drive out or harm women and children—or Antoinette St. Ives or Anne Gervais and Catherine Clamart. And school-bells would be ringing when the government men came!

At first he accepted this unexpected change in the situation as the one cause of his rising spirits. But as he shaved himself another factor came creeping in. This factor was Anne Gervais—and behind was Antoinette St. Ives. A part of Antoinette had seemed to come into the woods with Anne. It had looked at him out of her bewitching eyes. He dressed himself with unusual care.

After his toilet he spent an hour drawing the plans for a school and deciding on their locations. Then he went to the guest cabin.

Evidently the monk had received his grooming and was gone. Anne and Catherine had slipped into fresh things. It was Anne who filled Clifton's eyes, though he kept that fact

to himself. Outwardly he may have looked a little oftener at Catherine—a bit longer at Anne.

Anne had put on a simple gown, and with this her black hair was parted in the middle and smoothed like shining silk, with the heavy coil of it on her neck, so that if Clifton had been an artist he would have thought of but one picture to paint—the Mother Madonna.

While they were checking up the school-house plans and talking business seriously, Anne's face was filled with the gentleness and sincerity of an angel's. But when, a quarter of an hour before supper, she walked alone with Clifton at the edge of the river, little devils of mischief lurked in her eyes as she looked up at him from under her long lashes.

"Like all other men who know her, I suppose you have fallen in love with Antoinette St. Ives," she said, and she put a hand lightly on his arm to steady herself over the rocks.

"I admire her," said Clifton. Anne laughed softly. "I hope she marries Colonel Denis. I have tried to bring about the match for years. But I think—"

"What?" asked Clifton in spite of himself.

"That she loves another man," said Anne. Clifton's heart stopped beating. "And the tragedy of it is that this man is the one man in the world who does not love her," continued Anne, looking straight ahead of her. "Is he not a fool?" Before he could force words out of his thickening throat, she asked, "Do you know Monsieur Gaspard St. Ives?"

"Yes. Very well," said Clifton. "I am to join him day after tomorrow."

The hand on his arm rested a bit more heavily. "Where?" she asked.

"Oh—I think—at Roberval," he lied, keeping his pledge to St. Ives. He looked at his watch. "Supper is about ready."

They walked back. "Gaspard St. Ives is an—an unusually splendid man," persisted Anne.

"A prince among them," agreed Clifton, quickly catching at the way the wind was drifting. "You love him, Mademoiselle?"

"What?" She faced him, her dark eyes glowing with fire, her cheeks like wild red floss. Clifton smiled at her. How amazingly long her lashes were! Slowly they fell.

"Well, what if I do?" she asked. "Am I to be ashamed of it? Or shall I pine away and die because he happens not to love me?" And suddenly her milky teeth were laughing at him and her hand rested on his arm again. "But there is always hope," she said as they came to the door of the company dining-room. "Remember that, Monsieur Clifton, when you dream of Antoinette St. Ives—there is always hope."

IN THE morning, when he was ready to leave with Alphonse for St. Felicien so that they might be at the trysting-place bright and early the second day, she gave him a letter, and with a fierce little tempest which was not more than a whisper in her voice she said:

"If it were not for that hateful Angelique Fanchon at St. Felicien I could marry Gaspard St. Ives! Will you help me a little, Monsieur?"

"Help you?" Clifton felt his heart opening wide to accept her. Was Gaspard an absolute fool? Would he put away from him a little angel like Anne Gervais for this plump and strong-headed farmer girl Angelique Fanchon? "I'll help you," he said warmly. "I'll do everything I can."

"Then give him this letter," said Anne, and she placed a small sealed envelope in his hand. With a toss of her head she added, "Angelique Fanchon has made a fool of herself so long that she doesn't deserve him, and what it is in this stupid Gaspard's head that keeps him faithful to her I cannot understand. She should be whipped!"

"I have heard enough to incline me to that same opinion," agreed Clifton.

Anne looked up sharply. "From whom?" she asked.

"From  
Friar Al  
"Oh-h  
had a b  
the wick  
"They  
decided  
you will  
Gaspard  
"I hop  
"Good

H  
a quart  
where h  
clearing  
and Cl  
monk ga  
"A pr  
with eye  
Devil!"

"I am  
lost his  
"A be  
counting  
the  
schools  
other n  
trust h  
have b  
camps w  
instance  
"The  
"He c  
him half  
dogs as  
members  
through  
Hurd's  
men I h  
sixth is

Clifton  
"They  
the mid  
"and at  
America  
from Or  
we can  
among t  
wages F  
twenty  
hundred  
the spring  
we will  
"Thre  
finished  
hundred  
the horse  
A thin  
"You  
borrow  
pleasant  
"For i  
Gaspard  
a most a  
"The  
it," said  
Alphon  
"You  
"I wo  
"Then  
afterwar  
greater  
the Phil  
It is to  
"Tha  
agreed  
when I  
give him  
"She  
"I ha  
The l  
this fig  
in the v  
And l  
exceedin  
coat, Al  
letter ar  
There  
they ent  
still a

"From Gaspard St. Ives, of course, and from Friar Alphonse as well."

"Oh-h!" said Anne. "One would think they had a bad opinion of this Angelique Fanchon, the wicked thing!"

"They have," helped Clifton. "A very decided opinion. And I hope this letter from you will take the blindness from that ass of a Gaspard's eyes, and bring him to you."

"I hope so," she said. "Good-by, Monsieur."

"Good-by, Mademoiselle."

HE LOOKED back from the crest of a hill a quarter of a mile away, and she was standing where he had left her, before the cabin in the clearing. She waved a handkerchief to him, and Clifton waved back, and Alphonse the monk gave a chuckle that was almost a laugh. "A pretty wench," he exclaimed, "and one with eyes that would rock the reason of the Devil!"

"I am beginning to think that Gaspard has lost his mind," said Clifton. "She is adorable."

"A beautiful triumvirate, Monsieur Clifton, counting Antoinette. The children will love them. Also the women. And I fancy the schools will be filled when there is dancing or other nonsense. Our men will fight now, trust them! And it is a God's blessing, for I have brought information from the Hurd camps which will make you sick to hear. For instance—Ivan Hurd is personally there."

"The deuce!" cried Clifton.

"He came three days before I left, and with him half a dozen men who are as ugly looking dogs as their master. Three of them are members of parliament, just up to look through the woods so they can testify to Hurd's splendid activities later on, two are men I have not been able to mark, and the sixth is Hurd's lawyer from Montreal."

Clifton drew his horse down to a walk.

"They are planning on six hundred men by the middle of January," continued the monk, "and at least four hundred of them will be Americans and English Canadians—foreigners from Ontario and Maine. No matter what we can do, our Church will have little influence among them. And in the face of declining wages Hurd has raised last year's scale by twenty percent and is pledging a bonus of one hundred dollars to every man who sticks until the spring drive is over. And against all that we will have—"

"Three girls and four schoolhouses," Clifton finished for him. "And with good luck two hundred men. *Avance donc!*"—and he touched the horse into a trot again.

A third time Alphonse chuckled.

"Your humor is right, friend Clifton. Why borrow trouble about gloomy matters when pleasanter ones are pending?" he philosophized. "For instance—tomorrow's bout between Gaspard St. Ives and Ajax Trappier should be a most agreeable and interesting affair."

"The fight shall not happen if I can prevent it," said Clifton.

Alphonse almost hopped from his seat.

"You would stop it?"

"I would."

"Then may your teeth ache everlastingly afterward if you succeed! Son, this is to be a greater fight than when Samson went among the Philistines with the jaw-bone of an ass! It is to be the greatest fight—"

"That two asses can possibly bring about," agreed Clifton. "But I think I can stop it when I tell our friend about Anne Gervais and give him her letter."

"She has written him a letter?"

"I have it in my pocket."

The little monk sank back in his seat. "If this fight is spoiled I shall never again believe in the virtue of prayer," he said.

And later that day, when the afternoon grew exceedingly warm and Clifton took off his coat, Alphonse found occasion to purloin the letter and hide it within the folds of his own.

Thereafter his spirits continued to rise until they entered the little village of Saint Methode, still a three-hour ride from Saint Felicien.

## 4 out of 5

Dental statistics show that four out of every five over 40—and thousands younger, too—are victims of dreaded Pyorrhea. Will you escape?



## Protect your gums and save your teeth

Just as a ship needs the closest attention under the water-line, so do the teeth under the gum-line. If the gums shrink, serious dangers result.

The teeth are loosened. They are exposed to tooth-base decay. The gums themselves become tender and bleed easily. They form sacs which become the doorways of organic disease for the whole system. They often disfigure the mouth as they recede.

If used in time and used consistently, Forhan's will prevent or check Pyorrhea's progress. Forhan's is safe, efficient and pleasant-tasting. It preserves gum health and corrects tender gum spots, hardens gum tissues so they will offer proper support to the teeth, and keeps your mouth fresh and healthy.

Forhan's is more than a tooth paste; it checks Pyorrhea. Thousands have found it beneficial for years. For your own sake ask for Forhan's For the Gums. All druggists, 35c and 60c in tubes.

Formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S.  
Forhan Company, New York

# Forhan's FOR THE GUMS

More than a tooth paste—  
it checks Pyorrhea







## Don't torture your complexion with harsh treatment

**D**OES your face feel drawn and sore after bathing? Does it smart, burn and look mottled? Probably your soap is too harsh or your method of cleansing too vigorous.

RESINOL SOAP is ideal for every skin and will stand any test of purity. Its particular fragrance as well as its rich color is your guarantee for the healthful Resinol properties it contains. Buy a cake from your druggist and bathe your face with it tonight. Note how readily it lathers, how gently but thoroughly it cleanses the pores, how easily it rinses, how soft, velvety and refreshed it leaves your skin.

But don't let your treatment be too harsh! Many a woman ruins her beauty at the start by scrubbing her face with a rough cloth and hot water, when she should use luke warm water and a soft cloth—or better still—her fingertips.

RESINOL OINTMENT is a ready aid to Resinol Soap. In addition to being widely used for eczema, rashes, chafing, etc., thousands of women find it indispensable for clearing away blackheads, blotches and similar blemishes.

# RESINOL SOAP



Dept. F, Resinol, Baltimore, Md.

Please send me, without charge, a sample of Resinol Soap and Resinol Ointment.

Name.....

Street.....

City..... State.....

And scarcely had they passed the priest's house and the small wooden church and come to the blacksmith's shop, the store and the little old inn which had a customer once or twice a week when a roaring voice greeted them joyously, and Gaspard St. Ives came out with the wild rush of a great Newfoundland dog from the door of the tavern.

"*Bon dieu!*" he cried. "I have been waiting since morning, knowing you had to come by this road. I left my sister at Normandin yesterday and have not slept a wink since, fearing you had forgotten your promise. But tonight I shall sleep long and sweetly, like a baby, and dream pleasantly of Ajax Trappier's cracking bones."

The overweighted buggy made its way out of the village at a sleepy jog.

"**F**OR twenty days I have been thinking," said Clifton, "and I have come to the conclusion that you will be the biggest fool in Quebec if you fight this fellow at St. Felicien."

"You think he may beat me?"

"No. Not that. But this Angelique Fanchon, if she is the angel you have painted her, will think less of you for the fight; and if she does honor you for it, then she is a most ordinary creature, and not worthy the dirtying of your hands. How you can allow yourself to think of her as you do while a real angel like Anne Gervais is in love with you—"

"Anne Gervais!" gasped St. Ives.

"Yes, the school-teacher your sister sent up to our camps along with Catherine Clamart."

"*What!* That skinny little Anne Gervais whose eyes give me a chill every time they look at me! Compare her with my lovely Angelique Fanchon, would you, Monsieur Brant? You are mad!"

"As daft as a moonstruck loon," added the monk.

"A girl with feet twice as large as my Angelique—"

"And teeth that can bite through a hickory nut like a squirrel's," echoed the monk.

"It is monstrous!"

"She is very beautiful," defended Clifton.

"Even Alphonse declared as much, and he spoke of the witchcraft of her lashes—"

"Because they looked hell-born to me," interrupted the monk. "Pay no attention to what he says, Gaspard. You cannot compare Angelique Fanchon with this Mademoiselle Gervais! And as for the fight—if you turn back now, even though you may be a little nervous—"

"Nervous?" rumbled St. Ives. "I am only nervous to be at it! I won't feel like a man again until I have whipped this overgrown horse-breeder under the very eyes of Angelique herself. That is my plan, friends, to whip him with Angelique looking on!"

"Sweet are the thoughts that savor of content," approved the monk softly. "All that remains of your arguments, Monsieur Clifton, is the letter which Mademoiselle Gervais placed in your care for our friend. Give it to him. We will be fair in the stand we have taken, by all means."

Clifton began searching in his pockets.

"This Anne Gervais sent a letter to me?" demanded St. Ives suspiciously.

"Yes. A love letter."

"Then God deliver me from it!"

"It is gone," said Clifton, puzzled. "If it is lost I shall never forgive myself."

"Probably it fell into the road when you so carelessly put your coat over the back of the seat," suggested Alphonse.

St. Ives heaved a sigh of relief. "Don't mind it," he said. "The last thing in this world I want is a letter from Anne Gervais. Will you give me the reins? I shall die of old age unless we make this road a bit faster."

"Go to it," yielded Clifton. "I'm through, and you can make a fool of yourself if you want to. But I still insist that I wouldn't trade one Anne Gervais for a hundred of these Angelique Fanchons of Saint Felicien!"

And to his amazement the little monk

whispered in his ear, "Neither would I, friend Clifton, but we must let the Devil have his way—*this time!*"

An emotion more stirring than thought of the approaching duel, yet stoically hidden, was in Clifton's breast. He wanted to hear about Antoinette St. Ives.

As they jogged along there were moments when his thoughts carried him away from the wagging tongues of Gaspard and the monk, and he wondered why it was that Mademoiselle Gervais had fanned back into life the spark of hope which he had so valiantly tried to put out during the past three weeks. And then the thought came to him that it would be easy for any man to fall in love with Anne Gervais. Even Antoinette was scarcely sweeter or more adorable. If there had been no Antoinette...

He jerked himself out of his thoughts as if some one had touched him with a whip, just as Gaspard spoke the name of his sister.

"She has changed strangely since that night of the storm," he said, a puzzled note in his voice. "Possibly it is the strain of this business with Hurd. When she is not working among the people she is too much alone with herself, or with Joe. She has an armful of books and is teaching the boy from them. But along with that she has become too quiet."

"Quietness hath its virtue," consoled the monk.

Clifton felt a depressing clutch at his heart. She had changed, St. Ives had said, since the night of the storm. Probably Gaspard did not know what had happened that night or he would have hurled him from the buggy. Now, looking back on it all, he could see how terribly he must have hurt her.

**N**IGHT and day and Sunday they had been busy, said Gaspard, and he did not think there was a villager's house or habitant's farm between Point Bleu and Saint Felicien they had not visited. Antoinette and Joe had spent five days at Saint Felicien, at Angelique's home, of course. But he had kept away—had gone to Normandin. Not for his life would he show his face to Angelique until he had broken Ajax Trappier.

Angelique, he discovered later, had helped his sister, and between them they had done good work, getting the promise of twenty Saint Felicien men—among them four jobbers. No wonder! What chance had a man in argument, or even in reason, when facing the two prettiest land-nymphs in all Quebec?

As Gaspard went on he continued to pour burning oil on Clifton's head. He told of their days, their evenings and their Sundays—and every hour, he declared, had made him more proud of his sister. He believed now, with Clifton, that they were bound to win. The women and children idea, and the schools, was magnificent, he thought. But he could not understand why Antoinette and Angelique should have picked on Anne Gervais as one of the teachers!

"She is a good teacher," admitted St. Ives, "but she lacks beauty and personal magnetism."

The buggy was small for three men, even counting the diminutiveness of the monk, and Clifton was glad when the splendidly tall twin church spires of Saint Felicien rose against the late afternoon sun. It seemed that in some mysterious way Alphonse had already arranged for their night's lodging at a farmhouse which was less than two miles from the Fanchon home, and about an equal distance from that of Ajax Trappier, where their presence and mission would be held in strict confidence. So they avoided the town and came to Adrien Clamart's on a back road.

Clifton received a pleasant shock. Adrien, who was tall and slim and blue-eyed, and a married man, was a brother to Catherine Clamart, who was with Anne Gervais up on the Mistassini.

He was in love with his sister as well as his wife, and shook Clifton's hand warmly. But he had to agree with St. Ives when Alphonse

# The Most Daring Book Ever Written!

Elinor Glyn, famous author of "Three Weeks," has written an amazing book that should be read by every man and woman—married or single. "The Philosophy of Love" is not a novel—it is a penetrating searchlight fearlessly turned on the most intimate relations of men and women. Read below how you can get this daring book at our risk—without advancing a penny.

**WILL** you marry the man you love or will you take the one you can get?

If a husband stops loving his wife or becomes infatuated with another woman, who is to blame—the husband, the wife or the "other woman"?

Will you win the girl you want, or will Fate select your Mate?

Should a bride tell her husband what happened at seventeen?

Will you be able to hold the love of the one you cherish—or will your marriage end in divorce?

Do you know how to make people like you?

**I**f you can answer the above questions—if you know all there is to know about winning a woman's heart or holding a man's affections—you don't need "The Philosophy of Love." But if you are in doubt—if you don't know just how to handle your husband, or satisfy your wife, or win the devotion of the one you care for—then you must get this wonderful book. You can't afford to take chances with your happiness.

## What Do YOU Know About Love?

**D**O you know how to win the one you love? Do you know why husbands, with devoted, virtuous wives, often become secret slaves to creatures of another "world"—and how to prevent it? Why do some men antagonize women, finding themselves beating against a stone wall in affairs of love? When is it dangerous to disregard conventions?

## What Every Man and Woman Should Know

- how to win the man you love.
- how to win the girl you want.
- how to hold your husband's love.
- how to make people admire you.
- why "petting parties" destroy the capacity for true love.
- why many marriages end in despair.
- how to hold a woman's affection.
- how to keep a husband home nights.
- things that turn men against you.
- how to make marriage a perpetual honeymoon.
- the "danger year" of married life.
- how to ignite love—how to keep it flaming.
- how to rekindle it if burnt out.
- how to cope with the "hunting instinct" in men.
- how to attract people you like.
- why some men and women are always lovable, regardless of age.
- are there any real grounds for divorce?
- how to increase your desirability in a man's eye.
- how to tell if someone really loves you.
- things that make a woman "cheap" or "common."



ELINOR GLYN  
"The Oracle of Love"

women like you? Why do "wonderful lovers" often become thoughtless husbands soon after marriage—and how can the wife prevent it? Do you know how to make marriage a perpetual honeymoon?

In "The Philosophy of Love," Elinor Glyn courageously solves the most vital problems of love and marriage. She places a magnifying glass unflinchingly on the most intimate relations of men and women. No detail, no matter how avoided by others, is spared. She warns you gravely, she suggests wisely, she explains fully.

"The Philosophy of Love" is one of the most daring books ever written. It had to be. A book of this type, to be of real value, could not mince words. Every problem had to be faced with utter honesty, deep sincerity, and resolute courage. But while Madame Glyn calls a spade a spade—while she deals with strong emotions and passions in her frank, fearless manner—she nevertheless handles her subject so tenderly and sacredly that the book can safely be read by any man or woman. In fact, anyone over eighteen should be compelled to read "The Philosophy of Love"; for, while ignorance may sometimes be bliss, it is folly of the most dangerous sort to be ignorant of the problems of love and marriage. As one mother wrote us: "I wish I had read this book when I was a young girl—it would have saved me a lot of misery and suffering."

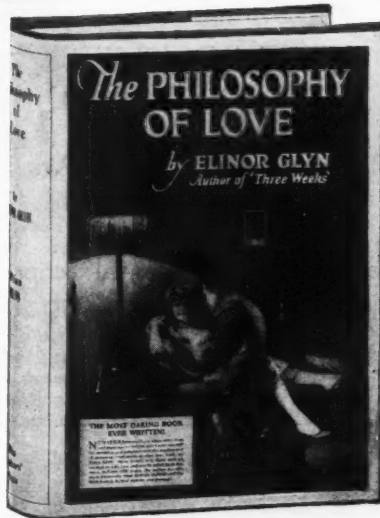
Certain shallow-minded persons may condemn "The Philosophy of Love." Anything of such an unusual character generally is. But Madame Glyn is content to rest her world wide reputation on this book—the greatest masterpiece of love ever attempted.

## SEND NO MONEY

**YOU** need not advance a single penny for "The Philosophy of Love." Simply fill out the coupon below—or write a letter—and the book will be sent to

Do you know how to curb a headstrong man, or are you the victim of men's whims?

Do you know how to retain a man's affection always? How to attract men? Do you know the things that most irritate a man? Or disgust a woman? Can you tell when a man really loves you—or must you take his word for it? Do you know what you **MUST NOT DO** unless you want to be a "wall flower" or an "old maid"? Do you know the little things that make



you on approval. When the postman delivers the book to your door—when it is actually in your hands—pay him only \$1.98, plus a few pennies postage, and the book is yours. Go over it to your heart's content—read it from cover to cover—and if you are not more than pleased, simply send the book back in good condition within five days and your money will be refunded instantly.

Over 75,000,000 people have read Elinor Glyn's stories or have seen them in the movies. Her books sell like magic. "The Philosophy of Love" is the supreme culmination of her brilliant career. It is destined to sell in huge quantities. Everybody will talk about it everywhere. So it will be exceedingly difficult to keep the book in print. It is possible that the present edition may be exhausted, and you may be compelled to wait for your copy, unless you mail the coupon below **AT ONCE**. We do not say this to hurry you—it is the truth.

Get your pencil—fill out the coupon **NOW**. Mail it to The Authors' Press, Auburn, N. Y., before it is too late. Then be prepared to read the most daring book ever written!

The Authors' Press, Dept. 267, Auburn, N. Y.

Please send me on approval Elinor Glyn's masterpiece, "The Philosophy of Love." When the postman delivers the book to my door, I will pay him only \$1.98, plus a few pennies postage. It is understood, however, that this is not to be considered a purchase. If the book does not in every way come up to expectations, I reserve the right to return it any time within five days after it is received, and you agree to refund my money.

The Luxe Leather Edition—We have prepared a Limited Edition, handsomely bound in Royal Blue Genuine Leather and lettered in Gold, with Gold Tops and Blue Silk Markers. No expense spared—makes a gorgeous gift. If you prefer this leather edition—as most people do—simply sign below, place a cross in the little square at the right, and pay the postman only \$2.98 plus postage.

Name.....

Address.....

City and State.....

**IMPORTANT**—If it is possible that you may not be at home when the postman calls, send cash in advance. Also if you reside outside the U. S. A., payment must be made in advance. Regular Edition \$2.12. Leather Edition, \$3.12. Cash with coupon.



**BAILEY BANKS & BIDDLE CO.**  
JEWELERS SILVERSMITHS STATIONERS  
Established 1832

Philadelphia

## THE POLISHED GIRDLE DIAMOND

Marvelously Brilliant

The appropriate Engagement Ring

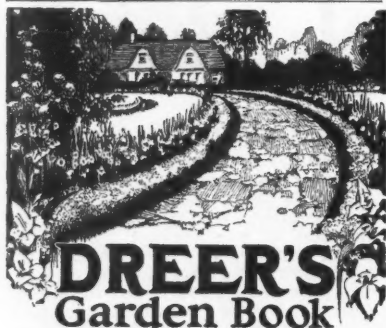
Correspondence Invited

Photographs mailed

Bailey Text and Colonial Script

The accepted Engraving for  
Wedding Invitations and  
Announcements

Samples Mailed



## DREER'S Garden Book

ANY woman can make her garden the envy of the neighborhood if she has Dreer's 1925 Garden Book for a guide. It contains explicit cultural directions as well as a complete list of the best Flower and Vegetable Seeds, Lawn Grass, Roses, Hardy Perennials, Dahlias, etc.

A copy mailed free  
if you mention this publication.

**HENRY A. DREER**

1306 Spring Garden Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

**LAW STUDY AT HOME**  
Becomes a lawyer. Legally trained men win the highest positions and biggest incomes in business and public life. Be independent. Greater opportunities now than ever before. Big corporations are headed by men with legal training. Earn \$5,000 to \$10,000 Annually.  
We guide you step by step. You can train at home during spare time. Degree of LL. B. conferred. Liable students practicing law in every state. We furnish all text material, including fourteen volumes "Law Guide" and "Evidence" books free. Send for them NOW.  
Low cost, easy terms. Get our valuable 108-page "Law Library" free.  
LaSalle Extension University Dept. 35-L, Chicago  
The World's Largest Business Training Institution

## Pecans

Fresh, rich and wonderfully delicious are the pecans from Pecanway. Thin shells that can be cracked by hand and the meat extracted whole.

**Fresh!**

**Direct to You by Mail**

Pecanway Nuts are shade-cured for sweetness. Solid meat of the finest texture, free from all bitterness. Order a gift package today for yourself or friend. Money returned if not reduced facsimile satisfied.

3-lb. Package, \$3.50 5-lb. Package, \$5.50

West of Mississippi add 50c for Postage

M. O. DANTZLER, C. Pecanway Place, Orangeburg, S. C.

told about the difference of opinion regarding Anne Gervais.

"She is disagreeable, and has made a nuisance of herself, Monsieur, and I cannot blame Gaspard for his stand in the matter," he said. "I pity my sister if they are very long together."

Alone in his room that night Clifton took mental stock of himself. Was it conceivable that in some way he was blinded to the truth of Anne's personal appearance and qualities? He was puzzled. He fell asleep on a thick feather bed with Anne's lovely eyes and her long lashes and silken hair filling his vision and pleading with him to fight her battle.

HE WAS awakened early by a knocking at his door. It was seven o'clock when breakfast was over and he climbed into a buggy with Gaspard and the monk.

"The good Lord hath blessed us," Alphonse was first to say. "Madame and Monsieur Fanchon will leave for church at a quarter to nine, but Angelique—having received my message saying that Antoinette is coming at ten—will remain at home. She is delighted, friend Gaspard, to know your sister is making her this unexpected visit. *Mon dieu*, what a lie! But it had to be. And personally I saw to it that Angelique's note, written by myself—a finer woman's hand than mine you never saw, Monsieur!—was delivered to Ajax Trappier last night. He will be on hand in all his splendor at half past nine to take Angelique for a drive, as the note specially requested. Could that old fox, Richelieu himself, have done better, Gaspard?"

"You are a treasure, Alphonse!"

"It may be you will have a different opinion of me at half past ten, when you are beaten up like a bag of hops," exulted the little monk.

"Ajax Trappier is in fine fettle!"

"So am I," boasted Gaspard.

In spite of the disgust which Clifton tried to impose upon himself he could not keep a growing thrill out of his blood. This was bound to be a memorable affair, a tremendous combat between two giants.

"And how have you insured yourself that Mademoiselle Fanchon will witness this fight?" he asked.

"I will arrange that," answered the monk.

"The battleground is to be a greensward behind the house, Monsieur, and overlooking it, not fifty paces away, is a big window filled with flowers. And among those flowers will be Mademoiselle's face, so that until Gaspard's eyes are closed shut he may see her. Oh, that is the easiest part of it—arranging for Mademoiselle to see her baby Gaspard mauled unmercifully by this ferocious breeder of horses!"

After a time they entered through a gate into a wood, and in the heart of this wood they fastened the horse and went on afoot. A few hundred yards brought them to vast green meadows broken here and there by trees and thickets. This was the Fanchon farm, and half a mile across the meadows they came to a smaller wood, and just beyond this were the great barns and snow-white dwelling. A distance from the house the three concealed themselves, and St. Ives and Clifton smoked the time away until, at exactly twenty minutes of nine, Madame and Monsieur Fanchon drove off in great style in a rubber-tired buggy. Scarcely were they gone up the road when Alphonse hopped like a rabbit from his cover.

"Give me twenty minutes!" he cried. "I will then be with Angelique in the house. After that come up behind the smallest barn, and make yourself ready, Gaspard. Within another twenty minutes Ajax Trappier will be driving down the road. And when he does, Monsieur Clifton, you are to be at the hitching-post to meet him and will tell him that a gentleman is behind the house who is very anxious to have a word with him. In that way you will lead him to the greensward we have mentioned, and Gaspard will advance at the same time from the barn, so measuring his steps that the twain shall meet in full view of

Cosmopolitan for March, 1925

the big window with flowers in it. And I swear that if you do these things properly Angelique will be looking on when the action begins!"

He was gone even before St. Ives had answered him, and Clifton looked at his watch.

Twenty minutes later they sallied forth from the wood, and found entrance through a back door into the barn. Here without further loss of time Gaspard began to prepare himself for battle. First he emptied his pockets of all articles and placed them neatly in a pile on a barrel-head. Then he began divesting himself of his upper garments, beginning with his tie and cravat, until his huge body stood naked to the waist. After that he drew in great breaths and blew out like a porpoise, and swung his mighty arms until he had given himself a general loosening up.

Clifton was beginning to enjoy himself. And he was also beginning to wonder what he would do if Ajax should get the best of St. Ives. Could he stand quietly by and see the brother of the girl he loved beaten up under the very eyes of that brother's sweetheart? He saw himself facing a serious problem.

Then a cloud of dust came shooting swiftly down the road. Clifton hurried to meet it and arrived at the hitching-post just as Ajax was making the last leg of his journey at a stupendous speed. The buggy arrived. It stopped. And Clifton stared.

Never in all his life had he looked upon anything in man-shape quite equal to the magnificence of Ajax Trappier. The man fairly glowed and glittered, dimming the glory of his splendid horse and wire-wheeled *voiture*. He was big, even bigger than Gaspard. But he hopped from his vehicle lightly and with debonair *éclat* fastened his horse to the post. He sensed his importance like a major-domo on parade.

His splendor began not alone with his size, or his fierce black mustache, or the shine of his polished face, but also with his cravat, which was a brilliant yellow. From that point down he was a feast for the eyes. His suit was a tan with whitish stripes, his vest was black-and-white check, and his shoes were shining enamel. The sun played on him effulgently. It reflected itself from a huge jewel in his cravat, from two enormous rings on his fingers, and from a double-hitch of gold watch-chain that dangled with the weight of half a pound across his upper abdomen. His chest was thrown out like a pouter pigeon's as he faced the house.

FOR the first time he seemed to notice Clifton.

"*Bon jour*," he said airily, with a greeting smile that revealed to Clifton the widest, whitest, longest, most powerful set of teeth he had ever seen.

"*Bon jour*," responded Clifton; and then he added, "Pardon, Monsieur, but there is a gentleman back of the house who will be grateful if you will come around and speak with him for a moment."

"Ah-h!" said Ajax. "With pleasure!"—and he passed through the gate with a splendid flourish, looking out of the corner of his eye to see if Angelique by any chance was observing him from a window or a door.

So it happened as the monk had planned, and Ajax came face to face with Gaspard on the greensward.

And Clifton's heart leaped full into his mouth when he glanced at the flower-filled window and saw the face of Angelique Fanchon staring out. It was partly screened, and withdrawn a little from the glass, but he knew it was Angelique by the wild look of triumph in Gaspard's face as he first greeted Trappier, and then pointed to the window. Ajax looked, and swallowed a great gulp. Then he smiled brightly and gracefully waved a hand to the girl.

"Mademoiselle Fanchon," said he.

"Yes, Mademoiselle Fanchon," said St. Ives.

Cosmo

Clifton between of what mutual. of their Gaspard, rival. A perpetual behind it him and he careful grass.

"I shall over," he Gaspard's When a and he w tion, thou and enam this *gaie*l

this unea twisted h again way Gaspard his rage. more tha stage-like Clifton heard the at his side "Is not flocks?" he A pin-pr explosion desire to look at Monsieur a man's l

THE tw other, an slowly ad tions. T with a g and like g arms han circling. liminaires "So you you, Mor "Now than th Angelique out that

This w was his p "A mus are you g eyes? I let you li and say who plu through I is left of This shortened and Ajax monk be praying impulse terrific h grunts a

So far a to strike of the fi stood wh the first shiny en stomach have bee From that Clif two gian woven— choking, and at ti wheel. A blo Clifton v and a ho



Clifton was amazed by the paucity of words between them. Evidently the understanding of what would happen when they met was mutual. There was no abuse, no working up of their passions. In spite of his fealty to Gaspard, Clifton began to admire his gorgeous rival. Ajax's smile was a wonder. It was a perpetual thing, disclosing the deadly weapons behind it—his great teeth. He looked about him and calmly plucked a few flowers. These he carefully placed at a safe distance on the grass.

"I shall put them in your hands when it is over," he said to St. Ives, and smiled pleasantly. He went into the barn and stripped, while Gaspard strutted up and down.

When Ajax returned he was smiling widely and he walked with the same cheerful animation, though he had on nothing but his trousers and enamel shoes. It was quite evident that his *gaieté de coeur* was in no way disturbed by this unexpected incident in his life. He twisted his mustache as he advanced, and again waved lightly to the girl in the window. Gaspard was gritting his teeth to hold back his rage. Nothing could have infuriated him more than his rival's pleasant behavior and stage-like complacency, and so fascinated was Clifton that he was almost startled when he heard the delighted chuckle of the monk close at his side.

"Is not this Ajax Trappier the flower of all flocks?" he asked. "And look at our Gaspard! A pin-prick and he would go up with a great explosion, for he is filled to the neck with the desire to get at this fellow. *Bon dieu*, take a look at Ajax's teeth! They win his battles, Monsieur—those teeth! It is said he can bite a man's leg half in two with them."

THE two combatants were now facing each other, and for a few moments they moved slowly about, like two roosters making observations. Then they hunched themselves over, with a good six or eight feet between them, and like gorillas, with their heads low and their arms hanging down, continued their cautious circling. With these actions began the preliminaries of a habitant duel.

"So you have come to break my bones, have you, Monsieur St. Ives?" smiled Ajax.

"Now that I am here I am going to do more than that," retorted Gaspard. "With Angelique looking on I am first going to pull out that greasy mustache of yours."

This was a good hit, for Trappier's mustache was his pride.

"A mustache will grow," he said. "But what are you going to do without a nose, or ears, or eyes? I am going to take them all, but will let you live so that people may laugh at you and say that I, Ajax Trappier, was the one who plucked you so nicely. When I am through I am going to sing *Alouette* over what is left of you!"

This was too much for Gaspard. He shortened the diameter of their circle a foot, and Ajax promptly shortened it another. The monk began muttering under his breath—praying again, Clifton knew. Then with one impulse the two fighters came together in a terrific head-on collision, and at the same time grunts and roars rose from both of them.

So far as Clifton could see, no effort was made to strike a blow with the fists. But the feet of the fighters became active, and he understood why they had kept on their shoes. In the first twenty seconds one of Trappier's shiny enamels caught Gaspard in the pit of the stomach and drew out of him a roar that could have been heard at the back end of the farm.

From then on the action became so swift that Clifton could not keep track of it. The two giants rolled to earth, arms and legs interwoven—doubling, twisting, grunting and choking, now one on top and then the other, and at times turning over and over like a pin-wheel.

A blood-curdling howl from Gaspard told Clifton when Ajax's teeth first got into play, and a howl in a slightly different key likewise

# No more shiny nose!



A wholly new beauty aid—VAUV! A cream different in principle, and in results. Never before has anything like it been created for lovely woman.

Oh, the magic of it! A fairy touch on the nose—a dab of powder if you like—and the stubborn shine is gone. And gone for hours.

Gone, too, are those "greasy" patches around the nostrils, always before so persistent, so hard to combat.

Vauv isn't a mere "covering"; instead, it corrects the conditions that cause shine. It is not only entirely harmless, but highly beneficial. Vauv keeps the pores clean, the skin soft and gossamer-fine in texture. The longer you use it the more you will like it.

Vauv is not an experiment. It is popular with fastidious women everywhere. From Paris, from London, from all over the world come orders for it. It is highly approved by beauty authorities and dermatologists.

"I cannot recommend Vauv too highly. My nose used to be very oily, and ten minutes after powdering, it would shine as much as ever. But Vauv has corrected this, and I wish to express my appreciation of it."—Mrs. A. V. L., Oklahoma City, Okla.

"Enclosed find \$1.06 for which send me two tubes of Vauv, as the sample you sent me is just wonderful. It is the only cream that I ever used that will take the shine off my nose."—Mrs. D. S., Bartow, Fla.

Begin today to know the delight of Vauv—to enjoy the assurance of certain freedom from shiny nose. 50c for generous tube at all drug and toilet goods counters.

## Vauv

PRONOUNCED VÖVE



THE VAUV CO. (for Jane Morgan)  
383 Blair Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio

(Check whichever you want)

☐ I am enclosing 10c for a sample tube of Vauv

☐ I am enclosing 53c for a full-size tube of Vauv

Name.....

Street (or P. O. Box).....

City.....

State.....

**\$3 DOWN** Brings you a Genuine **UNDERWOOD** TYPEWRITER

**10 DAYS TRIAL** Your \$3.00 unconditionally returned if not and of 10 days you are not satisfied with this late model UNDERWOOD typewriter rebuilt by the famous Shipman Ward process.

**GREAT PRICE SAVING** Direct to you from the largest typewriter factory of its kind in the world by our money saving methods.

**EASY MONTHLY PAYMENTS** So small that you will not notice it while you enjoy the use of this wonderful machine.

**FREE BOOK OF FACTS** Explaining Shipman Ward's wonderful system of rebuilding typewriters and also valuable information about the typewriter industry both instructive and entertaining.

**Act Today! Mail Coupon**

**5 Year Guarantee**

**Shipman Ward Mfg. Company**  
2073 Shipman Building  
Montrose & Ravenswood  
Aves., Chicago

Please send me a copy of your free book of facts explaining bargain offer.

Name.....  
St. and No.....  
City..... State.....

**How to Obtain Velvety Skin**

Any skin, tender or hard, dry or oily, may be corrected and kept beautiful by the daily use of

**Almomeal.** Its beautifying effect is a revelation. Use it like soap. Look for the attractive blue package at your dealers.

**DR. PALMER'S ALMOMEAL COMPOUND**

Send 10c for large sample package.

**HOLTON & ADAMS, 29 East 22nd St., New York**

Name.....  
Street..... City.....

## it means less work



SANI-FLUSH has made cleaning the toilet bowl easier than any other household task. Simply sprinkle Sani-Flush into the bowl—follow directions on the can—and flush. Then watch how quickly and thoroughly it does its wonderful work. The bowl is white and shining.

Sani-Flush removes every mark, stain and incrustation. It cleans the hidden, unhealthful trap. It destroys all foul odors. It leaves the entire toilet clean and sanitary.

Sani-Flush will not harm plumbing connections. Always keep a can handy in the bathroom.

Buy Sani-Flush at your grocery, drug or hardware store, or send 25c for a full-size can.

# Sani-Flush

Cleans Closet Bowls Without Scouring  
THE HYGIENIC PRODUCTS CO.  
Canton, Ohio

## DON'T WEAR A TRUSS

### BE COMFORTABLE—

Wear the Brooks Appliance, the modern scientific invention which gives rupture sufferers immediate relief. It has no obnoxious springs or pads. Automatic Air Cushions bind and draw together the broken parts. No salves or plasters. Durable. Cheap. Sent on trial to prove its worth. Beware of imitations. Look for trade-mark bearing portrait and signature of C. E. Brooks which appears on every Appliance. None other genuine. Full information and booklet sent free in plain, sealed envelope.

BROOKS APPLIANCE CO. 224-A State St., Marshall, Mich.



MR. C. E. BROOKS

## GREAT FOR SMOKERS

# FLORIDA MENTOPINE COUGH DROPS

They take the taste of too much tobacco off your tongue and provide a refreshing, delicious, throat-cooling pellet after each smoke. Pure Pine Oil and Menthol combined in an ideal confection that prevents or relieves colds, sore throats and persistent coughing. Always keep a package in your pocket.

At all drug and confectioners' stores.  
THE MENTOPINE CORPORATION  
Philadelphia, Pa.

assured him when Gaspard put in a good stroke of business. The plot of green in which the combatants were laboring very quickly took on the aspect of a place where pigs had been rooting. Clods of turf flew up. Dust rose. Grass floated away on the air. Thuds, groans, mutterings, great gasps and occasional bellows came with these other evidences of ferocity from Gaspard and Ajax.

Gaspard made the most noise. There was no doubt of that from the beginning. And it was not all inspired by triumph. Clifton saw his face, and it had been shoved firmly and deeply into the earth where there had been no grass to soften the effect. In that moment Clifton observed that his mouth was open and his eyes were bulging and he was spitting out soil. Then the gladiators creaked and twisted and strained, and he was gone out of sight again.

But the haunting things in this epic struggle which was being fought without a blow between four hundred and fifty pounds of human flesh and bone were Ajax's teeth. They were constantly bared, and no movement was so swift that the sunlight did not catch them in a sudden ivory flashing.

The creature, it seemed to Clifton, was constantly smiling under his fiercely bristling mustache!

THEN three things followed in swift succession, each of which seemed to promise the finish of the struggle. In number one it appeared definitely settled that Gaspard was receiving his *coup de grace*. Ajax had him face down, with his huge hands at the back of his neck, and Clifton's blood went cold. A single blow of Trappier's mighty fist and St. Ives would be done for. But no true habitant thinks of his fist in a fight. So, following the usual method of one in his triumphant position, Ajax began the process of obliterating Gaspard's countenance in the soil. He rubbed and thumped and scrubbed it ferociously, and as he did this the little monk began to hop about the two excitedly. Evidently Gaspard was done for, for even howls and groans could no longer come from him.

In this moment of dismay and horror Clifton looked toward the window. Was it conceivable that Angelique would remain an inactive witness of this catastrophe to her lover? Disgust and loathing filled him when he saw her white and frightened face staring through the flowers!

That instant the unexpected happened. As if in a dying fit Gaspard performed an extraordinary contortion which brought his two legs about Ajax's neck, where they fastened themselves like the two arms of a deadly, choking vise, and seeing them thus Alphonse emitted a wild and piercing cry of joy. Ajax made an effort to dislodge the grip with one hand, still keeping the other in Gaspard's hair. Failing in this he brought up the other, which movement freed St. Ives so that he could turn his head and suck in a little fresh air. The legs tightened more, and out of Ajax's mouth came a yell which ended in a gurgle. But so far as outward appearance went Ajax was still smiling.

It was the effect of the man's confounded teeth, Clifton thought.

A feeling of intense relief swept over him. This, at last, must be the end. Ajax was gazing skyward, as if looking at a single star. His mustache bristled skyward. His eyes began to bulge skyward. His extraordinary teeth seemed to grow longer, reaching skyward. Everything was skyward, and it seemed to Clifton that even his soul was mounting in a debonair kind of way.

He was preparing himself to pry apart Gaspard's legs before he murdered Ajax, when a third unexpected happening followed the first and second.

Ajax had loosened his hands and was reaching out slowly and somewhat blindly as if groping for something. This, Clifton thought, was the last act of a man about to give up the

ghost, and he had already taken a step forward to end the affair when Ajax's two hands fastened themselves about Gaspard's ankle, and he saw that ankle and the lower leg to which it was attached slowly but surely bending toward the big, white, grinning teeth. Clifton held his breath. Could Ajax make it! He did—and not only made it, but shoved up Gaspard's pant-leg and pulled down his sock. Then his magnificent teeth sank in.

In his time Clifton had heard the wild shouting of men, but in all his days no yell had split his ears like that which came from Gaspard St. Ives.

Gaspard's legs loosened and Ajax's popping eyes began going back into their proper places in his head. Grimly and steadily he settled down to his work, putting every ounce of the increasing strength of his jaw into the labor at hand.

With Gaspard in this grim and tragic situation Clifton could not remain unconscious of the suffering of Alphonse the monk. The little man was almost sobbing in his despair, for surely St. Ives was being hamstrung before his eyes!

Ajax was now complete master of the situation and would probably remain so until the end unless his teeth gave out. An invisible force seemed to drag Clifton about to the window, and there he saw Angelique Fanchon, but not a movement was she making as she listened to Gaspard's wild yells of pain.

These yells were manifest evidence that for the present Gaspard had entirely forgotten Angelique. Not so with Ajax. In these precious moments of his triumph his thoughts went to the window and the eyes behind it, and there filled him an overwhelming desire to see Angelique looking out on his victory. So he began to twist himself a little at a time so that his eyes might come within range of the coveted spot.

He succeeded, but in the achievement it was necessary for him to change the angle of Gaspard's off leg, and the error was fatal. With one mighty effort Gaspard twisted himself half over, freed his leg, doubled it up, and sent it back with desperate force. The chance blow caught Ajax somewhere in front and sent him through the air like a bag of wheat. He struck the earth with a lifeless thud, and there he lay, stretched out nicely on his back with his arms and legs out spider-like, his eyes shut, his teeth smiling up at the sky and his mustache bristling in the sunlight.

For a moment the monk bent over the unconscious Ajax. Then with mysterious swiftness he departed for the front gate, and half a minute later was flying down the road behind Trappier's black horse.

WAS it possible Ajax was dead? Clifton bent over him fearfully. He was breathing, sucking in air mournfully, and his teeth clacked with each count. Then Gaspard limped painfully to his victim and triumphantly faced the window.

Clifton was attending once more to Ajax when a different kind of cry came from St. Ives. Looking over his shoulder he saw the man rushing like mad for the kitchen door.

Quickly he followed. Possibly the pain he had suffered had turned Gaspard's head. Only a step behind him Clifton entered the room with the flower-filled window, and in this room, securely trussed up with rope in a chair and placed so that she could not help seeing the inspiring duel on the green outside, was a young woman.

She had turned herself so that her horrified eyes encountered their own as they entered. She was deadly white, and sniffling. Her hair was sleek and straight. Her plumpness overflowed the chair. If this was the beautiful Angelique . . .

Gaspard gave a great gasp that filled the room. Slowly he circled about the girl. He tried to speak, and choked. Through the layer of soil which Ajax had scoured into his face his eyes bulged in amazement and shock.

Finally words came from him—faint, weak, gasping, like a dying man's.

"It—it— isn't—Angelique—"

The girl's tongue came to life. Moaning and weeping and swaying herself until she threatened to overturn the chair she entered into a wild delirium of pleading and passionate explanation, out of which stood the main fact that the stranger monk had threatened her soul with eternal perdition unless she played the part before the window which he had demanded of her; and to make doubly sure he had tied her there with a rope. She wasn't Angelique Fanchon, and didn't know anybody was going to take her for Mademoiselle Angelique. She was only the cook, and the stranger monk had told her there was going to be a cock-fight in the yard, and he wanted her as a witness if anything unfair should happen. And he had threatened her with a thousand devils if she failed him!

In her excitement Clifton saw a letter fall from her lap to the floor. He picked it up and handed it to St. Ives.

"There is the letter Anne Gervais sent you. Alphonse must have taken it from my pocket. Read it!"

He felt an odd kind of thrill creeping over him as he cut the girl's bonds. Gaspard's big fingers worked clumsily as he opened the envelope. Stupidly he began looking at the writing, with Clifton watching him again after the girl had run out of the room like a scared rabbit.

ST. IVES had suffered some kind of shock. He continued to stare at the school-teacher's writing; and then, without warning, he dashed from the room, limping as he ran.

Clifton followed, and found the girl on the kitchen floor, rocking herself back and forth in a hysterical spasm. For a few moments he paused to comfort her. When he got outside he saw Ajax sitting up and Gaspard vigorously shaking one of his limp hands. Then St. Ives hurried limpingly toward the barn, and Ajax remained in his unstable sitting posture, his head wobbling, his white teeth smiling, every hair in his mustache bristling and his eyes slowly assuming a light of intelligence and understanding. Clifton shook the hand which Gaspard had dropped and it seemed to him that Ajax's vacant smile widened a little.

Not until he was making a dive for the back door of the barn with his garments under his arm did St. Ives appear to think of Clifton. He paused then and held back the letter. Through its coating of soil his face blazed with a great light.

"Read that!" he cried. "I'm going down to the creek and take a bath!"

Outside the barn door Clifton read the few lines which Anne Gervais had written.

My own Gaspard: Antoinette almost made me promise not to let you know I am here, but I cannot help it. She thinks it will disturb your work with her if I tell you now that I am sorry, and that I love you so much more than I ever have, and that I have made up my mind to do as you wish, and be with you, and work with you, and care for you from this moment until I die. Monsieur Brant will tell you what I am doing here. He is so nice, and I am sorry Antoinette has such a feeling against him. Truly, Gaspard, I think she is shamming, and that she loves him.

And then came a signature which made Clifton's heart jump.

This Anne Gervais up at Mistassini was not Anne Gervais!

She was Angelique Fanchon!

Clifton's love story takes a strange turn Next Month as James Oliver Curwood takes you through the tense days of preparation for Hurd's great spring drive

## This tooth brush reaches every tooth every time you brush

You can see that the mouth of this woman is not as wide as her jaws. The tooth brush has to curve around the jaw or it won't reach her back teeth. Notice the diagrams below. See how the curved handle and the curved bristle-surface help.



### Keep all your teeth clean and you will keep all your teeth-

SCIENCE has created a brush that cleans all the teeth. It is not just any brush made small enough to get into the mouth.

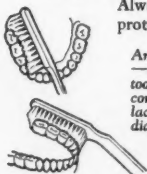
It has a curved surface that fits the shape of your jaw. It has saw-tooth bristle-tufts that reach in between teeth. It has a large end tuft that helps clean the backs of front teeth and the backs of hard-to-get-at molars. This brush is the Pro-phy-lac-tic.

Do you know what makes your teeth decay? It is germs. Germs are always in your mouth. They collect upon your teeth. They create lactic acid. This destroys the enamel. The important thing is to keep germs off your teeth—to remove the clinging mucin, which holds the germs fast against them. That requires a brush scientifically designed with a saw-tooth arrangement of bristles. It requires a brush with a large end tuft that can reach the backs of back teeth. There is such a brush—the Pro-phy-lac-tic.

Do you brush your gums when you brush your teeth? You should. See how the center row of bristles on every Pro-phy-lac-tic Brush is sunk below the level of the two outer rows. That is to give your gums the correct and mild massage.

SOLD by all dealers in the United States, Canada and all over the world in three sizes. Prices in the United States are: Pro-phy-lac-tic Adult, 50c; Pro-phy-lac-tic Small, 40c; Pro-phy-lac-tic Baby, 25c. Also made in three different bristle textures—hard, medium, soft.

Always sold in the yellow box that protects from dust and handling.



Any brush will clean a flat surface—but your teeth are not flat. Every tooth has five sides. The saw-tooth, cone-shaped bristles of the Pro-phy-lac-tic clean between teeth. The diagrams show you.



**free** Tooth brushes for life to the reader who helps us with a new headline for this advertisement. The present headline is: "This tooth brush reaches every tooth every time you brush." After reading the text can you supply a new headline? We offer to the writer of the best one submitted four free Pro-phy-lac-tics every year for life. In case of a tie, the same prize will be given to each. Your chance is as good as anyone's. Mail the coupon or write a letter. The winning headline will be selected by George Batten Company, Inc., Advertising Agents. This offer expires on March 9, 1925.

Pro-phy-lac-tic Brush Co., Dept. 11-B4

Florence, Mass.

Gentlemen: I suggest the following as a new headline for the advertisement from which this coupon was clipped.

Name.....  
(First name in full)

Address.....



## TRIAL BOTTLE FREE



10  
Years Younger  
Without

## Gray Hair

LET me tell you the quick, easy way to get rid of all gray hair. To renew the natural color which makes you look young. (Gray hair adds 10 years to the apparent age.)

Mail me the coupon and I'll send you a free trial bottle of the preparation I myself used to stop my own gray hair. Test as directed on a single lock, let results tell their own story. You will learn that gray hair is unnecessary.

### Not a crude dye

Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer is a clear, dainty liquid which fastidious women enjoy using.

Very easily applied—simply by combing through the hair. You can do it yourself—always a great advantage.

Leaves your hair clean, soft, fluffy. No interference with shampooing. Positively will not wash or rub off.

Most important—the renewed color is perfect. No streaky discoloration or artificial look.

### Prove it with the coupon

Only acceptance of my free trial offer can prove the truth of this statement. So I urge you to fill out and mail the coupon. Be sure to tell me the natural color of your hair. Better still, enclose a lock in your letter.

Immediately I send my special patented free trial outfit with full instructions for use. Make the single lock test.

Then when you know you needn't have gray hair get a full-sized bottle from your druggist. Be sure you see my name and famous trademark on the carton. It's your assurance against disappointment.

If more convenient, you may order direct from me. Price per bottle is the same—I ship postage prepaid.

*Mary T. Goldman's*  
Hair Color Restorer

Over 10,000,000 Bottles Sold

**FREE TRIAL COUPON** Please print your name and address—  
MARY T. GOLDMAN,  
4980 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

Please send your patented Free Trial Outfit. X shows color of hair. Black... dark brown... medium brown... auburn (dark red)... light brown... light auburn (light red)... blonde....

Name.....

Street..... City.....

**Beauty Culture Course at Home**  
Be a Beauty Specialist  
Earn \$50 to \$75 a Week  
Own Your Own Business

Earn while you learn complete Beauty Culture Art in spare time. Manicure, Blanches, Dyes, Waves, Packs, Facials, Manicure, Skin-work, Diet, Formulas, etc., in 8 weeks easy lessons with Authorized Diploma. No experience necessary without money back guarantee course. Demand for operators is greater than the supply. Get FREE Book, now.

DEPT. 173 1000 Diversey Boulevard Chicago

### A Shapely Foot Is a Joy Forever BEAUTIFY YOUR FEET

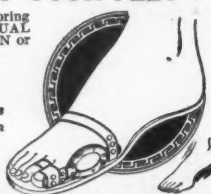
The Perfection Toe Spring REMOVES THE ACTUAL CAUSE OF THE BUNION or enlarged joint. Worn at night, with auxiliary appliance for day use.

Sand outline of foot  
Straighten Your Toes  
Banish That Bunion

Full particulars in plain envelope

C. R. ACFIELD  
Foot Specialties

Dept. 50, 1328 BROADWAY, NEW YORK



## And They Lived Happily Ever After

(Continued from page 80)

rendezvous but walked from Whitcomb Place and entered by a side gate to avoid observation. Howard's delay had wrought upon her nerves, and when he came hurriedly into the living-room she demanded petulantly to know what had kept him.

"For heaven's sake, Alice, don't scold! I had a terrible time getting away at all. You've no idea of the worries I'm having these days. I think if I had it to do over again I'd let the Press run along in the old way. Getting moved and setting up the new equipment has been the devil's own job. Let's eat; I've got to be going in a hurry!"

HE LED the way immediately to the dining-room, giving her no time to prolong her complaints of his tardiness. Out of her intimacy with Spencer she was acquiring knowledge as to certain fundamental principles governing human relationships of which she had been wholly ignorant. Howard and Mort were as unlike as two human beings could be. She had long been able to depress Mort with a word but her vocabulary of criticism and discouragement, that was so effective upon Mort, was likely to provoke retorts in kind from Howard. Her education in the operation of the male mind had begun late but it was progressing. She took refuge in the idea that Howard was much more a man than Mort had ever been.

Finding today that he didn't want to talk she rambled on without exacting any replies where he failed to volunteer any. She assured him with exalted optimism that the Press was bound to enjoy phenomenal prosperity. It was fine that he was free at last to do the big things he had always wanted to do. She brought so much sweetness to these utterances and they were so stimulating to his vanity that he immediately became more amiable. She was elated to find that her experiments in amateur psychology were so successful. She might use the hammer on Mort and enjoy his discomfort but it was a greater triumph to soothe Howard with the velvet strokes of flattery.

"It was ever so sweet of you to come when you're so busy. Just as soon as everything's in order you must let me come down and go over the new place."

"Certainly. Give us another month or two. I want all the wheels to be turning when you come. It wouldn't do to have an important stockholder like you visit the plant and not find everything humming!"

"Well, I do feel a lot more important now that the stock's in my name! I got a real thrill out of getting my dividend check in the mail. It never seemed really mine when Mort held the stock and deposited the dividends to his own account."

"That's the last you'll get from the old company. The next will be from the new organization. Yes; it's now the Howard Spencer Press—most impressive! Avery suggested that it was necessary to avoid confusion to take a new name that wouldn't lose the identity of the old company. You got your new shares of stock, didn't you?"

"Oh, yes; and I went right down to the First National Bank and got a safe deposit box to keep them in. I didn't want to ask Mort to use his box so I got one of my own and got him to give me the jewelry and some old papers he'd been keeping for me. There's nothing like being independent!"

"Right!" he said, much more cheerful now that she showed no disposition to prod him with questions about the business.

The reorganization hadn't been effected with quite the ease that he had expected. Instead of erecting a new building he had, on Avery's advice, sold the lease at a profit and rented a building that had been occupied by an automobile accessories company that had failed. The profit earned by the sale of the lease on the

site where Spencer had expected to build hardly covered the cost of the alterations necessary to adapt the building to the uses of printing.

His disappointment at being obliged to abandon his original plan had somewhat dampened his enthusiasm, and the men he had taken into the company hadn't sold the preferred stock as easily as they expected. In fact some of it was still unsold. And the large contracts he had expected to get immediately through them and their political friends hadn't materialized. To add to his discomfiture some of the old workmen had left the Spencer Press and found employment with other concerns.

He hated to admit it even to himself but he missed Mort Crane—or more accurately, the business did. Old patrons stupidly asked for Mort and finding him gone took their jobs elsewhere. A new superintendent had been employed at a salary much in excess of Mort's. Neither Clark, the new secretary, nor Granby, the treasurer of the company, knew anything about printing. Both had been state office holders and their chief interest continued to be in politics. Jim Avery had done the legal work of the organization and had bought some of the common stock. Avery's star was in the ascendant and as he was a power in city and county politics Howard counted greatly on his assistance in bringing new business to the Press.

"Well, I feel a lot rested," Howard remarked, when the luncheon had been served and he lighted a cigarette over a second cup of coffee. Alice's amiability had triumphed over his irritation at being obliged to travel up-town to have luncheon with her. And he was not unmindful of the fact that he had taken the fifty thousand dollars which her stock in the old company was worth on the day its books were closed and invested it in the new organization. It was rather incumbent upon him to be decent to her; and moreover today she pleased him more than at any time since he had found her so easy a conquest. There was something pathetic in her devotion to him; she was a pretty little woman—rather prettier in her new summer frock than he had ever thought her before.

"You mustn't let me keep you today, when you have so much to do," she said graciously when he had finished his coffee. "I've bothered you a lot sometimes but now I'm going to be the good little Alice. You don't know how good I want to be to you, Howard!"

"Well, I think I guess!" he replied, putting his arm about her.

"I suppose I oughtn't to come here any more," she remarked. "I don't like coming in the side gate. But I'm alone a lot now; you can come to see me! There are long evenings when I almost die of loneliness and it's always you I want."

THE reference to her lonely hours at home turned his thoughts upon Mort, whom he hadn't seen since the severance of their business relationship.

"How's old Mort getting on?" he asked jocularly.

"You know as much about him as I do," she answered with a shrug. "He's gone all week and when he's home I ask no questions and he never tells me anything. I suppose he's puttering away in his old style."

"I suppose he is!" Spencer replied drily, looking about for his hat.

"Do you know, Howard—you won't be cross?—I had an idea that you might have got Weston to take Mort just to get him out of the Press. Didn't you really? You're so clever, Howard."

She smiled her hope that she had detected him in so clever a strategy. Spencer stared blankly a moment and laughed aloud.

"Good Lord—no!" he ejaculated. "I'd never have thought of anything so devilish!"

Her disappointment was evident. He had

never before been quite so struck by a certain childishness in her. She was hardly fair game! Their whole relationship, which had been only casual with him, was a thing of such vast importance to her that she had caught at the idea that he had plotted the elimination of Mort from the Press as a part of his devotion to her.

Alice was counting altogether too much on the permanence of their relationship. Women were such fools! They never knew when they were only the toys of men. He was thinking quickly as he stood near the door, his arms clasping her, her head nestled against his shoulder. She ought to know that the whole affair from the beginning had been merely an interlude in their lives to be interrupted at the pleasure of either. But the time was not propitious for intimating that such was his feeling.

She was really in love with him and had subjected him to all the idealizing processes of which a woman in love is capable. And he had her fifty thousand dollars invested in the business, which established a definite responsibility. On that rainy day when she had clung to him and told him that he was her sole dependence in the world he ought to have begun breaking off the relationship. But today when she was tender and wistful and really trying to accommodate herself to his need of a little encouragement he realized that he had got himself into a trap from which it might not be easy to extricate himself. He had no idea that Mort would succeed as a bond salesman, but if he did prosper Alice, who loved ease and luxury, might again find contentment with her husband. But Spencer's hope for such a way out for himself was quickly destroyed.

"I suppose Mort's getting on?" he remarked. "Weston seems to be flourishing. First thing I know you'll be moving into a house as big as Joe's on our most expensive street."

"You dear old Howard!" she said softly, standing on tiptoe to stroke his cheeks. "It wouldn't make a bit of difference if Mort had millions and millions of money! I love you, you old dear! I would rather live with you in just the meanest room than share a palace with any other man in the world!"

"You don't mean that!" he said gruffly, as if it were something he was afraid to accept at face value.

"Why, don't you know that I belong to you my dearest one! You are more to me than my own life, my knight, my king!"

He had no reason for doubting that she meant what she said and whatever of the brute there was in him was unequal to a retort that would show her that he did not reciprocate her affection in any such degree. He was a coward before her gentleness, her helplessness and complete self-surrender.

"You're the dearest little girl in all the world," he said with a hoarseness due to fear rather than to any nobler emotion. She crept closer into his arms, and lifted her face for his good-by kiss. "Remember—we mustn't meet here again," he said, "but we can have some drives pretty soon as the summer gets on and we'll find some quiet place where we can have fine long talks; just as we've been doing here."

"Yes, dear," she said with meek submission. "But tell me again! You do love me, really and truly, don't you?"

"Why, Alice, how can you doubt me!" he cried.

When his car had rolled out of the front entrance she left the house by the side gate and started down the cross street toward home. She was very happy, and the unbroken blue of the sky and the warm sweet air added to her joy in his assurance that he truly loved her.

She had taken but a few steps along the quiet street when a limousine turned in from the boulevard. In her happiness she had forgotten the possibility of detection, and her heart sank as she recognized the Weston car. In the narrow quiet street it was impossible to



**DRESSES**  
*that are*  
**different**

**This series of style books FREE!**

**Write for the first of my new style books—**  
"Modes of the Month". It is not a catalog of "catalog" dresses, but my always up-to-date review of Paris and New York ideas.

**I Design Unusual and Individual Dresses**

Dolly Gray frocks are exclusive and obtainable only by my plan. In the past year I have designed dresses for 100,000 women who want smart style and excellent quality—at a modest price. For instance, the flattering dress shown costs only \$11.75 the **DOLLY GRAY WAY** . . . You finish it yourself—needing no dress-making experience—no courses—no fussing with patterns. I supply everything—finest materials, trimmings, complete directions—even a needle!

**Ask for My Style Books Today!**

You will receive the new **Spring Style** number at once—the rest, as fast as they come off the press. They will show you how to dress in up-to-the-minute style at less than half usual store prices.


**DOLLY GRAY, Room 745**  
525 Broadway, New York City

MODEL 254  
\$11.75

I will send you this beautiful all-wool flannel dress, semi-made, for \$11.75. Choice of Navy, Black, Copper, Cocoa, Powder Blue, or Lanvin Green . . . Sizes 16 to 20, 34 to 38.

Send check or money order—or pay C. O. D. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back.

For other styles, fabrics, sizes and prices—**WRITE FOR MY FREE STYLE BOOKS.**



**"What a Relief!"**

**It's Wonderful How Pinex Eases a Cough**

The moment you take a spoonful of Pinex, you feel it take hold of your cough, soothing the membranes and bringing marked relief.

And it makes a difference in your drug bills. A small bottle of Pinex, mixed at home with plain sugar syrup, makes a whole pint—a family supply—of pure, wholesome cough syrup, the best that money could buy, for adults or children. Tastes good, too—youngsters take it willingly. Used by millions of people for over 20 years.

Insist on genuine Pinex, 65c, at all druggists. Money promptly refunded if you are not glad you tried it.

The Pinex Co., Ft. Wayne, Ind.

**For Coughs**  
**PINEX**

## Rinsing Ruins

**Your Hair—Stop It!**

**This Quick New Shampoo Ends the Rinsing Evil**

Used privately for 20 years by fashionable hairdressers, this new rinsing shampoo is now offered the American woman on a special trial offer.

In 10 minutes **Cleero** washes your hair. 15 minutes more dries it. Your hair is clean, sweet and fresh. It gleams with new life and sparkle.

**Cleero** makes shampooing safe. It actually benefits your hair and scalp. The big reason is that you don't rinse with **Cleero**.

You will never catch cold from shampooing with **Cleero**. For this reason many hospitals have adopted it as the standard shampoo for their patients.

**Cleero** brings your hair new life: leaves it soft and silky. But don't take our word. Send 10c in stamps for trial bottle. Then note the difference.



**Special Offer**

Van Ess Laboratories, Inc.  
120 E. Kinzie St., Chicago, Ill.

Send me trial bottle of **Cleero**—enough for three shampoos. I enclose 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_







peregrinations, making several sales of five and ten thousand dollar blocks of bonds with an ease that surprised him. This success was followed by the inevitable slump. In the dull months of the summer Weston kept him occupied in the office, and made a special effort to be kind to him and help him along. Mort appreciated all this; but when he resumed his travels in the fall he again found the going hard. Investors were wary and competition was keen.

It was nearing the end of the year and his commissions were far from equaling his old salary at the Press. He had not only exhausted his two thousand dollar nest-egg but was running behind with the household bills and realized that he couldn't continue indefinitely with Weston in the blind hope that his luck would change.

HE REACHED town late one Saturday afternoon after a week on the road and went directly to the office where he found Weston alone.

"By George! This is lucky!" exclaimed the broker. "Come right into my room. How are things going?"

"Not so good. Not a sale all week."

"Don't worry about that. Nobody's been doing anything lately, which only means that there's bound to be a change. In fact I've just closed a deal that's going to make us money—a whole lot of money." He lighted a cigar and settled himself back contentedly.

"This is confidential at present—I've arranged to float a big preferred stock issue for a combination of properties with the Doremus Machinery Company as a nucleus. Fine old business, the Doremus. Putting six other concerns, scattered over the state, into the combination. Lot of valuable patents; all the legal requirements met; o. k.'d at the State House. It's a five million dollar proposition. Been working at it for a year; lot of detail, but at last we've got 'er into shape. It's the biggest thing that ever came into this office, and you personally can't fail to roll up something pretty handsome out of it."

"That's good news," said Mort, his spirits rising. "I'm at the end of my string. I'd about decided I wasn't cut out for this business and was ready to quit."

"Why, you've been doing first rate. Sorry I've been too busy with Doremus lately to talk to you. All these new people you've been checking up over the country are good prospects for Doremus. When you go out to talk Doremus you'll have a seven percent article to offer which will hit 'em right smack in the eye."

"I want you to get right in on the ground floor. You know how to make type and ink talk and I'm going to turn over the advertising and publicity to you till we're ready to launch our selling campaign. The old Doremus concern has been dry-rotting, but Doremus is a good name in the machinery field. That's why we're keeping it in the new corporate title. Doremus . . ." Weston repeated the name as if there were some magic in the syllables.

"I suppose you wouldn't mind taking hold of the preliminary publicity; you needn't skimp on expense and you'll be paid for the work—anything you say. I'd like you to go right at it. We want to put out handsome stuff, the kind you used to specialize in at the Spencer Press; something that won't look like the ordinary boost material sent out on promotion schemes. Then when we've teased 'em with our literature we'll be all set to put the stock right under their noses. This is an absolutely sound proposition, Crane. We can go out and sell it with our Bibles in our hands."

"It certainly sounds good," said Mort, impressed by Weston's confident tone. "I've known the Doremus concern here all my life."

"Old reliable company," Weston went on, "and these other plants we're bunching with it are good, going concerns. I'm glad I've



## Every mother should tell her daughter this

*A new way in woman's hygiene, today adopted by 5 million women  
The scientifically correct way approved by Doctors and Nurses*

By ELLEN J. BUCKLAND, Graduate Nurse

IF five million women adopt, practically overnight, a new way in personal hygiene, surely it is worth knowing about—at least worth giving a trial.

Today mothers everywhere are telling their daughters of this new way which has revolutionized woman's personal life. They give thanks their daughters need never know the old fashioned makeshifts—unhygienic, dangerous to health—that this new way supplanted.

This new way is Kotex, widely urged by doctors and nurses. And it is as a nurse that I urge you to try it. Kotex is used in practically all hospitals today. And by eight women in ten in the better walks of life.

### The advantages of Kotex

Many discomforts common to women, doctors say, are directly traceable to makeshift sanitary methods. Every woman knows this to be true.

Kotex is a sanitary pad made of Cellucotton, the world's super-absorbent. It ab-

sorbs 16 times its own weight in moisture. It is 5 times as absorbent as cotton.

Besides that, each Kotex pad is impregnated with a new secret deodorant which our scientists recently discovered. It is the result of years of laboratory experiment and research.

It can be discarded simply, without the least bother or embarrassment—just like a piece of tissue.

Sealed packages of twelve. In two sizes, the regular and Kotex-Super, at all drug and department stores.

### Easy to get—anywhere

Today, get Kotex, deodorized, at all druggists in sealed packages of twelve. In two sizes, the regular, and Kotex-Super. Or write me for a free sample and booklet, written by an eminent doctor on this important subject. Your letter will be treated confidentially, of course, and the sample will come in plain, unmarked wrapper. Just address me, Ellen J. Buckland, G. N., care of Cellucotton Laboratories, 166 West Jackson Boulevard, Chicago, Illinois.

Kotex Regular now 60c

Kotex-Super now 90c

# KOTEX

DEODORIZED

# To Promote Inner Cleanliness

# ENO's

FRUIT SALT-DERIVATIVE COMPOUND

A "dash" of ENO's in your morning glass of cold or hot water gently rouses the organs of elimination to that natural, healthy action which frees the system of poisonous waste matter. Pure, refreshing, pleasant, comfortable to take, ENO's is highly beneficial to the young or old, the weak or strong. For good health—

Start the Day right  
with ENO's

At all Druggists  
75c and \$1.25

Sales Agents:  
HAROLD F. RITCHIE & CO., Inc.  
171 Madison Avenue, New York  
Toronto Sydney Wellington

Prepared only by  
J. C. ENO, Ltd., London, England

first thing  
in the  
morning



I got this news to tell you, for I knew things were slow with you. If you're short of ready money I'll be glad to make you an advance on this advertising work. Perfectly easy. Suppose I give you my personal check now for a thousand dollars on that—it will be charged up to Doremus Corporation's expense as soon as the outside plants are taken over and they open the new books. We'll put you on—say at five hundred a month while you're getting out the printed stuff. You can break in somebody to take it off your hands when the selling campaign begins. How does that strike you?"

"It sounds pretty fine," said Mort, afraid to let Weston know the extent of his relief. His eyes greedily followed Weston's hand as it wrote the check. The ease with which a check for a thousand dollars could be written was in itself inspiring. He felt that Joseph B. Weston was indeed a remarkable man, not only a generous employer but a kind and helpful friend.

"You can go out to the Doremus plant Monday morning," said Weston, "and start getting your data. And you'll want photographs of all the plants, and you'd better go and look at 'em. The Doremus Corporation's taken a suite in this building on the floor below us and you'll have a room there and all the help you need. This is no small thing, Crane. It's a whale! It's the first time I ever went into industrial and you can be sure I wouldn't be taking it up if I didn't know it was right."

"Of course not," Mort agreed. "It's going to be interesting, I can see that. And you may be sure I'll do my best. I suppose there'll be some one at the old Doremus office to show me around?"

"Just tell them what you want. They'll open up everything for you out there. I took it for granted we could count on you to handle our printing end and I've fixed all that. By the way—what are you doing tonight? If you're not tied up I tell you what would be a bully idea. I'm throwing a little dinner to celebrate the winding up of our negotiations; just a few fellows who're the main cheese in the new organization and"—Weston winked—"a little scenery."

"It is over at the Corydon—I've taken the whole upper floor—ballroom and everything and it's all ours for the evening. A man's got to relax occasionally. I'm not asking anybody else in my office but I want you! It'll give you a chance to get acquainted with these fellows I'm working with. They're live chaps, I tell you!"

"I don't know—I usually spend Saturday evenings at home," Mort murmured.

"Oh, thunder! You don't need to go home! Home's got to wait when you've got legitimate business to look after. That reminds me—I must telephone my wife I won't be home for dinner." He turned to the desk instrument and called his house number. "No dress-up necessary for this party. It starts promptly at six; strictly informal. You can pull out whenever it begins to bore you."

MORT had heard whispers of Weston's occasional social entertainments in the furtherance of his business. They were spoken of indulgently as evidencing Weston's liberal spirit in social matters. Mort was a little hazy as to what he meant by scenery, but surmised that Weston meant to indicate the presence of women. Weston had got his connection and was talking to his wife.

"Yes, Helen, I hate like thunder not coming home, but this is important, honest-to-God business. Customers I've got to be polite to. Yes; I'm at the office now. We're in a conference and just running out somewhere for dinner to close the thing up. No, Helen; I hadn't forgotten about going to the Fergusons, but I just can't make it. Call up Tom and get him to take my place. I simply couldn't sit up and play bridge tonight—I'm all in. Oh, I'm not sick; just tired. Children all right? That's good. Well; you do understand? That's the good girl. Good-by. I'll be home just as soon as I can!"

"By George! I had clean forgot about the Fergusons!" he said as he hung up the receiver. "If you've got anything to do in the next hour go ahead. Don't fade out on me. I want you to meet these fellows. How about a little drink? I've been on the wagon a thousand years and forget how it tastes."

He opened a drawer and produced a bottle and two glasses.

"No thanks," said Mort. "I've got some work to do at my desk. Just whistle when you're ready."

He called the house and Amelia answered. Mrs. Crane was not at home; Freida had gone to the Averys' for dinner and to spend the evening. Further inquiry elicited the information that Mrs. Crane, also, was dining out—Amelia didn't know where.

Mort was glad that he had accepted Weston's invitation. Having been gone all week he resented the fact that Alice had deliberately absented herself. A year earlier Freida wouldn't have gone out in this fashion and left him to eat his dinner alone. To be sure this hadn't happened before, but nevertheless it showed how little Alice and Freida cared for him. He told the colored woman he would dine down-town. Where had Alice gone, he wondered; and he speculated for the first time as to what she did with her evenings while he was away.

Weston had apparently taken more than one drink when he called to Mort that it was time to go.

WHEN they reached the Corydon, Mort was impressed at once by the thoroughness of Weston's preparations for the party. The table was set in the parlor of a large suite and adorned with flowers and lighted with candles. A bar had been set up in the room where the guests assembled and two waiters stood behind it ready to serve drinks.

"Mr. Crane; one of my staff and one of the best scouts in the world!" was his introduction of Mort as the guests began arriving. Mort had never before been called a good scout and the thought pleased him. The men were all under forty and of varying degrees of attractiveness. The names of only two were familiar in the local business world—one a promoter and the other a lawyer with whom Mort was slightly acquainted. The others were out-of-town men, connected with the concerns that were now merged in Doremus Corporation. Weston, not without his sense of the dramatic, had arranged a special appearance for the feminine contingent. They walked in demurely, and in single file made a round of the room as Weston recited their names.

"Just look at 'em! Boys, I'm bragging about these girls! If you can find six prettier, nicer girls in all America I'll eat my hat!"

There was no question of their comeliness; they were exceedingly pretty and bore themselves with smiling dignity.

Weston's cocktails, joining forces with the whisky he had imbibed at the office, were indubitably elevating his spirits. He addressed himself chiefly to the young women, praising them, referring to other parties on which they had met. Mort, waiting apprehensively for the effect of a cocktail he had drunk, was talking to Griffith, one of the out-of-town men, when the tallest and handsomest of the girls joined them, glass in hand.

"I've had a couple; you take this one," she said extending the glass to Mort. "I'm just a lonely little girl; won't you boys be nice to me?"

"You two go right ahead," said Griffith. "I'm going over there and talk to that girl in the orange dress."

"Say, you don't have the look in your eye of one of the naughty boys," the girl breezily said to Mort. "I picked you out of the bunch as being a gentleman; and God knows that's something. You might think me fresh! Your hair"—she touched him lightly on the forehead—"that iron-gray effect is certainly becoming. But you look young. I'll bet

that you  
"You  
work!"  
pleased  
couldn't  
object o  
was edit  
worth  
what W  
"Som  
to stay  
always  
will thin  
Her n  
Harlowe  
position  
She wor  
attitude  
what co  
didn't kr  
moral sc  
sentable  
found to  
"Hey,  
over her  
You got  
"What  
"It's pos  
tail!"  
Weston  
spirit of  
Ruddy o  
lence he  
with Mis  
announce  
life was  
screamed  
ever other  
His co  
realizati  
ness. 'Th  
lisp and  
look acro  
Mort fou  
assured h  
life . . .

IT OCCUR  
time for s  
holding to  
one, he in  
other orga  
one and b  
neglecting  
nated sol  
changed h  
ing hand  
Maude ac  
one more.  
The gen  
conjuncti  
having neg  
she was th  
he had bee  
to have a  
"That's  
such a hor  
how? My  
He gave  
repeated it  
heard it be  
engaged fo  
ballroom a  
in the direc  
from the ir  
was still th  
swayed tips  
"Oh, I  
hand on M  
named Cran  
was that pa  
at the Tw  
Howard Sp  
she got cro  
her. Alice  
Howard—h  
She was f  
trinkets an  
ing at her.  
of which he  
Howard alu

that you're not very much older than I am!"

"Your cocktails are getting in their deadly work!" Mort answered, embarrassed and pleased by her praise of his appearance. He couldn't recall that he had ever before been the object of this sort of flattery. The experience was edifying; and the girl herself was decidedly worth looking at, the most striking item of what Weston called the scenery.

"Somebody," she explained to Mort, "has to stay sober at these jollifications and I always do! Scream occasionally so the rest will think you're drunk and all is well!"

Her name, she informed Mort, was Maude Harlowe, adding that she held a responsible position though she didn't state its nature. She wore a look of oversophistication, and her attitude toward the entertainment was somewhat condescending. She puzzled Mort, who didn't know where to place her in the social and moral scale. He wondered how girls so presentable as those Weston had assembled were found to embellish such entertainments.

"Hey, you!" Weston called to them. "Come over here! That man's a male vamp, Maude. You got to be careful of him."

"What a terrible bore," Maude remarked. "It's possible we've got to sink another cocktail!"

Weston's drinks were already inducing a spirit of jolly good fellowship in the company. Ruddy of countenance and beaming benevolence he took his place at the head of the table, with Miss Harlowe at his right hand. He announced that the one great passion of his life was to have everybody happy. They all screamed that they were happy. Was anyone ever otherwise at Joe's parties!

His cocktails had brought Mort to a new realization of the possibilities of human happiness. The girl beside him who had a beguiling lip and appealing brown eyes, bade him not look across at Maude or she'd be jealous. Mort found himself holding her hand as he assured her that Maude meant nothing in his life . . .

IT OCCURRED to Weston presently that it was time for speeches. He rose with difficulty and holding to his chair proposed a toast. Everyone, he insisted, must make a speech. The other organizers of Doremus got up one by one and bragged about the new enterprise, not neglecting to brag of Weston. Having approximated sobriety for a few minutes Weston changed his place to escape Maude's restraining hand and began drinking whisky, assuring Maude across the table that he needed only one more.

The general shift of places brought Mort in conjunction with a girl who charged him with having neglected her and he assured her that she was the prettiest girl in the room and that he had been waiting impatiently for a chance to have a quiet talk with her.

"That's nice," she said thickly. "But it's such a horrible lie! What's your name anyhow? My name's Ruby."

He gave his name and she frowned as she repeated it as if trying to recall where she had heard it before. The musicians Weston had engaged for the occasion were playing in the ballroom and the company began to disperse in the direction of the sound. It was evident from the intent look in Ruby's eyes that she was still thinking about his name. Her head swayed tipsily as she played with a tumbler.

"Oh, I know!" she exclaimed laying her hand on Mort's arm. "I met a girl on a party named Crane. She was awfully sweet. Where was that party anyhow? Oh, sure! It was out at the Two Pigeons—country supper place. Howard Spencer was there with that girl and she got cross because some guy got fresh with her. Alice Crane—that was it! You know Howard—he always has some girl!"

She was fumbling on the table for her various trinkets and didn't notice that Mort was staring at her. Alice at the Two Pigeons, a place of which he had heard only unpleasant things! Howard always has some girl! Ruby got up

**Encharma**  
Cold Cream  
Complexion  
Powder

This colorful oval box, intriguingly French, will grace the most tastefully appointed dressing table.

## How many times a day do you powder?

DOES the powder you use stay on? Or must you renew it frequently to keep the shine from your nose—to keep your complexion fresh and lovely? For one day, make note of the number of times you must do this.

The next day, use Encharma Cold Cream Complexion Powder. Through force of habit, you will probably find yourself reaching often for your powder puff. But wait!—is it necessary? This is a *different* powder. Not only is it softer, smoother, more velvety of texture, as you found when you first put it on—but it *clings until removed*. It keeps your complexion at its best! That's why women everywhere are calling it "*The Perfect Powder*."

Secure Encharma today—make this comparison! Sold everywhere—in fascinating oval box, with downy puff enclosed. Flesh, White or Rachel. Or, mail coupon below for the Luxor Samplette.



Luxor Rouge Parfait—most widely used in America—and exquisite Luxor Complexion Powder in dainty compact form, \$1.50.

Send for  
Luxor Samplette  
Today!

LUXOR LIMITED,  
Chicago Address:  
1355 W. 31st St.

I enclose 25c, for which please send me your Luxor Samplette containing generous samples of Encharma Powder and of Luxor Perfume, Cold Cream, Rouge and Complexion Powder, etc. AM

Name.....

Address.....

(or P. O. Box).....

City..... State.....

**Luxor**

TOILET REQUISITES OF ENDURING CHARM



## BUY DIAMONDS DIRECT

From Jason Weiler & Sons, Boston, Mass.  
America's Leading Importers

Pay Cash for Diamonds And Save 20 to 40%

For over 49 years the house of Jason Weiler & Sons, of Boston, has been one of the leading diamond importing concerns in America selling direct by mail to customers and dealers alike at importing prices. Our Free Catalog tells you all about Diamonds—and positively proves that it pays to pay cash when you buy Diamonds. Write for a copy if you are interested in a Diamond Purchase.

### Fine Blue-White Absolutely PERFECT DIAMOND RING \$135.00

This beautiful 18k solid white gold Ring is exquisitely hand carved and pierced with the latest style platinum hexagon top. The fine blue-white absolutely perfect diamond is of rare brilliancy. Money refunded if this ring can be duplicated elsewhere for less than \$200.00. Our price direct to you... **\$135.00**



Ladies' White Gold Diamond Ring \$75.00



Ladies' Platinum Diamond Ring \$200.00

Fine, full cut blue-white diamond of exceptional brilliancy with four smaller blue-white diamonds on the sides. The ring is 18k solid white gold, richly pierced and carved. . . . . **\$75.00**

Fine, full cut blue-white diamond of exceptional brilliancy securely set in solid platinum ring, which is richly carved and exquisitely pierced in a lace-work effect. . . . . **\$200.00**

A few weights and prices of other diamond rings:

1/4 carat . . . . \$31.00 1 carat . . . . \$145.00

1/2 carat . . . . 50.00 2 carats . . . . 290.00

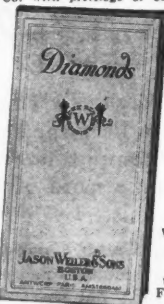
3/4 carat . . . . 73.00 3 carats . . . . 435.00

If desired, rings will be sent to any bank you may name or any Express Co. with privilege of examination. Our diamond guarantee for full value for all time goes with every purchase.

WRITE TODAY FOR THIS CATALOG FREE ON "HOW TO BUY DIAMONDS"

This book is beautifully illustrated. Tells how to judge, select and buy diamonds. Tells how they mine, cut and market diamonds. This book, showing weights, sizes, prices and qualities. This free book is considered an authority.

**Jason Weiler & Sons**  
369 Washington St., Boston, Mass.  
Corner of Washington and Franklin Streets  
Diamond Importers Since 1876  
Foreign Agencies: Antwerp, Amsterdam and London



Write for your copy today FREE



## Every Girl Can Earn a

BRACELET WATCH

by Selling Normandy Chocolates

Watch is the newest, dainty rectangular shape, 25 year white gold-filled case. Exquisitely engraved, 6 jewel regulated and adjusted movement.

Normandy Chocolates are of the highest grade fresh and pure and sell easily as they're widely advertised. Send for plan. Tells fully how you can become the proud owner of one of these watches.

Home Supply Company  
133 Duane St. Dept. 371 N. Y. C.



## BECOME A NURSE

THIS school during 25 years has taught nursing to 30,000 women in their own homes—beginners as well as practical nurses.

Our Graduates Earn \$30 and \$35 a Week

Ideal vocation for self-supporting women. You can try our course without cost if dissatisfied. Write today for catalog and specimen pages.

THE CHAUTAUQUA SCHOOL OF NURSING  
387 Main Street  
Jamestown, N. Y.

and turned toward the door beyond which dancing was in progress, unconscious of the effect of her words.

"I don't know any other Cranes," Mort remarked carelessly. "How long ago was this?"

"How long ago was that, dearie? Oh, Lord! Must have been last summer. Say, I think you're a nice man—kiss me!"

She placed her hands on Mort's shoulders and thrust her face close to his. He stared into her eyes dully. That she should have mentioned Alice was a sufficient shock, but with Spencer, at a place of dubious reputation, where some difficulty had occurred to fix the name in this tipsy girl's memory!

"Just one little kiss for good luck!" Her arms tightened about his neck and he kissed the mouth she had just dabbled with paint.

WHAT had that girl with the painted lips said about Alice? "You know Howard—he always has some girl!" Mort sought the quiet of an empty room, opened the window and filled his lungs with the cool bracing air. Beyond the closed door a voice bawled "Do-re-mus!" It struck him suddenly that there must be something wrong with Doremus Corporation. It wasn't the sort of thing Weston handled. His employment by Weston, which had seemed a natural thing, now wore a sinister look. But he didn't care. He, Morton Crane, with his strict ideas of honor, didn't care a hang if Weston and his associates wanted to use him to further some questionable scheme. Weston was highly regarded; he had sold securities for years; the country banks Mort had called on in his travels spoke highly of him. It was inconceivable that Weston was about to throw away his reputation for probity.

As he gazed over the town the city spoke to Mort of his youth, of his early aspirations, of those first years with Alice. He had lived straight and it hadn't got him anywhere. It didn't pay to be decent. He had given his best service to Spencer, and that had got him nowhere; and he had been loyal to Alice and she had betrayed him.

Even Freida, whom he had loved and looked to as his greatest resource, she too had been caught up and swept away from him. If Weston, after building up a reputation for honorable dealing, was ready to throw it away by fathering this Doremus venture, he, Mort Crane, was no whit better. After all, money was the only thing that counted. It was his lack of money-winning ability that had caused his trouble with Alice. Well, he would make money; it didn't much matter how. He was outside the old barricade now; a rebel against his old ideals and loyalties.

In his deep absorption he had lost track of the time and he started when the lights were snapped on.

"Well, I like this!" exclaimed the Harlowe girl. "Why so lonely?"

"Nothing; just thinking!" he replied, jumping up. "How's the party?"

"On the blink! Some of the boys are catching trains and have to skip. How'd you like to drop our host at his own door. Somebody always takes Joe home—it's the rule!"

She led the way to the parlor, where Weston lay sprawled on two chairs.

"Here's our little comrade," she said, surveying him with a view to determining the engineering feat necessary to bring him to a perpendicular position. "Joe's all right, except he's had about a gallon too much."

She shook him, screaming into his ear that it was time for him to go home. Mort drew him up into one chair and when he opened his eyes and showed encouraging signs of mental functioning Maude stood ready to assure him that he was perfectly all right.

"Perfect a' ri!" Weston repeated. "Now where we goin'? Where's ev'body?"

"Everybody's gone! The party's over!" Mort answered loudly. "You and I are going home!"

"Home! 'Stoo early to go home—mush too early!"

"As long as he talks he's all right," said Maude. "I'll get his hat and coat."

Mort kept him upright, supporting him about the room with an idea that exercise might prove salutary. Maude came back with the hotel porter, who had brought up the service elevator to shield Weston's exit from curious eyes. Weston went to sleep instantly when they had landed him in a taxi.

On arriving at Weston's home the taxi driver lent assistance in leading the intoxicated broker through the iron gate in the hedge and up the winding walk to the front entrance. The door opened while Mort was paying the fare and to Mort's relief Tom Bowen stepped out.

"Hello, Mort! If you'll stay with us we'll get him right up to bed."

It was necessary to exercise some force in effecting Weston's translation to the second floor, for he clung to the newel and insisted that he had forgotten something down-town and had to go back. They got him into one of the guest rooms, where Mort noted that the bed was turned down as if in readiness for just such an emergency.

"Wait for me and I'll drive you home," said Tom. "I'll get his clothes off and look after him. You'll find Helen down-stairs."

Somewhere in the house a clock boomed three o'clock. The lights were on in the drawing-room and Mort stood uncertainly at the door, grateful that it hadn't been necessary to see Mrs. Weston, when she came quickly into the room.

"Good evening—or good morning! I'm very glad to see you! Please sit down."

Her gown of lilac was trimmed with silver and she wore silver slippers. The foreign look that had fascinated him the first time they met was pronounced tonight. Her hair was dressed in the same fashion as on that night—drawn smoothly back to a coil supported by a silver comb. Her composure was embarrassing in its completeness. She hadn't the look of a woman who had been waiting for a husband who was at the moment being put to bed drunk. He assumed that the experience lacked novelty; this would account for her acceptance of it as one of those infelicities of married life that are best ignored.

MORT was not without a feeling of guilt in having participated in the celebration that had terminated Weston's long abstinence; but nothing in her manner indicated that this troubled her. He ventured the banal remark that it was a fine night, which she confirmed with the addition that she and Tom had been bridging at the Fergusons'.

"After we got home we began one of our deplorable arguments about politics, religion, and the effect of gasoline on civilization. Of course we got nowhere!"

"I'm sorry you didn't," he replied, in his weariness feeling unequal to holding his own in a debate on any subject. "We're all looking for solutions!"

"But—you're not despairing! I thought you'd officially adopted courage as your slogan!" Her gaze swept him carelessly, but he felt that she was really taking careful note of him; and he thrilled at her reference to the park episode. The vulgarity of the girl Ruby's remark about Alice and Howard seemed intensified as he sat there before Helen Weston. It was as if he had brought something unclean into the room. She seemed so splendid and the handsome room gave her so appropriate a background, as if fashioned merely to set her off. Mort humbly realized the difficulty of reaching her with any ideas that the blurred occurrences of the night had left him.

"I have done that very thing," he assured her gravely.

"And tell me," she said with half mocking earnestness, "tell me that business—the excitement of battling for the dollar isn't going to spoil you! For—you are that noble creation

MRS. BRYN I. Mrs. Baylis in her work reducing met

MRS. GRA Ch In telling of h weight (74 lb) give full crediting record

MRS. C New O Mrs. Carpenter works by Wa it any wonder under the Wa



# "Can I Reduce?"

## Ask Miss Crawford!



MRS. BAYLIS  
Bryn Mawr, Penn.

Mrs. Baylis has been enthusiastic in her praise of Wallace and his reducing method. She lost 53 lbs.



MRS. GRACE HORSCHLER  
Chicago, Ill.

In telling of her remarkable loss of weight (74 lbs.) Mrs. Horschler gives full credit to Wallace reducing records.



MRS. CARPENTER  
New Orleans, La.

Mrs. Carpenter lost 41 lbs. in 7 weeks by Wallace's method. Is it any wonder that she recommends the Wallace System.

Imagine taking off eighty-five pounds in four months! But this big reduction is not imaginary—Marjorie Crawford *did* it. You can use the same simple and *sure* means for reducing any amount.

Miss Crawford used Wallace reducing records to play off this huge excess of weight, and this is what she has to say of Wallace's method:

"The day my weight reached 235 lbs. was the date of my awakening. I sent for the free trial record and put in one earnest week of daily use. It was novel, and I enjoyed it, but what's more to the point I lost eight pounds that first week. I kept on, of course. I used the movements faithfully, and nothing else. I didn't take any medicine, I didn't starve myself, either, and there was not one week that I failed to lose at least five pounds until I was down very close to what a woman of my height should weigh. My present weight is 150. You can be sure I'm going to keep it there! Whenever I find that superfluous flesh is creeping back I take out my Wallace records, use them a few days, maybe only every other day—and I'm soon back to the 150 mark. It took me four months to lose 85 lbs. and I spent about quarter of an hour each day with the reducing movements. I never felt better than since getting rid of all that fat, and what it has done for my appearance you can guess from my pictures."

### Anybody Can Reduce By This Remarkable Method

If you weigh too much for your height and age, the table printed above will tell you just what is possible with Wallace reducing records applied to your own case. There is no guess-work about reducing through these scientific synchronized movements. They are set to music, are actually fun to do, but they are a swift and certain corrective of *fat*. They remove the *cause*.

Thousands of women—men, too—have restored normal proportions in this way. Reducing 85 lbs. is unusual, but any number of women have played off thirty and forty pounds with these records, and in about two months' time. Many more have used the records for lesser reductions—those who were but fifteen or twenty pounds over-

ACTUAL REDUCTION TABLE FOR  
WALLACE METHOD  
(At the average rate of 5 lbs. a week)

Height in Inches	Age 20 to 29 Lbs.	Age 30 to 39 Lbs.	Age 40 to 49 Lbs.	Age 50 & Over Lbs.
60	111	116	122	125
61	113	118	124	127
62	115	120	127	130
63	118	123	130	133
64	122	127	133	136
65	125	131	137	140
66	129	135	141	145
67	133	139	145	150
68	137	143	149	155
69	141	145	153	159
70	145	147	156	163

weight. Such cases are ridiculously easy for Wallace; they ordinarily take less than a month. Many letters testify to a pound a day and five pounds a week is easy indeed.

If you weigh too much for comfort, health, or appearance's sake, you owe yourself this relief. The method is too well known for sensible people to doubt. Miss Crawford only regrets that she did not heed Wal-

lace's offer two years ago. She is a Chicago lady, her address is 6710 Merrill Ave., where anyone who wishes to confirm her story may write. But a better way is to *start reducing* with the reducing record Wallace will furnish any person overweight—for a *free demonstration*—read his offer and begin reducing *this week*.

### Free Proof to Anyone

Send your name and address now and your first week's reducing lesson, record and all, will come by return mail prepaid. Do not enclose any payment; don't promise to pay anything; this free trial means free.

You'll enjoy the use of this demonstration record. You'll feel better from the day you begin. You'll commence to reduce the very first week. Let actual results decide whether you want to continue! Here's the coupon that brings every-



WALLACE  
630 S. Wabash Ave.  
Chicago

528

Please send me FREE and POSTPAID for a week's free trial the Original Wallace Reducing Record.

Name .....

Address .....

**FREE Vocational Test**

Chicago Technical College  
Dept. 374, 118 East 26th Street, Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen: Send me, without cost or obligation, your Free Vocational Test Lesson and your 40-page Booklet of Facts About Drafting.

Name ..... State .....

Address .....

City .....

**Offered by a famous College of Engineering**

Here is an opportunity to prove your fitness and liking for one of Industry's highest-paid professions. Vocational guidance of the highest order—a free test lesson in Drafting.

## DRAFTING

### Short HOME STUDY Course

A Free Trial Home Study Lesson sent you without obligation. Before you enroll we want you to know what drafting is like... how we teach by mail... and whether you will like this fascinating, well-paid profession.

### 40-page Book of Facts, FREE

Tells you all about drafting and our short, intensive drafting courses. What prominent men say... where draftsmen are employed... their salaries... their opportunities... how... and why... many of our students have increased their salaries even before finishing their courses.



Chicago Technical College, founded in 1904, is America's Oldest and Largest School of Specialized Engineering. It offers to resident students 2-year and 3-year courses in Architecture and Engineering, leading to diplomas and B.S. degrees. Short courses, also, in Drafting, Plan Reading, Estimating, Building Construction, etc. Over 1000 men enrolled each year in day and evening classes. 50% of them accept part-time positions before graduation. 90% of them get positions immediately upon graduation.

### Opportunities in Chicago to Earn while you Learn

For those who can come to Chicago, there is a splendid opportunity to learn Drafting, Engineering or Architecture at the College while earning expenses in part-time positions. If interested, write for 52-page Blue Book of Resident Courses.

**Chicago TECHNICAL College**  
Dept. 374, 118 East 26th Street, Chicago

### NEW VEST POCKET ADDING MACHINE

Adds as rapidly and accurately as a \$500 machine, yet fits the vest pocket. Mechanically perfect. Easy to operate—nothing to get out of order. Everyone who uses figures should own one.

Counts Up to 999,999,999

Don't carry a pocket full of pencil stubs and scrap paper to do your figuring. Carry a Ve-Po-Ad.

**10 Days Trial** Send no money. dress and we will send machine postpaid. Total visible at all times. A pull of the finger clears it. Pay postman on delivery \$2.95. Use it for 10 days to prove it does all we claim. If not perfectly satisfied we will refund your money. Limited supply. Send order today.

Reliable Adding Mach. Corp., Dept. 127, 170 W. Washington St., Chicago, Ill. Here's a money maker. Everybody wants one. Splendid profit. Write for special offer.

**AGENTS**

—a man of sentiment! Fine and beautiful things always have appealed to you. You're not going to lose them! Does a man have to lose them?"

"I suppose not—in the case of a real man!" he replied, straightening himself as he uttered the words in the challenging key of her question.

He was again conscious, as he had been before, of her spiritual vitality that was the fit accompaniment of her physical strength.

"What I mean to say is," she said with her smile, "that there are things we don't dare lose—our poor little aspirations—our desire to pull ourselves up!"

"Yes; that's all true!" he exclaimed huskily, and got up and crossed to where she sat, gazing down at her with a new brightness in his eyes. "How do you know all these things! How do you know so well what to say to me!"

*Next month Meredith Nicholson tells of dramatic crises that face Mort and Alice and Helen—tells it so truly that you feel you are looking straight through the walls of your neighbors' houses into their secret hearts*

## A Chapter from My Autobiography

(Continued from page 67)

were engaged and conductors were hoisted to the podium, that melodious tunes might pour upon the troubled waters of a proletarian consciousness.

Unfortunately—or fortunately, for it has greatly added to the nation's output of original thought—wherever there are two Dutchmen together, there are three divergent opinions. As soon as the programs of these concerts were published, there arose such a howl of disapprobation that even my childish ears heard about it.

It was the old, old struggle. Once more Highbrows and Lowbrows were at each other's throats. The Highbrows wanted Wagner—to the exclusion of everything else. The Lowbrows wanted Sousa—to the exclusion of everything else.

FORTUNATELY there still lived a survivor of that old liberal party which had been founded two thousand years before in Rome by a small group of Stoic and Epicurean philosophers, and which survived until the outbreak of the Great War. This gentleman, now in his late nineties, wrote a letter to the papers in which he suggested that the "average man" for whom those concerts were meant was able to enjoy something just a little better than the current polkas and potpourris, but not quite as dull as the tedious works then deemed to be of tremendous musical importance.

"There is," so he said, "in the field of art and literature an Everyman's Land situated between the realm of trash and the domain of ponderosity," and he advised the managers of the popular performances to stick to the narrow but pleasant path between the extremes of right and wrong.

Then the fat was in the fire. One group of people loudly declared that the whole thing was doomed unless it were turned into a circus, and that all those who did not agree with them were Highbrows. Their enemies just as stoutly maintained that the country would go to the bow-wows unless the street-cleaners and the chimney-sweeps learned to weep over symphonic climaxes by Bruckner, and that all those who failed to see this point were Lowbrows. For a long time, while the battle raged, brasses and drums were silent. Then a compromise program was arranged.

The hall was sold out three weeks beforehand. Every sort of music was played except the bad and the dull and the insincere. The crowds went home delighted.

The managers suddenly found themselves possessed of real guilders. And my old liberal friend died a happy death and was promptly forgotten by those for whose benefit he had postponed his demise by several months.

A sound above caused her to lift her head and her eyes opened and shut quickly with the effort of accounting for the disturbance.

"Ah, why does the world go round!" she exclaimed, smiling at her evasion of his question.

"Let's hope it never stops!" he cried, and they laughed together...

Tom appeared at the door and struck his hands together smartly to attract their attention.

"Come along, Mort! We'll now beat it for our respective homes. What are you and Helen giggling about?"

"Things!" she answered lifting her hand dramatically.

"I'm glad there are things to laugh at," said Tom so gloomily that Helen laughed again, and it was upon the note of laughter that Mort and Tom left the house.

The years went by. I crossed the ocean and unpacked my-trunk on the banks of the ancestral Hudson River.

On this side of the water everything was much as it had been on the other. The sun rose in the morning, the moon at night spread her silvery beams across the landscape, and the Highbrows and the Lowbrows had each other by the throat and were fighting to a finish.

The story of such heroic combat reads well enough in those schoolbooks destined to teach little boys and girls the fabulous virtues of prehistoric heroes. But in actual life it is a very costly affair, and it had a most depressing influence upon the intellectual development of the community at large.

Talk of class consciousness and the struggle between capital and labor! Why, they are child's play compared to the feeling of animosity which exists between Highbrows and Lowbrows. For rich and poor fight each other in the open, but Highbrows and Lowbrows despise this method.

The Highbrow constructs a mighty stockade of strange words and obscure ideas and behind these he retires to convince himself—between yawns—that he is a very superior person and much envied by all Lowbrows. The latter digs an earthen rampart which he plants full of cheap and horrible signs—meant to annoy the Highbrow—and then he sits down amidst his own platitudes and wishes to high Heaven that he had something worth while to give to his poor kids who play around in the mud and root for phony nickels.

Meanwhile the average citizen, who cannot find it in his heart to swear allegiance to either side, has to dodge as best he can the occasional missiles which the two contending parties throw at each other. He has to put up with the ungainly sight of a countryside defaced by heaps of literary rubbish and artistic slugs, and he is obliged to listen to the constant stream of abuse which is hurled from one camp to the other and which proves only that both sides are wrong.

All this may seem incongruous to the readers of the year 2425, for whom this is meant. They will at once think of the situation which prevailed two hundred years earlier, when two contending religious factions turned this agreeable planet into a pigsty and stopped all progress for at least ten generations.

I hope that they will be merciful in their judgment. For otherwise they will come to the conclusion that the twentieth century was really not so very much wiser or better than the seventeenth.

And that, of course, could not possibly be true.

felt—and porte-coc many a open the this exha a footma legs, and have been original.

"All rig Bonynghe You migh

The fro while sho made up tance aro natural po "Good

"I believe late mast that is to

"I've gentleman to go up-s

Jerry, o but observ eye, he ca much look glancing a as thoug beginning

"Will Watkins.

"No; le speaking since the

"that is— "Oh yo modestly keep every

Jerry go his hand r

"Another Going up! The Juc didn't; an upon the room," he

corted hir proportion some nigh

In short the adven in the tape "Everyt

Jerry. "M Lunch Wa getting the

JERRY W thing chee him he ha bound cop it because dropped the tory of Ber

"You wi standing a "Yes; co

too... here, my o and you'd tray and a Willis used

keep every here I hop tonic on ha

"Yes, sir He retur

in due and that imme

ancient or except the instead of days and c



## How to Be Happy Though Rich

(Continued from page 49)

felt—and they finally came to rest beneath a porte-cochère which would itself have covered many a sizable dwelling. Jerry was about to open the door of the car when he found that this exhausting labor was being performed by a footman who had a pair of incredibly long legs, and a thin jutting nose which might have been a copy of some famous European original.

"All right, Tibbets," said the Judge. "Mr. Bonyngnam has a valise and a violin case. You might take those."

The front door was opened by a butler who, while shorter than Tibbets, much more than made up for his lack of height by the distance around him and the well-nigh supernatural perfection of his dignity.

"Good evening, Watkins," said the Judge. "I believe you know Mr. Bonyngnam—your late master's cousin, and your new master that is to be?"

"I've had the pleasure, sir, of serving the gentleman on several occasions. You will wish to go up-stairs?"

Jerry, of course, had seen the house before; but observing it this time with the proprietary eye, he caught it from a different angle, not so much looking for things "to kid," but rather glancing around through the tops of his eyes as though the weight of ownership was already beginning to press between his shoulders.

"Will you take the stairs, sir?" asked Watkins.

"No; let's try the elevator," said Jerry, speaking with his old drawl for the first time since the Judge had broken the news to him; "that is—if it's running—"

"Oh yes, sir," said Watkins, coughing modestly behind his hand, "we always try to keep everything in first-class shape, sir."

Jerry got in the elevator first and stood with his hand ready to push the proper button.

"Another place, but the same old job . . . Going up!" cried he.

The Judge didn't smile; of course Watkins didn't; and Jerry felt the frost of disapproval upon the flower of his wit. "Damned bathroom," he thought, when Tibbets finally escorted him to a tiled apartment of heroic proportions. "I'm going to get lost in here some night, if I don't look out."

In short a cloud seemed to have settled over the adventure—a cloud which grew bigger in the tapestried expanses of the dining-room.

"Everything a dozen sizes too big," thought Jerry. "Myself, I'd rather eat in McFarland's Lunch Wagon. Even the Judge seems to be getting the blues in here."

JERRY was in the library, looking for something cheerful to read. When Watkins found him he had just been glancing at a morocco bound copy of Browne's *Urn Burial*, lured to it because of its bright red color; and had dropped that to take a chance on "The History of Benson County."

"You wished to see me, sir?" said Watkins, standing at attention near the door.

"Yes; come in; I want to speak to you, too . . . Always before when I was visiting here, my cousin would give you a high sign, and you'd beat it off and come back with a tray and a couple of glasses. 'A little tonic,' Willis used to call it; and seeing that you try to keep everything in first-class shape around here I hope that you've still got plenty of tonic on hand."

"Yes, sir. I will see what I can find."

He returned after a short absence—returned in due and ancient form—plying one form of that immemorial profession from which the ancient order of butlers derived their names, except that they were known as bottlers then instead of butlers, men being men in those days and calling a spade a spade.

## Are you one of the pale-faced failures?



YOU see them on every side . . . pale faces . . . the unsuccessful . . . men and women, even children, who are leading languid, listless, incomplete lives.

Have you ever stopped to ask why? Insurance doctors will tell you that 8 out of every 10 men and women are suffering from Anemia . . . blood starvation. Usually they don't know it . . . don't know that their lack of vitality, of energy, of ambition, is due to a cause that yields quickly to proper treatment. Are you one of the 80%.

Stop now as you read and make these simple tests . . . they may show you the way to a new life . . . with a new zest . . . a rich vital life, made again possible by rich, red, strength-building blood.

Physicians have seen thousands of patients renew health and strength by the use of Gude's Pepto-Mangan. It is the sure way, the safe way, to regain energy. Its iron and manganese content is easily assimilated by the blood and rebuilds the latent power of a run-down body.

Your druggist has Gude's Pepto-Mangan in liquid or tablet form. Start a good Gude habit now.

Make these tests:



Press flesh between hand and thumb. If the blood does not return at once it indicates Anemia.



Press the thumb-nail. Watch the time it takes for blood to return. Anemia is indicated unless blood returns at once.



Unless the inside of eyelid is a bright scarlet Anemia may exist.

# Gude's Pepto-Mangan

Tonic and Blood Enricher



## We are ready for 100 Men who can earn \$300 to \$600 a month

We have, right now, open territory in which we want to appoint 100 additional Fry-Fyter Salesmen. We have positions open that will pay from \$300 to \$600 a month—\$3,600 to \$7,200 a year. Previous selling experience will be valuable, but is not essential as we conduct our own course of expert training. This offer will appeal to the man who really wants to enter the selling field with the assurance of building up a steady and permanent business that will pay him an excellent income.

### Big Earnings Possible

Fry-Fyter Salesmen make unusually large earnings from the start of their work. L. R. Graham, of Illinois, made \$180 during his first week, and makes \$100 or more a week steadily. A. H. Robey, of W. Va., makes around \$350 a month. L. D. Paine, of Iowa, earned \$150 in his first three days, \$4,507 in 217 days, and has had any number of days in which he has made \$50 to \$60.

### Unlimited Market

Fry-Fyter is a device which means fire prevention. It is not to be confused with the ordinary "fire extinguisher." It has the approval of the (Fire) Underwriters. Our products are used by Standard Oil, Ford Motor, International Harvester and many other of the largest concerns in the world. Thousands are in use today in factories, stores, schools, hotels, hospitals, theaters, garages, warehouses, private homes—wherever fire may start. This means that there is an unlimited market for Fry-Fyter in every community—a market that offers unlimited prospects to our Salesmen.

### Do You Want This Opportunity?

We want 100 more Fry-Fyter Salesmen now to take open territory. It is a real opportunity that will appeal immediately to the man who wants to earn a steady income that will amount to from \$3,600 to \$7,200 or more a year. It is a distinctly high-grade proposition that will appeal to men who want to succeed in a big way. If you are interested in an opportunity that can easily pay you \$5,000 during the first year, fill out the coupon below and mail it to us immediately for the details of our offer.

### THE FRY-FYTER CO.

700 FRY-FYTER BLDG., DAYTON, OHIO

### COUPON

The Fry-Fyter Co., 700 Fry-Fyter Bldg., Dayton, Ohio.

Kindly mail me full information about the positions you now have open.

Name.....

Address.....

Town..... State.....

"That's more like it," said Jerry beginning to beam as Watkins carried a little table to the side of his new master's chair. "And now I'll tell you what else I'd like."

"Anything that we can do, I'm sure, sir." "Well, now, here's a fine big fireplace that seems to be yawning its head off; and I've been wondering if you couldn't build me a fire in it, and make this end of the room more cheerful-like."

Watkins brought Tibbets in to help him, and Jerry heard two other men in the hall carrying logs as far as the library door, but discreetly keeping out of the new master's sight.

"Heaven help me," thought Jerry, beginning to feel sad again, "but I've got the whole regiment on my hands from now on."

HE FELT better though when the fire started to blaze, and sitting back in his chair he sipped his tonic and lighted his pipe, and thought of Old King Cole.

*He called for his pipe  
And he called for his bowl  
And he called for his fiddlers three.  
Now every fiddler  
Had a very fine fiddle  
And a very fine fiddle had he.*

From this to Jerry's next thought was only the shortest of steps; but inspiration often travels a path no longer than that.

"Say now," he almost breathlessly told himself, "that's not a bad idea . . . If I've got to keep a bunch of people here to look after me, why shouldn't they be able to entertain me as well? What have they got to go around with long faces for, and show me none of their tricks?"

He waited till Tibbets had left the room and then he turned to the butler who was bent down, sweeping the hearth, Dignity Incarnate even in that position.

"Say, Watkins—" he began.

"Yes, sir?"

"Can you do any tricks?"

Watkins turned a startled face, and sensing perhaps that his dignity was in peril, he hurriedly straightened up.

"Tricks, sir?" he repeated, as though he couldn't believe his ears.

"Tricks. Sure. That's the word. Parlor tricks—social accomplishments—anything you like to call them. Singing, for instance; can you sing? Or play any musical instrument? Or pick out the very card? Surely there's something you can do."

Now although Jerry didn't guess it, when Watkins had prepared the tonic, he had been hard put to it to know whether it was properly blended; and despairing of any other way of finding out, he had with the greatest reluctance in the world tasted it himself—first taking a full dose to make sure it was all right, and then taking a second dose to verify his judgment of the first. Perhaps this had something to do with it—perhaps not—but looking at his master's twinkling eyes and friendly smile, Watkins grew slightly red in the face and directed a rather sheepish grin down his nose.

"Begging your pardon, sir," said he, "but in my younger days I was steward on a ship; and at the seamen's concerts, I used to do a Irish jig, and juggle a bit with plates."

"Juggle with plates, eh?" beamed Jerry, enchanted.

"A bit, sir. Though I might say that I was once quite highly complimented by Baldad, the comic conjurer—he who was before your time, sir, but he was the only man then living who had made the Shah laugh."

At that the new master of Vail Hill drew a deep sigh of contentment; and Old King Cole in his most harmonious moments couldn't have looked more happy than he.

"Going some—eh, Watkins?—to be complimented by a man like that?"

"Thank you, sir; I'm sure I always tried my best."

"That's the way to talk," said Jerry encouragingly. He pulled his chair around sideways and crossed his legs with the air of a man who has truly come into a fortune. "I'll bet your dancing was good," he continued in the same tone of admiration, "but this juggling with plates: that's what gets me. What did you do with 'em? Chuck 'em up in the air and catch 'em as they came down?"

Watkins warned a little more.

"That was one part of the entertainment, sir," said he, "but first I would appear on the stage with a great pile of plates in my arms—like this, sir, if you can understand me—and with my chin resting on the top plate. Then as I crossed the stage I would pretend to stumble and the plates would bulge out in the middle, threatening to fall with an 'orrible crash at any moment, sir. It was generally good for a hearty laugh—that was—and the ladies squeaked, like, every time they thought the plates were going to fall—especially if the sea was rough, sir, which always seemed to add a little enjoyment to the act."

"Gee, that's great," said Jerry, the picture of enjoyment himself. "But say now, Watkins, we've got plenty of plates here; haven't we?"

"Oh, but I'm all out of practise now, sir," protested Watkins, shocked back into his natural dignity at seeing his master's drift. "And besides, sir, somebody might come in."

"That's all right," said Jerry stoutly, "they wouldn't come in without knocking; would they? And the rug's good and thick, so they wouldn't hear you, either, even if you dropped a few. No, now, Watkins, you go and get those plates, and even if you don't feel like doing the tricks yourself, maybe you can teach me—or show me anyhow how the easiest ones are done."

Looking somewhat startled and altogether baffled, Watkins went back to his pantry; and presently carried a stack of plates into the library.

"That's the boy," said Jerry, who had fetched his violin and was tuning it now in front of the fire. "Come on now! Start easy, warm up slowly, and let's see what you've got."

WITH an apologetic air Watkins placed the plates on the table; and taking three of them in his hand he began throwing them up and catching them, still trying to preserve his dignity but finding it hard work.

"When I was younger, sir," he said, beginning to puff a bit, "I could keep as many as five in the air at once. But since I've grown stouter, I find that *this* gets in my way and slows me down a trifle."

At the word "this" he mutely indicated the swell of his waistcoat; and watching his chance after that he caught all three plates together and tried not to look too proud at Jerry's applause.

"Next, sir," said he, "I used to do the boomerang. But whether or not I can do it now after all these years—"

Kneeling on the rug, he began rolling the plates at an inclined angle, so that after completing a circle they returned obediently to his hand, only to be started off again for another circuit of the rug—one following another until all three were bowling around at the same time.

"Hot stuff!" exclaimed the delighted Jerry. "Like three horses on a track. Me—I feel like backing the blue plate to pass the white one. But first let's have a little music from the bandstand."

In short it would have done you good if you could have been there and seen them—the quick music of the violin gradually accelerating Watkins's speed and undeniably adding to the tone of his performance; and when he finally dropped all the plates after an exquisitely dignified bit of fooling in which he impersonated a waiter who had burdened himself twice with a greater load than he could carry, Watkins might have been the great Baldad himself, and Jerry might have been the Shah—the way he laughed, and chuckled, and rocked himself again in his chair there by the fire.

Fortunately only four of the plates were broken, and after the rest had been picked up and stacked upon the table, Jerry grew more serious.

"Now look here, Watkins," he said, "I'll tell you what I've been thinking . . ." It was in his mind to say, "Every one of the help here has got to be good at some form of entertainment, so that when I come home in the evening, tired out, maybe, and needing a little relaxation, I can sit here in front of the fire like Old King Cole, and you folks can come in and amuse me." But feeling deep down in his heart that this wouldn't do, he said instead: "I'll tell you what I've been thinking. We'll give an entertainment here now and then—say for the Red Cross, and the Soldiers' Hospital and things like that—and everybody that works here has got to be able to do some good stunt—and twice a week, say, here in the library, we'll try out the acts till we get them down pat, and then we'll spring them on the public and knock 'em all cold. How many help is there up here at Vail Hill anyhow? Got your adding machine?"

"Seventeen, sir, altogether, counting the two gardeners," said Watkins after a few moments' thought.

"Seventeen—fine," said Jerry. "That's going to make a good sized troupe, and we ought to be able to organize our own jazz orchestra out of a bunch like that. And listen now, Watkins. If there's any that stand back, and don't want to do anything, you'd better let them get through as soon as they can find other jobs, and fill their places with good skilful entertainers, even if you have to pay them more, and engage them in a theatrical office instead of an employment agency. Do you get me?"

"Yes, sir," said Watkins, helpless and somewhat baffled again now that the excitement of his own performance was over. "I think I understand your wishes, sir."

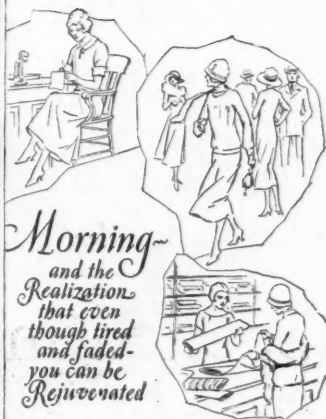
"Then that's all right," said Jerry tuning his violin; "and now for that Irish jig you were telling me about—"

To Watkins's obvious relief the door-bell rang then; and going to answer it he returned with a card, "Mr. A. Liefold Shippee," and in the lower left-hand corner, "Bonds and Investments."

"Bucket-Shop Shippee," mused Jerry, holding the card as though it might have been a leaf of poison ivy. "That bird, he loses no time," said Jerry with reluctant admiration. "All right then, Watkins, you let him in; but till you see him leave again, you keep your eye on the spoons . . ."

NEARLY every town of the size of South Benson has an A. Liefold Shippee, who deals in bonds and investments from a suite of offices in which one of the walls is covered with a blackboard and the innermost sanctum has an unsuspected exit all its own. In these financial strongholds, a ticker is generally stuttering in a corner surrounded by a group of bloated bondholders who seem strangely intent upon the changes in the price of their securities. These investors as a rule are careful to hide the evidences of their prosperity, often going around with wrinkled trousers and shiny elbows in order to fool the income tax inspectors; but the dealer himself, sitting in the inside office like a well-nourished spider in a corner of his web, nearly always seems to be the picture of affluence, dressed like a Bourbon, jewelled like a nabob and modestly smug in the knowledge that he has the two finest cars in town.

A. Liefold Shippee, for instance, had a custom job coupé, and a special sedan upholstered in purple and silver; and when he entered the library at Vail Hill, the stone of his ring turned to catch the light, you wouldn't have thought of spiders as much as you would have thought of butterflies—or at least you wouldn't have thought of spiders until you had tried to look into the dark depths of Mr. Shippee's eyes, or had considered the hungry,



## What one busy day does to a Woman's Beauty

TIREDSOME housework, the drill of business hours, tedious shopping, a round of calls or social gaieties—all take their toll from feminine charm unless a woman exercises care to counteract their effects.

Rejuvenation cannot come from skin-surface cleansing. To remove the impurities—to stimulate your blood cells—and to bring out your natural loveliness to the full—you must draw out from the pores, dirt, dust, and other accumulations which clog them up and prevent their proper functioning.

Boncilla Clasmic Beautifier will do this—because it *absorbs* every impurity instead of *driving in* something that, while cleansing the surface, only clogs the pore depths still more.

Boncilla will prevent lines and wrinkles—it will lift them from your face. It will dispel pimples and blackheads. It will make your skin smooth and youthful. It will freshen you up—and make you forget your tired yesterdays in your fresh invigoration of today.

### FREE Beauty Book

Send your name and address for FREE copy of "The Way to Beauty." A mint of helpful toilet hints, and letters telling what Boncilla has done for others.

### Ask For Boncilla Pack O' Beauty—50c

At your toilet counter. Four Boncilla preparations—Beautifier, two Creams and Face Powder—enough for four trial Boncilla treatments. You'll then realize why Boncilla is different—and better.

### Boncilla Is Easy to Use

Simply apply Boncilla Beautifier to the face and let dry—no massaging is necessary. When making your toilet for the street the ideal Boncilla treatment is to use also the two Boncilla Creams and Face Powder. An idle half-hour twice a week will work wonders for your face.

Boncilla Laboratories, Inc.  
Indianapolis, Ind. Toronto, Can.



# Boncilla

Clasmic Beautifier

**A Boncilla Today Keeps Wrinkles Away**



This is the *first* combined issue of Cosmopolitan *and* Hearst's International ... bringing you more *features* by more distinguished *writers* than have ever before appeared in any single publication ... 29 features in all ... 6 of them serials. And this is only the beginning of the new Cosmopolitan program.

Watch NEXT MONTH for  
**KATHLEEN NORRIS'S**  
*New Novel*  
**"THE HEART OF JUANITA"**

WHY WASTE YOUR TIME ON AMATEURS WHEN THERE ARE EXPERTS TO ENTERTAIN YOU?

### Special Offer!

The next 3 issues  
 of this great  
 combined  
 magazine for

**\$1**

To Avoid Disappointment MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY!

COSMOPOLITAN, 119 WEST 40TH STREET, NEW YORK CITY

I do not want to miss these great combined issues of *Hearst's International* and *Cosmopolitan*. Send me the next 3 issues, for which I enclose \$1.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

Cosmo  
 almost w  
 wasn't sm  
 "Ah,  
 dancing p  
 "Already  
 ease like  
 Jerry lo  
 his black  
 to his gra  
 less he lik  
 "How'd  
 "Ah!"  
 finger. "I  
 only to be  
 also to be  
 of knowle  
 Wall Stre  
 customers.  
 "Damn  
 "You didn  
 son, who  
 busted H  
 and—"  
 Bucket-  
 chair clos  
 soubriquet  
 through hi  
 "Y  
 ou n  
 began, lau  
 a joke, "b  
 got a very  
 eggs and sl  
 plainer wor  
 lowering h  
 note, "I ha  
 which I v  
 within for  
 which you  
 investment  
 quick actio  
 too late; an  
 your busin  
 as soon as  
 decided to  
 opportunity  
 Jerry pic  
 plucking at  
 I've got n  
 either, till  
 "Oh, it  
 Bucket-Sho  
 have the p  
 with us on  
 of the finger  
 "I have all  
 but just as  
 added, "I c  
 Jerry gav  
 string. "N  
 said he. "A  
 anyhow, if  
 For the  
 his mouth a  
 "Now w  
 chortled. "I  
 I came here  
 a trick in fir  
 around and  
 course I do  
 action's abs  
 had your no  
 reposing in  
 the latest.  
 just this o  
 sake don't  
 Columbia fr  
 you'll say t  
 for a thousa  
 your money  
 "Honest,  
 "Yes, sir!  
 "Whatever  
 to; and if y  
 you the sam  
 "And you  
 "Ha-ha-hi  
 "All righ  
 put me dow  
 and the nex  
 note or any

almost wolfish lines around his mouth when he wasn't smiling pretty at the world.

"Ah, Mr. Bonyingham!" he exclaimed, dancing prancingly over the rug toward Jerry. "Already in possession, I see, and taking your ease like a prince!"

Jerry looked at him—looked at him from his black hair, carefully parted in the middle, to his gray spats—and the more he looked, the less he liked the man he was looking at.

"How'd you get to know?" he asked.

"Ah!" said Mr. Shippee, gaily pointing his finger. "That's our business—you know: not only to be able to tell what's happening, but also to be able to forecast it. That's the kind of knowledge, Mr. Bonyingham, which, on Wall Street, enables us to make money for our customers."

"Damn you, Bucket-Shop," thought Jerry. "You didn't make any money for Bob Michelson, who shot himself; and you certainly busted Harry Binn and Gus Werrenmark and—"

Bucket-Shop meanwhile had pulled up a chair close to Jerry—little suspecting his soubriquet or the thoughts which were passing through his host's mind.

"You must be wondering why I called," he began, laughing a little as though it were such a joke, "but I'll tell you in fifty words. I've got a very good hen sitting on a nest full of eggs and she's just about due to hatch. Or in plainer words, Mr. Bonyingham," he continued, lowering his voice to a vibrantly impressive note, "I have before me now a proposition in which I will guarantee to double for you, within forty-eight hours, any sum of money which you may care to place in my hands for investment. I don't mind telling you that quick action is imperative—tomorrow will be too late; and knowing no better way of making your business acquaintanceship than this, as soon as I heard of poor Willis's death I decided to come up here and give you this opportunity."

Jerry picked up his violin and gently began plucking at the strings. "Gosh, Mr. Shippee, I've got no money," he said. "Won't have, either, till the estate's settled."

"Oh, it isn't money that I'm after," said Bucket-Shop virtuously. "I simply wanted to have the pleasure of knowing that you were with us on this proposition. Money?" (Snap of the fingers and side-teeth suddenly showing.) "I have all the money I need, thank you . . . but just as a matter of record," he carelessly added, "I can make you out a note."

Jerry gave a most decided plunk upon the E string. "Nothing doing in the note line," said he. "And what do you want a note for, anyhow, if this thing's sure to win?"

For the second time, Bucket-Shop opened his mouth and laughed.

"Now what do you think of that!" he chortled. "Mr. Bonyingham, I hand it to you! I came here, thinking perhaps I could show you a trick in finance; and instead of that, you turn around and show me one yourself. Why, of course I don't need your note. This transaction's absolutely sure to win and even if I had your note it would only be a slip of paper reposing in my strong-box for a day or two at the latest. All right, I'll tell you what I'll do—just this once, mind you, and for heaven's sake don't breathe it outside, or I'll get hail Columbia from the other stockholders. But if you'll say the word, I'll put you down, say, for a thousand dollars, and guarantee to double your money within forty-eight hours."

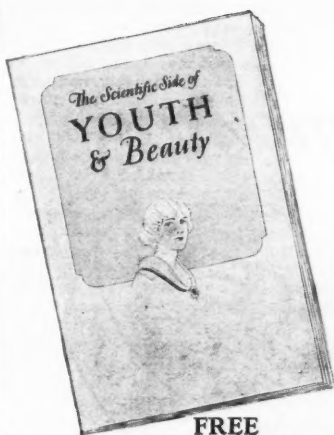
"Honest, Mr. Shippee?"

"Yes, sir!" said the bond merchant stoutly. "Whatever A. Liefold Shippee says, he sticks to; and if your cousin was only here, he'd tell you the same."

"And you're sure you can't lose?"

"Ha-ha-ha! Absolutely sure!"

"All right," said Jerry guilelessly. "You put me down for five thousand dollars then, and the next time we play together, I'll sign a note or anything else you say."



FREE  
HEALTH LIBRARY  
Send coupon below



## Modern women find this booklet of vital importance

THE modern woman who would keep her vitality and youth, does it by a regular health routine of living. Her animation and joy come from serene good nature, the crowning token of excellent physical condition.

Part of this health routine is a regular sanitary measure known as feminine hygiene, which physicians have found of extreme importance to women in the preservation of their youth.

In the "Lysol" Health Library—a free set of pocket booklets which we have just issued—you will find a volume, "The Scientific Side of Youth and Beauty" with full, scientific information on feminine hygiene. We will gladly send you the Health Library without charge.

### The antiseptic your physician recommends

THE selection of your antiseptic for feminine hygiene is of the utmost importance. It

must be safe from two standpoints. It must assure complete antiseptics; it must be free from unpleasant effects.

The antiseptic which physicians advocate as standard for feminine hygiene is "Lysol" Disinfectant.

They know that "Lysol" is soothing to delicate membranes. It contains no harmful acids or alkalies. It dissolves completely in water; no part of its solution can possibly be stronger than any other part. Thus you are sure of a safe, uniform strength. Used

in proper proportions, "Lysol" will absolutely destroy harmful germ-life, at the same time being free from irritating properties.

All drug stores sell "Lysol." Complete directions come with every bottle. Be sure you get the genuine "Lysol."

Beside the feminine hygiene booklet in the "Lysol" Health Library, there are others—a valuable treatise on "Health Safeguards in the Home," and an interesting manual for mothers, "When Baby Comes." Send the coupon for your free set.

### A CAUTION

BE SURE that your antiseptic for feminine hygiene is safe, as to efficacy and careful, scientific blending. There are many new solutions which are not thoroughly effective or are harmful to tissues because of insoluble ingredients. Your assurance of "Lysol's" safety is the fact that it is the standard antiseptic and disinfectant in hospitals everywhere.

Manufactured only by LYSOL, INC., 635 GREENWICH ST., NEW YORK CITY.

Sole Distributors: LEHN & FINK, INC., NEW YORK

Canadian Agents: Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Limited, 10 McCaul Street, Toronto.

**Lysol**  
Disinfectant

The ideal personal antiseptic

Mail coupon today

SARAH W. HULLEY, Registered Nurse  
% LEHN & FINK, INC., Dept. B-18  
635 Greenwich Street, New York  
Please send me a free set of your Library of Health.

Name .....

Address .....

City .....

State .....



*Demand*

**BAYER**

# ASPIRIN

SAY "BAYER ASPIRIN" — *Genuine*

Unless you see the "Bayer Cross" on tablets you are not getting the genuine Bayer Aspirin proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians 24 years for

Colds      Headache  
Pain      Neuralgia  
Toothache      Lumbago  
Neuritis      Rheumatism



*Safe*

Accept only "Bayer" package which contains proven directions. Handy "Bayer" boxes of 12 tablets. Also bottles of 24 and 100—Druggists.

Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid

**INVENTORS** Write for our book, "HOW TO GET YOUR PATENT" and Evidence of Invention Blank. Send model or sketch of your invention for our Prompt opinion of its patentable nature.  
**RANDOLPH & CO.**  
Dept. 33 — — — Washington, D. C.

**The Truth about Hair Coloring**  
NOTHING EQUALS  
Genuine B. Paul's  
HENNA

**Why Have Gray or Faded Hair**

**USE B. PAUL'S HENNA**

ALL SHADES FROM BLACK TO BLOND

**COLORS** your gray hair in **ONE APPLICATION**

Not affected by salt water bathing, perspiration, oils, hair tonics, shampoos or previous dyes. Will not stain scalp or rub off. Composed Henna and Herbs; Harmless. Easily applied at home. 14 Shades. P. P. \$1.60 Henna Blond or White Henna for lightening hair grown dark \$2.25. Free advice and booklet.

**B. PAUL, Dept. U, 21 W. 39th St., New York**

**WANT WORK AT HOME?**  
Earn liberal income weekly retouching photos. Men or women. No selling or canvassing. We teach you, supply you with work and furnish working outfit free. Limited offer. Write to-day. **ARTCRAFT STUDIOS**, Dept. T, 2900 Sheridan Road, CHICAGO.

**DIAMONDS**

FOR A FEW CENTS A DAY

Don't send a single penny. Ten days Trial. When the ring comes, examine it—if you are not convinced it is the **Greatest Bargain** in America, send it back at our expense. Only if pleased, pay 20% as first payment—then send \$1.60 weekly at rate of a few cents a day. This bargain Cluster Ring with 7 Blue-White Perfect Cut Diamonds can be yours. No Red Tape. No Risk.

**FREE** Send for today, Million Dollar Bargain Book—thousands of Bargains. Address Dept. 1203.

**J.M. LYON & CO.**  
2-4 Maiden Lane N.Y.

A. Liefold almost seemed to sweat a little under his skin.

"Mr. Bonyngham," he said, suddenly rising, "I see you're a man after my own heart: quick decisions and no come-backs. Very well, sir, I'll put you down for five thousand; and before the week's over I'll bet you a box of good cigars that you will have a credit for that amount of profit on the books of our company. Remember now, five thousand dollars! And with my best congratulations, sir—good night!"

After he had gone, Jerry sat plunking, pizzicatti, for nearly a full thoughtful minute—here a plunk, there a plunk, now and then a plunk-plunk.

"Bucket-Shop," he mused at last, "they've used that same old come-on game ever since I can remember circuses—"

And then with a fuller, freer sweep over the strings, he started singing to himself.

"Will you walk into my parlor?" said the spider to the fly.

MEANWHILE, in the pantry, Watkins was having a conference with Tibbets—he of the long legs and the ducal nose.

"E sounds like a bit of a newker to me, you know," said Tibbets when the story of the future entertainments had been told.

Instead of answering immediately, Watkins found an empty paper bag in the table drawer, and folding this flat, he proceeded to write the names of those who served at Vail Hill.

"And yet you know, Tibbets," he said, almost apologetically, "there's a bit of sense about him somewhere. When I was a boy at 'ome I've often heard my people tell about the old Marchioness of Shrewsbury, and the way she used to get up entertainments among the people at the Towers; and one of the girls, they said, turned out to be a very fine actress, too. And when you've said and done, it isn't as though talent was confined to the rich, you know."

"Confined to the rich? Not likely!" exclaimed Tibbets. "Or 'ow about Lloyd George—or General Wilkinson, him as was the footman—and a lot of those other Big Knobs over there. And nearly everybody 'ere in America was a poor boy when he started. No, sir, Mr. Watkins, if you was to ask me where talent was confined, I'd be more inclined to say that it was jolly well confined to those who had been born poor!"

"But getting back to business now," said Watkins, "I've put down your name first. What can you do, Tibbets—in the way of entertainment, now, I mean?"

"Well," said Mr. Tibbets, not without pride, "though I say it myself I can play the ukulele on my nose just about as good as the next one."

"God bless my life!" said Watkins, blinking. "The ukulele? And on your nose, you say?"

"Aye," said Tibbets. "Like this."

He started humming through his nose, one of those long-drawn-out airs which the Hawaiian melodists used to slur out on their silvery strung guitars; and then raising his hand he squeezed his nose just below the bridge and without releasing the pressure he kept twanging his fingers down over his nostrils while still humming, giving a startling imitation of those lirruping notes which the Honolulu experts knew so well how to coax from their larger instruments.

"When I'm dead I ask a favor (twang!) Lay my head beneath a rose (twang! twang!)"

"God bless my life!" exclaimed Watkins again. "Why, you fairly seemed to milk the music out!"

"It's a bit of a trick, you know," said Tibbets modestly.

"Aye, that it is . . . but do you think it's altogether delicate like, Tibbets, for a footman to be playing with his nose like that, considering the way he waits on table and such?"

"Of course I could wear gloves," said the other, after a few moments' reflection. "A

pair of v  
alf bad,  
Watkin  
after "Ti  
"Cool  
ing on ir  
seen her  
ment line  
"She o  
Tibbets t  
"Yes,  
something  
well, som  
know."

"And  
dance—th  
into blood  
"Perha  
the presen  
before. "

"her?"

"Imita  
ment's hea  
off Harry  
on the wa  
"Imita  
Maggie's  
Kendall."

"Bugle,  
thing like  
musician i  
as a chaun  
way he c  
sweetest l  
makes me  
if I had di  
It was g  
finished, b  
and Tibbe  
with satisfi  
"It's go  
said the l  
tising."

"Fun?"

the kind o  
"Why, y  
"You wa  
isn't on t  
"and you'l

"JUDGE,"

sidered the  
a few kind  
neighbors—  
kind of mix  
been wond  
dinner som  
other up a  
pleasure's r

They we  
the Judge  
and hearin  
bristled out  
Peter Rabb  
"A little  
on the oth  
shouldn't g  
—that is, o  
to come—  
"Might a  
Jerry cheer  
care of twel  
ing if you'd  
and seeing  
come, and a  
to send one  
Just between  
and this'll b  
The Judge  
warning. "

be careful o  
owe him for  
you will be  
months are  
"Don't y  
with his dis  
for his din  
between us  
had him swe  
check."

"Of course



pair of white silk gloves: they wouldn't look all bad, come to think of it."

Watkins thereupon wrote the word "nose" after "Tibbets" and turned to the next name. "Cook," said he. "Of course she's getting on in years, but have you ever heard or seen her do anything special in the entertainment line?"

"She can tell some rare old stories," said Tibbets thoughtfully.

"Yes, yes," said Watkins in haste, "but something, I mean, not quite so—not quite so—well, something more on an 'higher plane, you know."

"And then of course there's her Turkish dance—the one she twists her petticoats up into bloomers and—"

"Perhaps we'd better leave Cook out for the present," said Watkins more hastily than before. "Here's Maggie next. What about her?"

"Imitations," said Tibbets without a moment's hesitation. "The way that girl can take off Harry Lauder, and Lillian Gish, and a cat on the wall a-singing to the moon—"

"Imitations," wrote Watkins after Maggie's name. "And next comes Eddie Kendall."

"Bugle, cornet, clarinet, trombone, anything like that. 'E was made a first class musician in the army, even though he went in as a chauffeur, and Lord love that boy, the way he can blow Taps! Like the saddest, sweetest hymn you ever heard, and always makes me feel that it might have been better if I had died young."

It was growing late by the time the list was finished, but when it was done, both Watkins and Tibbets looked at the result of their labors with satisfaction.

"It's going to be a bit of fun, you know," said the butler, "when they all start practicing."

"Fun? Ah!" said Tibbets. "But not all the kind of fun you're looking for!"

"Why, what do you mean?"

"You wait till Cook finds out that her name isn't on the program," said Tibbets darkly, "and you'll know what I mean!"

"JUDGE," said Jerry one night when he considered the time was ripe for it. "I've had quite a few kindnesses shown me by some of the neighbors—some straight kindnesses, and some kind of mixed with curiosity, I guess—and I've been wondering if I might ask 'em over for dinner some evening; so we could size each other up a bit closer, say, and see if the pleasure's mutual."

They were sitting in the library at Vail Hill, the Judge as dapper and important as ever; and hearing his opinion thus solicited, he bristled out his white mustache like a wise old Peter Rabbit and looked very judicial indeed. "A little bit soon, perhaps," said he. "Yet on the other hand, I hardly see why you shouldn't get acquainted with your neighbors—that is, of course, if you feel they would care to come—"

"Might as well try 'em out anyhow," said Jerry cheerfully. "Watkins says we can take care of twelve all right, and I've been wondering if you'd mind making out the invitations, and seeing they got to the people who ought to come, and all that. Only thing is, I'd like you to send one of the bids to Bucket-Shop Shippee. Just between ourselves, I owe him a dinner, and this'll be a good chance to get even."

The Judge raised his hand in almost ominous warning. "Whatever you do, Mr. Bonyngnam, be careful of that man. Already, you see, you owe him for a dinner. Who knows how much you will be in his debt before another twelve months are over?"

"Don't you worry about that," said Jerry with his disarming smile. "He's already paid for his dinner. Paid five thousand dollars between us two, though I want to tell you I had him sweating when he was making out the check."

Of course then Jerry had to tell the story.

"The old come-on game, you see," he concluded. "Letting the poor fish nibble first in order to hook him later. 'We have credited your account upon our books with your profit of five thousand dollars.' See? That's what he wrote me. So a few days later I went down and collected my profits—and talk about pulling teeth out of a shark! But anyhow I got the check and ever since then he's been after me to buy a coal mine that he's got an option on. Needs five thousand cash and ninety-five thousand notes, and Bucket-Shop personally guarantees that we'll clean up a million between us."

The Judge sat looking at Jerry as though there were parts of him, at least, that he had never seen before. A man who could dress the knots off A. Liefold Shippee to the tune of five thousand dollars was certainly not to be lightly regarded, and when Jerry reached the end of his narrative and drolly winked one eye, evidently the Judge didn't consider it beneath his dignity to wink back again—a wink accompanied by a friendlier smile than he had ever given his new client before.

"No wonder you're looking so well—pulling off tricks like that," he said. "Do you know, I was afraid that you were going to be bored to death up here—but from what you tell me—"

"Now, Judge," drawled Jerry. "You know I'm only looking well because I'm wearing this suit of Willis's; but coming back now to this dinner business, who do you think we had better invite?"

PERHAPS it was because of Jerry's improved appearance that Judge Wellsly included Mrs. Wadhams's name upon the list, to say nothing of that of Miss Anne Barford. Mrs. Wadhams was a widow who lived across the valley from Vail Hill, and was supposed to be on the war-path for a second husband; while Miss Anne Barford was a tall spinster, one of whose forebears had been the second Governor of Massachusetts—a fact which made her blow her nostrils out whenever she happened to think about it. She, too, lived near the Hill, but practically only spoke to those whose families had lived at South Benson for at least a hundred years.

On the night of the dinner, Judge Wellsly turned up early in order to introduce the new master of Vail Hill to the arriving guests, and again he found himself wondering at the improvement in Jerry's appearance, though this was partly due to a fashionable hair-cut and partly to a suit of Willis's evening clothes which Tibbets had found and pressed for him.

"Must be something in the air up here," thought the Judge. "Why, damn it, the man's handsome!"

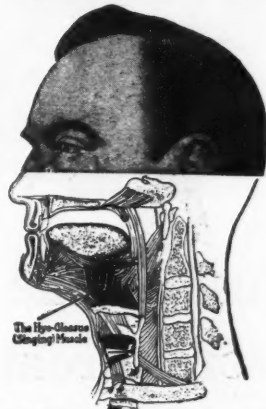
Mrs. Wadhams may have thought so, too; for when she was introduced to Jerry—introduced with all her plumpness and all her coyness—she certainly took her time in breaking away; and later when Miss Barford appeared on the scene, tall, esthetic, burning like a white flame before the memory of the second Governor of Massachusetts, she too stayed chatting to Jerry until the next guest pushed her away; and later, when she got to the Judge, she said, "What an awfully interesting surprise; you perfect old deah, you!"

There was another surprise when they went in to dinner. The dining-room opened into a sun-parlor which extended along the south front; and this sun-parlor had been converted into a stage with a pair of curtains across the doorway and window boxes of flowers in place of footlights.

"I don't know whether you'll like this," said Jerry, looking around the table, "but while we eat, the boys and girls who work here are going to entertain you. It's a sort of a new idea that I've been developing. Old King Cole first started me thinking about it, only instead of fiddlers three, I've got fiddlers one, a clarinet one, and a girl who plays the piano. This first number, you understand, is in the nature of an overture. All right, Eddie; let her go!"

Miss Barford, steeling herself in advance, was

## Science Discovers the Secret of Caruso's Wonderful Voice



Why is it that the humble peasant boy of Italy became the greatest singer of all time? This diagram of his throat will show you. Caruso's marvelous voice was due to a superb development of his Hypo-Glossus muscle. Your Hypo-Glossus muscle can be developed, too! A good voice can be made better—a weak voice become strong—a lost voice restored—stammering and stuttering cured. Science will help you.

### Your voice can be improved 100%

A few very fortunate persons—like the late Caruso—are born with the ability to sing well. But even Caruso had to develop his Hypo-Glossus muscle before his voice was perfect. You can develop a beautiful singing or speaking voice if your Hypo-Glossus muscle is strengthened by correct training. Professor Feuchtinger, A. M.—famous in the music centers of Europe for his success in training famous Opera Singers—discovered the secret of the Hypo-Glossus muscle. He devoted years of his life to scientific research and finally perfected a system of voice training that will develop your Hypo-Glossus muscle by simple, silent exercises right in your own home. The Perfect Voice Institute guarantees that Professor Feuchtinger's method will improve your voice 100%. You are to be your own judge—if your voice is not improved 100% in your own opinion, we will refund your money.

### Grand Opera Stars His Students

Hundreds of famous singers have studied with Professor Feuchtinger. Over 10,000 happy pupils have received the benefits of his wonderful training. You do not know the possibilities of your voice. If you want to sing—but lack the proper training because you have not the time nor means to study—here is your chance. You can now train your voice at a very small cost in the privacy of your own home.

If you want to improve your speaking voice—if you stammer or stutter—Professor Feuchtinger will help you.

### Prof. Feuchtinger's Book FREE

You will do yourself a great and lasting good by studying this book "Enter Your World." It may be the first step in your career. Do not delay. Mail the coupon today.

#### Perfect Voice Institute

1922 Sunnyside Ave., Studio 11-73 Chicago

Please send me FREE Professor Feuchtinger's book, "Enter Your World." I have put X opposite the subject that interests me most. I assume no obligations whatever.

..... Singing ..... Speaking ..... Stammering ..... Weak Voice

Name.....

Address.....

..... Age.....



## "Just a little sore throat"

—the beginning of many a  
serious illness. Give it con-  
tinuous antiseptic treatment

THE pain and discomfort is really the  
least of a sore throat. The worst of  
it is the poisoning of the whole system  
by the sore throat germs.

You feel "sick all over"—and you  
are. And in this condition anything—  
influenza, grippe, pneumonia—is likely  
to fasten upon you.

Don't think that a gargle or spray  
night and morning is enough to fight  
these germs. To really do the work,  
you must make your treatment con-  
tinuous.

With Formamint you can. These  
pleasant-tasting tablets—dissolved  
slowly in the mouth—keep the throat  
tissues constantly bathed in one of  
the most powerful germicidal agents  
known to science, in a form which is  
perfectly safe. And you can renew the  
treatment every hour or half hour all  
day.

This is the most modern, most sci-  
entific way to treat sore throat. To  
prevent sore throat, and infections  
from influenza, tonsillitis, and other  
contagious diseases, take a Formamint  
tablet every two or three hours.

# Formamint

GERM-KILLING THROAT TABLETS



**FREE OFFER**  
Formamint is en-  
dorsed by more  
than 10,000 physi-  
cians. To enable  
you to test its effi-  
cacy yourself, we  
will send you a  
metal pocket case  
of Formamint tab-  
lets free. Address  
Bauer Chemical  
Co., Dept. C-3, 113  
W. 18th St., N.Y.C.

able to repress her shudders when the Poet and  
the Peasant began their ingenuous chat; but  
Mrs. Wadhams, who sat on the other side of  
Jerry, was almost tickled pink.

"You marvelous, marvelous man!" she  
whispered. "My favorite piece—I can feel  
myself thrilling all over!"

After the overture, Maggie came on with her  
imitation of the divine Lillian; and then Frank,  
the furnace-man, followed with his concertina,  
disguised as an Italian with a red handkerchief,  
sash and ear-rings complete. Then the trio  
played again—"Woodland Echoes" this time—  
and after that was over, Watkins juggled with  
his plates, everybody stopping eating while  
that was going on.

"Why, this is marvelous—really marvel-  
ous!" exclaimed Miss Barford, stealing Mrs.  
Wadhams's favorite word and knowing what  
she was doing. Mrs. Wadhams gave her such  
a look over Jerry's chest—quite as rich as any-  
thing that was happening on the stage.

The sun-porch extending the whole length  
of the south side, the performers were able to  
make their entrances without passing through  
the dining-room, so that when a girl in gray  
and white walked quietly upon the stage, Jerry  
didn't see her. Indeed his first intimation that  
something else was coming was a subdued  
chord upon the piano and then a quiet voice  
raised in effortless melody:

*"The mistletoe hung on the castle wall,  
The holly branch hung in the old oak  
hall."*

At the end of the song, Jerry applauded so  
loudly that his guests began clapping, too; and  
for encore the girl sang another old one, her  
cheeks like Dorothy Perkins on a dewy morn in  
June.

*"Do not trust him, gentle lady,  
Though his voice be low and sweet.  
Heed him not who kneels before you  
Gently pleading at thy feet—"*

"Why, you dear man!" murmured Miss  
Barford when the song was done at last.

"Aye," said Jerry, clearing his throat a little  
as he dabbed at his eyes. "The Gypsy's  
Warning" and "Little Jim": they always get me  
going like this . . ."

AFTER dinner Jerry grew absent-minded.  
A Liefeld Shippee came to him and tried  
to get his consent to the coal mining adventure.

"Yes, yes, I'll think it over," said Jerry  
absently. "I'll let you know as soon as I've  
made up my mind."

One of his neighbors who had a place to sell  
wanted him to become an incorporator of a  
newly projected country club, each incor-  
porator to subscribe to ten thousand dollars'  
worth of stocks and bonds.

"Yes, yes, I'll think it over," said Jerry, his  
eyes fixed half vacantly over the other's  
shoulder. "I'm not ready to do anything yet,  
though."

Feeling warm, he went out on the sun-porch,  
and over on the side he saw the servants danc-  
ing in the kitchen—heard the joyful quacking  
of Eddie Kendall's clarinet and the deep  
hurrying chords of Frank's concertina.

"Sure," thought Jerry, straining his eyes to  
see if he could catch any glimpse of a girl in  
white and gray. "Having a darned sight better  
time than most of the crowd in here."

Back in the drawing-room the guests had  
settled down to bridge and Mah Jong, neither  
of which Jerry could play. So after watching  
them for a while and deciding that he wouldn't  
be missed, he went into the library and rang  
the bell for the butler.

"Come in here, Watkins," he said from his  
chair by the fire. "I want to know what else  
you're holding out on me."

"I beg your pardon, sir?" said Watkins,  
blinking.

"I thought I knew the troupe by this time,"  
continued Jerry, "and then you go and spring  
a new one on me—the girl who sang 'The  
Gypsy's Warning.' Where has she been hid-  
den all this time?"

"Ah yes, sir, now I see what you mean!"  
said Watkins, relieved. "But she was a new  
girl, you see, sir, taken on special for the occa-  
sion. Cook needed an extra hand in the  
kitchen tonight, and obeying your orders about  
'elp that could entertain as well, I telephoned  
the employment agency to send a girl with some  
accomplishment, and this was the one they  
sent, sir."

Jerry nodded his head—nodded it and  
nodded it, as though in his absent-mindedness  
he had forgotten that he had started it going.

"What's her name; do you know?" he asked  
at last.

"Name is Ellen, sir."

"Has she gone home yet?"

"Not yet, sir, what with the washing up and  
one thing and another, and Edward playing  
the clarinet and no one else to take her."

One of Jerry's whimsical thoughts came to  
him then—one of those thoughts which always  
pleased him more than his wise ones.

"I wish you'd send her in here," he said.  
"I'd like to speak to her."

WATKINS coughed discreetly behind his  
hand and disappeared. Jerry was still half  
staring, half smiling into the fire when the door  
timidly opened and Ellen stood on the thresh-  
old, her cheeks like Dorothy Perkins on a  
dewy morn in June, her eyes a rhyme for  
nightingale—and mystery—and moon—

"Come in," said Jerry, rising and drawing  
another chair to the fire. "Come in and sit  
down; I want to talk to you."

At first she seemed to wonder whether it  
was right for her to sit down like that with the  
new master of Vail Hill; but she finally seated  
herself upon the edge of the chair, her hands  
demurely folded in her lap.

"What's your name?" began Jerry, trying to  
fool himself by talking in the grand manner.  
"Ellen, sir," she answered, her eyes upon the  
fire.

"Ellen what?"

"Ellen Regan."

"Mmm," said Jerry, still quite the grand  
seigneur. "Any relation to Tom Regan who  
keeps the machine shop in South Benson?"

"His daughter, sir."

"His what?" almost shouted Jerry.

"His daughter, sir," she answered in a meek  
little voice.

"The one who has been away to school?"

"Yes, sir."

"And before that, lived with her grand-  
mother in Wainfield?"

"Yes, sir, that one."

"Good Lord!" said Jerry.

And he stared at her as though he would  
never get through.

"But now look here," he protested at last.  
"If you're Tom Regan's daughter, how is it  
that you're working up here tonight?"

Almost without unclasp her hands she  
made a resigned little gesture.

"Pop went on somebody's note," she said.  
"He's been going on somebody's notes all his  
life, but this one turned out to be a bad one.  
Anyhow I had to come home from school and  
the only thing I can do is housework. So the  
other day I put in my name at Mrs. Rogers's  
Employment Office—and—well—here I am,  
you see."

"Just for the evening?"

"Just for the evening; yes, sir."

"Well, I'll be damned!" thought Jerry, rub-  
bing his head as though he would rub the hair  
off. "That's what I get for not keeping tabs  
on the old bunch."

As you can guess, he was still looking at  
Ellen; and whatever it was that he saw in her,  
sitting there so quietly in front of his fire—her  
eyes upon the back-log as though she would  
read her fortune there—he pitched his next  
remark in a louder key, as though he couldn't  
altogether trust himself to speak in a low one.

"How would you like to work here steady?"  
he asked.

"I—I might," she said, nodding and smiling  
half unconsciously as she still looked into the fire.

"Do you know a lot of those old songs?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you know about invitations—and etiquette—and could be a sort of a secretary here if we needed one?"

"Yes, sir; I—I think I could do all that."

His next question was at least peculiar.

"And you could help me with the shopping?"

"Shopping?" she asked, and turned her head to face him.

Evidently she began to have a certain opinion of him, and though her glance was full and gentle, Jerry could feel himself shriveling up inside.

"You mean shopping in South Benson?" she said.

"No, I don't," he doggedly insisted. "I mean shopping in the city. We can get there in the car in a couple of hours, easy."

Anyone could see that she shied a bit at that.

"That would be one of your duties," said he. "And another would be to go and have luncheon with me in the city—and maybe go to a decent show if we got our shopping done in time."

At that she shied completely, rising and looking at him with a half sorrowful, half derisive little quirk.

"Child, child, now what's the matter?" asked Jerry, rising with her and trying to speak indignantly.

"Have you never heard your father speak of Jerry Bonyngam?"

The Jerry Bonyngam who just came into the great fortune?" she almost gasped.

"Aye," said Jerry, and wasn't far from slapping himself upon the chest, as good as to say "That's me!"

"But I thought the people up here were named Vail," she protested. "Mrs. Rogers said they needed an extra girl tonight at Vail Hill—and—and—"

"Different now, eh?" he asked, smiling triumphantly as he took her hands.

"Y-yes, sir."

"Think you might come and work here steady now; don't you?"

She didn't answer at first, but disengaging her hands she slowly made her way across the room.

"I'm 'fraid not—now—" she said, turning at the door, her cheeks like Crimson Ramblers instead of Dorothies.

"Not now?" he demanded. "Why, what do you mean—not now?"

For answer she gave him one of those looks which daughters of Eve seem to keep special for sons of Adam—one of those looks which say, "You great, big, stupid lamb you; you don't know anything at all; do you?"

"Well, I'll be darned!" muttered Jerry once more as the door closed after her—gently but firmly, as the novelists like to tell you. "Now what did she mean by walking out like that?"

EATING his breakfast next morning in a hurry—a scented honey-dew melon on a Coal-port plate—Jerry told Watkins to have the car brought around to the front door.

"The big car, sir?" asked the respectful old plate-juggler.

"No; the little one first. But we'll go and look at the big machine as soon as I've had my breakfast."

The limousine was in the garage—a regal, nay, an imperial affair—with a wheel-base so long that when the radiator was passing Fourth Street in South Benson, the rear end had only just reached Third Street. Its nickel glistened like silver; its varnish like Chinese lacquer ware; and inside there were curtains, and vanity boxes, and thermos cases, and mirrors, and lamps, and vases and foot-rests and such, enough to furnish a modest bungalow. Back of the driver's seat was a plate glass partition, and over this partition a curtain could be drawn by the Big Knobs in the back if they wished to keep themselves private from the Little Knobs on the driver's seat in front.

"You could get four in the back here?" asked Jerry.

*"There is nothing so comforting as Lablache when you need just the right face powder for an extra touch of loveliness."*

NITA NALDI



Lablache  
The Face  
Powder of  
Quality

THE lingering fragrance of Lablache is as delicate as an old-fashioned nosegay. Essentially a powder of personality and refinement, its rose-petaled texture adheres as unobtrusively as friendship. If your druggist or

favorite store does not have the new Lablache Requisites, write us direct, enclosing stamps, money order or check and we will mail you by next parcel post any Lablache requisite you desire. Sample of Lablache Face Powder—Flesh, White or Creme—sent free on request.

BEN. LEVY COMPANY

Dept. 59—125 Kingston Street, BOSTON

PARIS New Glove Rouge Vanity Orange, Medium, Dark Price, 50c	Triple Compact 2 inches Powder, Rouge and Lipstick Price, \$1.75 Powder Refill, 50c with puff Three-in-one Refill \$1.00, with two puffs	New Dollar Box Double Compact 2 inches Powder and Rouge Price, \$1.50 Powder Refill, 50c with puff	Changeable Lipstick Suits any Complexion Price, 50c Powder Compact 2 1/2 inches Extra Thin Puff Size Price, \$1.00 Refill, 60c with puff
--	--	--	---

# LABLACHE

THE CHOICE OF GENTLEWOMEN FOR THREE GENERATIONS

## DIAMONDS WATCHES CASH OR CREDIT



**TERMS:** Goods delivered on first payment of one-tenth of purchase price; balance in equal amounts, payable weekly, semi-monthly, or monthly, at your convenience.

**LOFTIS**  
BROS & CO. 1883

### Genuine Diamonds GUARANTEED

Our Diamonds are distinctive in their brilliancy, blue white, perfect cut. Best guaranteed for your examination, on Charge Account.

### BARGAIN PRICES

Our IMMENSE BUYING POWER for our Chain of Stores in leading cities and our large Mail Order House enables us to make lower prices than small concerns. We invite comparisons. You will be convinced that you can do better with LOFTIS. Money back if not satisfied.

### SEND FOR FREE CATALOG

There are over 2,000 illustrations of Diamonds, Watches, Wrist Watches, Pearls, Mesh Bags, Silverware, etc. Catalog explains everything.

Wrist Watch \$1.00 \$3.00 down. **\$1.00 A WEEK**



Rectangular shape. Watch and Bracelet clasps are 18-K Solid White Gold. 17 Jewels, \$29.75; 14-K Solid White Gold. 15 Jewels, \$24.25.

THE OLD RELIABLE ORIGINAL CREDIT JEWELERS  
DEPT. 1, 892  
108 N. State St., Chicago, Ill.  
Stores in Leading Cities

# FREE

Only One to a Person

In order to introduce to the American public

**"Fleur de Nuit" Perfume**

we will send this dainty one dollar bottle (same size as shown) with gold-finished screw-cap, ground glass rod and stopper, filled with this new, most wonderful and fragrant Perfume—equal to the finest importations.

**Send Us This Adv.**

and twenty-five cents silver, to cover postage, packing, etc., and we will send promptly, securely packed and all charges paid. Foreign Countries and Canada, send 10c. extra.

**NOTE:** If more than one bottle is desired, kindly send One Dollar for each additional bottle. Complete satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded in full.

**Order NOW!**

The Babbitt Company, Inc.  
Perfumers, Dept. 139  
4049 Market St., Philadelphia, Pa.

ACTUAL SIZE





### Gray Hair Banished in 15 minutes

Thousands of women of the most exacting discrimination are insisting upon INECTO RAPID **NOTOX** for this one reason: INECTO RAPID **NOTOX** created by science expressly for coloring the sensitive organism of human hair, is specifically guaranteed to reclaim permanently the original color of gray, streaked or faded hair. It may be had in 18 shades, from radiant blond to raven black; and even under the closest scrutiny its application cannot be detected. It will neither rub off nor be affected by shampooing, curling, salt water, perspiration, sunshine, Turkish or Russian baths. It will not affect permanent waving—and permanent waving does not affect INECTO RAPID **NOTOX**. Contains no paraphenylenediamine. The highest class Hairdressers from coast to coast use and endorse INECTO RAPID **NOTOX**, as do the many thousands of American women who apply it with invariable success within the privacy of their own homes. Beware of imitations—look for NOTOX on the package. It is your protection.

#### SEND NO MONEY

Merely fill in the coupon below and we will send you full particulars about INECTO RAPID **NOTOX** and our Beauty Analysis Chart.

**INECTO, Inc.**  
Laboratories and Salons  
33-35 West 46th St.,  
New York, N. Y.

Sold by best Beauty Shops,  
Drug and Department Stores

Harold F. Ritchie &  
Company, Inc.,  
Sales Representatives.



INECTO, Inc., 33-35 W. 46th St., New York, N. Y.  
Gentlemen: Please send me, gratis, full details  
of INECTO RAPID **NOTOX** and the "Beauty  
Analysis Chart," Form Y-11.

Name.....  
Address.....  
City..... State.....

"Oh, yes, sir," said Watkins. "Six at a pinch by using the small seats."

"No; four's plenty," said Jerry, considering; and after he had given Watkins his instructions for the day, he took his place at the wheel of the smaller car and went straight to see Tom Regan.

Tom was under that balky lathe again—the one, you may remember, which needed an undertaker rather than a doctor; and at first he didn't want to come out, but when he saw who was calling he came out quickly enough.

"Tom," began Jerry at once, raising his voice just loud enough. "What's this I hear about you being on somebody's note?"

"Oh, that's all right," said Tom almost before the question was finished, and flushing darkly he made as though to dive under the lathe again.

"No, listen," said Jerry, grabbing his old friend by the arm, "I've got a few thousand dollars that ain't working—some that I skinned out of Bucket-Shop Shippee; and I'll lend you all or any part of it, just as you like."

"No, sir," said Tom, lumping his jaw and trying to look huffy, "thanks just the same, Jerry, but I've had my bellyful of borrowing, and I ain't going to borrow no more."

"Won't borrow, eh?" asked Jerry, trying to look huffy, too.

"Not a cent more as long as I live! No, sir; never!"

"All right, then, I'll tell you what I'll do. How much do you need to set you on your feet again?"

"Oh, about four thousand," said Tom after a troubled calculation. "More'n I'll ever be able to get. But what's the difference whether it's four thousand or forty thousand?" he bitterly asked. "We're going to move up to Wainfield after the sale and I guess I can get me a job in the wire works there."

"Nothing doing, Tom," said Jerry earnestly. "Now you listen to me. I'm thinking of going into business myself—just to have something to do—and I'll give you four thousand dollars cash for a silent partnership in this business; me to drop around whenever I feel like it and sing a hymn while you fix the lathe—you to keep on doing the cussing and me to have the fun."

It wasn't done in a minute. Indeed it took the better part of an hour before Tom finally gave in, and it required all of Jerry's ingenuity even to get it done by then.

"All right—all right," suddenly cried old Tom. "But if you lose your four thousand dollars, don't come around blaming me."

**T**HEY went to the bank together, and after the money had been transferred, they returned to the machine shop—partners without a word of writing between them, but partners as surely as though the Supreme Court itself had written the articles of agreement.

"And now where's Ellen?" asked Jerry.

"Home, I think," said Tom.

"I'm going over to see her," said Jerry; and trying to speak carelessly he added, "I may be taking her down to the city today."

Old Tom suddenly forgot the lathe, and he gave his partner one of those long, straight looks that are generally delivered in silence and are like no other glances in the world. Whatever he saw in Jerry's eyes, it seemed to reassure him; for presently he turned to the lathe once more and picked up the seven-eighths wrench.

"Better see her mother," he said.

Mrs. Regan was sweeping the path when Jerry stopped his car. She was a stout, gray-haired old girl, with a nose just like her daughter's.

"Is Ellen around?" he asked, after he had told her the news and made her happy, because herself she hated Wainfield as a certain clever old gentleman hates holy water.

"Sure she's in the house somewhere," said Mrs. Regan, looking around. "She was out on the porch a minute ago, but maybe the telephone rang as you came by."

"I was thinking of taking her down to the city today," said Jerry with his fine show of carelessness.

This time it was Mrs. Regan's turn to give him the long, slow look; and like old Tom she, too, seemed to be satisfied with what she saw.

"You'll find her in the front room, maybe, dusting," she said, returning to her sweeping with a briskness which had something excited about it.

Jerry found her in the hall and she wasn't dusting; she was dodging away from the mirror in the rack, and she had been fixing her hair.

"I've come to see if you'd like to drive over to the city today—and help me do some shopping—" he began.

"Did you speak to mom?" she asked.

"Yes," said Jerry. "And I spoke to Tom."

Almost before he knew it she was going up the stairs, her hands already busy with the fastening of her apron.

"I'm so glad it's a nice day," she said over her shoulder. And knowing that he wouldn't catch the significance of her next remark—wouldn't guess for a moment that she had dressed for this when she got up that morning, she boldly added as she smiled at him over the top rail, "I've only got to change my shoes and dress; I shan't be long."

**B**EFORE starting for the city they went to Vail Hill where the limousine was waiting in front of the house—Eddie Kendall, the chauffeur, sitting at the wheel. At his master's approach, Ed climbed out of the driver's seat and Jerry took his place.

"Now you come here and sit with me," said Jerry to Ellen. "This is the best seat in the car. You can see everything, and get a bit of fresh air, too—a fine lot better than that glass box behind where all you can see is out of the side windows, and the back of the chauffeur's neck."

She must have thought it funny, and laughing a bit with her eyes she got up and sat by Jerry. But the next thing she saw, just before the car started, must have struck her as being funnier yet.

"Listen," she whispered. "Do you know that the chauffeur got in at the back?"

"And good enough for him," said Jerry decisively. "Why should he always have the best seat out here in front?"

Taking a leaf then from Judge Wellsly's book, he began to catalog the beauties of Vail Hill as the lordly limousine rolled along the private road.

"The Sunken Garden," he said, "struck, I couldn't help wondering once, by an aerial torpedo dropped out of a flying machine . . . The Shakespeare Bridge . . . The Nikko Bridge, that always makes me think of a pound of tea . . . And there's South Benson across the river, and what do you think of this fine place that my cousin left me anyhow?"

"I think it's great," she said in a flat little voice that wasn't a bit like her.

"Do you really now?" he asked.

"But isn't it big!" she said. "I should think it would make you feel—oh, I don't know—like always eating alone in a dining-room that would hold a thousand people."

She nervously looked behind her then, afraid that the chauffeur might hear her criticizing; but not only was the glass partition closed, but on the inside a black silk curtain had been drawn to make the front seat private.

The car had reached the public road, and was rolling along between an avenue of trees that reached over every now and then, and shook hands over their heads. A bird raced with them. Down in the valley the river could be seen, winding its stately stretches to the sea.

"Oh, isn't it beautiful!" breathed Ellen taking it all in with shining eyes—her lips parted, too, as though her little white ivory wished to see as well.

"You know what it always makes me want—a beautiful view like this?" asked Jerry.

"No; what?" she asked.

He blew his horn—three short blasts—and after a short silence the music of "Minnetonka" unmistakably arose from the back of the car.

Moon . . . deer . . .  
How . . . near . . .  
Your . . . soul . . . divine . . .  
Sun . . . deer . . .  
No . . . fear . . .  
In . . . heart . . . of mine . . .

"That isn't the chauffeur all by himself; is it?" whispered Ellen, looking as though she didn't know whether to smile or cry when the music stopped at last.

"No," he whispered back. "That's the Vail Hill Little Symphony Quartette. Struck me just this morning how great it would be to have some music as we rode along; but even me, I didn't think it would sound as good as this . . . Listen!"

The quartette had started again—"The Gypsy Love Song"—followed presently by "Duna" and "Going Home"—

Mornin' star lights the way  
Res'less dreams all done,  
Shadows gone, break o' day,  
Real life just begun—

As they began to roll into the city, Jerry signaled with his horn again, and melody ceased and was still. "You think I'm a bit of a fool now; don't you?" he said to Ellen, "riding along with music behind us like this?" "Indeed I don't," she murmured in a queer little voice; and when he looked at her for a moment he could almost have sworn that there were tears in her eyes.

AND, oh, what a day they had in the city—shopping—and lunching—and then going to a matinee together—Jerry keeping her interested every minute and she nearly charming the soul out of his body every time she gave him one of those sweetly solemn smiles which a girl seldom, if ever, gives to more than one man in her lifetime. And just to give you an idea of the things he was doing all day, when it came to dinner he started to order an alphabetical meal—something beginning with every letter in her name.

"E for egg-plant, that's easy," he said; and then to the waiter—a dignified old boy with a face like a full moon—"Egg-plant," said he. "L—lamb-chops. Do you like lamb-chops? All right, lamb-chops. Another L—" "Lima beans, sir?" suggested Moon-face, himself getting interested in the game.

So they made it limas to please old Moon-face; and for the other E and the N, they had endive salad and noodle soup. And of course Jerry swore that it was the finest dinner that he had ever had in his life, and Ellen looked so proud because her name made a good meal.

Going home the stars were out, and you can guess whether they had music then! The last song was "Marcheta" and while the second chorus was being sung, they turned around the sharp curve where the South Benson turnpike leaves the post road and Ellen found herself being irresistibly thrown against the driver's side. Naturally he put his arm out to steady her, and for as long as it might take you to count five she seemed to rest very comfortably against his shoulder and under the shelter of his arm.

"Well, good night," she said when they finally reached her home. "I've had the loveliest, loveliest day!"

"Oh, that's nothing," he told her. "You wait and see what a day you'll have tomorrow!" "What!" she exclaimed, rounding her eyes. "Again tomorrow?"

It was her saucy nose that did it, that and the laughing depths of her eyes, and the tender sweetness of her lips. Seeing these things together, Jerome J. Bonyingham knew all at once that his time had come, and working fast he kissed her. The first was a pretty good one, although she struggled a little; the second was better because she didn't wriggle so much; but the third time—bless her beating heart!—



## To the woman who is not afraid to be frank—in her thinking

**FRANKNESS** of speech is one thing. Frankness of thought is quite another. And a wholesome thing it is. Nothing more surely gives a woman poise and confidence than the habit of frank, straight thinking about her own physical well-being.

To know the facts about feminine hygiene—that is not indelicacy. It is enlightenment. To know the dangers that come from the use of poisonous compounds—that too is enlightenment.

### Throw out the "skull and crossbones"

Women have long been victims of the failure of science to provide a non-poisonous antiseptic which had enough germicidal power to be of practical use. Compounds containing carbolic acid or bichloride of mercury held sway simply because there was nothing to take their place. And both of these are dangerous poisons.

Now all this is changed. Science at last has solved the problem. And the result is the great antiseptic, Zonite, which has proved its value in hundreds of thousands of homes. Mothers need no longer worry that deadly poisons may fall into the hands of their children. In this way, Zonite has proved itself a blessing many times multiplied.

Zonite combines remarkable germ-killing power with complete safety in use. It is actually far more powerful than any dilution of carbolic acid that can be safely applied to the human body, and it is *more*

than forty times as strong as peroxide of hydrogen.

### Zonite endorsed by hospitals and specialists

Many members of the medical profession, though endorsing the practice of feminine hygiene: as a health measure, have long deplored the use of poisonous, caustic fluids for the purpose. No wonder, then, that Zonite has been hailed with satisfaction.

For Zonite, notwithstanding its great germicidal power, is, in its many uses, absolutely harmless to delicate membranes and tissues. In fact, its action is beneficial and mildly stimulating. Dental authorities recommend it highly as a mouth-wash and for oral hygiene generally.



### This free booklet offered by the Women's Division

The Women's Division has prepared a dainty booklet expressly for the use and convenience of women.

Thoroughly and frankly it discusses feminine hygiene and other affairs of the toilette—mouth, scalp, complexion, etc., and its scientific, impersonal treatment of these matters enhances its value in the eyes of the intelligent reader.

Every woman with a sense of responsibility to herself will want to have a copy or to pass a copy along to her friends. It is a booklet every mother will want to give her daughter. A copy will be mailed in dainty "social correspondence" envelope. Use the coupon below.

Zonite Products Co., Postum Bldg., 250 Park Ave., New York City.

In Canada, 165 Dufferin St., Toronto.

Women's Division

ZONITE PRODUCTS CO.  
Postum Building  
250 Park Avenue  
New York City

I should like to have a free copy of the illustrated booklet you have prepared. (G-5)

Name.....

Address.....

# Zonite

In bottles 50c and \$1 at drug stores

Slightly higher in Canada

If your druggist cannot supply you, send 50c direct to the Zonite Products Co.



### A whole medicine chest in itself

Zonite kills germs.

That is why Zonite is valuable for so many different purposes.

For prevention against colds, coughs, grippe and influenza.

For a daily mouth-wash to guard against pyorrhea and other gum infections.

For cuts, wounds, burns and scratches.

For use as a deodorant.

Remember that Zonite, though a very powerful antiseptic, is non-poisonous and absolutely safe to use.

*Handiest  
thing in the  
house*

## For Burns and Scalds

Scalds and burns quickly cease to bother and pain when they are dressed with "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly. It soothes the pain, keeps out air and dirt so that nature can do its healing work undisturbed. Keep it handy in case of need.

For fifty years "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly has been a standard supply in every hospital, used by every physician and nurse. Have it handy in your first aid kit or medicine cabinet.

Chesebrough Manufacturing Company  
(Consolidated)  
State Street New York

# Vaseline

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.  
PETROLEUM JELLY



Look for the  
trade-mark  
"Vaseline".  
It is your  
protection.



**Maybelline**  
DARKENS AND BEAUTIFIES  
EYELASHES and BROWS  
INSTANTLY, makes them  
appear naturally dark, long and  
luxuriant. Adds wonderful charm,  
beauty and expression to any face.  
Perfectly harmless. Used by millions  
of lovely women. BLACK or BROWN,  
obtainable in solid cake form or  
waterproof liquid. *See ad your dealer's*  
or direct postpaid.

MAYBELLINE CO. CHICAGO

## The Easiest Way to MAKE Spare Time MONEY

GET EXTRA money for pretty dresses, new furniture, children's musical education, etc. Just wear beautiful silk hosiery at OUR expense. It looks, feels and wears so much better and holds its shape and appearance of newness so much longer than other hosiery that your friends will want to know where you got it. **We pay you for telling them.** Write for amazing new plan which gives you your own hosiery free and enables you to make \$15 a week besides. Act quick. Only one person in each locality can learn of this plan. Mrs. Mary MacDonald, care of Wearplus Co., 680 Wearplus Ave., Bay City, Mich.



Beautiful  
silk hosiery  
given if you  
act quickly.

he felt her kiss him back again, and that according to all accounts is the finest kiss of all!

WHEN Jerry awoke in the morning he found Watkins standing by the side of the bed. "I beg your pardon, sir, for waking you," he said, "but Judge Wellsly is down-stairs. Very important, he told me to say, and could he see you for a few minutes as soon as possible."

"Why, sure," said Jerry looking sleepily around the bedroom. "Send him up and tell him where the bed is, or he may not be able to find me."

The Judge entered with a helpless air, his white mustache moving around like a worried old rabbit's—a worried old rabbit that was eating bitter greens.

"I thought I'd better come right over and tell you," he said. "I have just received a letter special delivery, from a New York firm of lawyers who have only just heard of your cousin's death. Rhinington, Huntlander and Newbold—one of the leading firms in the country. Really, the damndest thing! Just before he left for Europe it seems your cousin made a new will; and in this will, your name isn't even mentioned!"

"Oh-ho!" said Jerry, sitting up straight in bed at that, as wide awake as they make them. "So this place isn't mine at all; is that it?"

"Of course they may not be able to prove the later will," said the Judge uneasily, "but on the other hand—a firm of their standing—"

"And this bed isn't mine, either," said Jerry, bouncing on it a time or two as though bidding it good-by, and then jumping out.

"Of course, your name not being mentioned in the later will, you understand—"

"And these pajamas of Willis's that I'm wearing—"

"No, no! No, no!" said the Judge, hastily rising. "After all, Mr. Bonyngnam, there's no necessity for any such haste as this!"

Necessity or not, it didn't take Jerry long to dress himself that morning, putting on the clothes in which he had arrived at Vail Hill, and packing the valise which he had brought with him; and although he started to do these things blithely, it wasn't long before he was growing thoughtful, the whistle dying on his lips and five worried lines appearing across his brow—as though some somber professor of music was about to appear and write the opening bars of the "Miserere" upon his forehead.

"Oh, well," he said as he finally started down-stairs, "we'll soon know now."

The Judge was waiting for him and they had breakfast together, Watkins serving them in his most impressive style.

"Heard the news, Watkins?" asked Jerry between two mouthfuls.

"Why, no, sir," said the butler. "Not that I'm aware of."

"You're going to have a new boss around here. They've found another will and I'm not even mentioned in it."

"God bless my life!" exclaimed Watkins, and nearly dropped the toast, and "Begging your pardon, sir, but I'm very sorry to hear it," he added after a few moments' troubled thought, "and so will all the others be, I'm sure."

After breakfast Jerry said to the Judge, "I'll be ready in a minute; but first I'm going to say good-by to those in the kitchen."

## Cosmopolitan for March, 1925

He was gone nearly five minutes, and when he returned he was blowing his nose and carrying a large purple glass ball, and a wicker bird-cage containing a canary.

"Look!" he said to the Judge in a husky voice. "See what Maggie and the cook gave me—and if I hadn't come away as quick as I did—"

Tibbets followed them down to the Judge's car, carrying Jerry's valise and violin case.

"Well, good-by, Mr. Bonyngnam," he said, "and I only hope they'll find another will soon that will bring you back here again."

Neither Jerry nor the Judge cataloged the beauties of the place as they rolled down to the state road—Jerry again beginning to show those horizontal lines upon his forehead, and the Judge looking as though he might be marvelling about the tricks which Fortune plays as he rolls his gold and ebony ball among the sons of men.

"We'll go to my office first," he said, breaking the silence at last.

"No," said Jerry. "I'd like to stop at Tom Regan's first."

"You mean the machine shop?"

"No; the house. It's on the Lebanon Road; I'll tell you when we get there."

Again Mrs. Regan was sweeping the path and again Ellen was in the house; but this time she wasn't fixing her hair: she was cleaning the kitchen stove.

"You didn't expect to see me so early, I guess?" he began.

"No," she said, and said it rather shortly too because of being caught like that. "I did not!"

"But I had to come and tell you something," he sighed; and then in the most lugubrious tones you ever heard—"I've lost my job," said he.

"You've what?" she demanded, staring.

SPeaking more and more sadly he began to tell her about the later will, but hadn't got far when Ellen started laughing—and laughed and laughed till she nearly had hysterics.

"If you only knew," she gasped at last, "how funny you sounded!"

"But I thought you'd be worried," said he. "Worried? With you to love me? Why?" she asked; and you ought to have seen the way the little madam opened her eyes.

"Why? Because I'm out of a job," he told her. "Haven't I just been telling you that I'm through up there on the hill?"

"Sure you told me," she almost crowed. "And that's what makes me feel so good. Honest, Jerry, the only thing I didn't like about it was thinking that maybe I'd have to live up there with all that help on the Hill. But now . . . with just ourselves together, and maybe mom to visit us once in a while—"

When Mrs. Regan came in unexpectedly about five minutes later to report that Judge Wellsly was getting uneasy outside, she found that Jerry was out of a position no longer.

He had taken on a new contract—one that promised to last as long as he lived; and although he was starting easy with three plates, and a kitchen rocker and a song about branches high with breezes soft caressed, it was evident even to the most unpractised eye that he was already at work on his new job . . .

## The Misfit Wife (Continued from page 89)

him. For a second her gaze was upon him, very cool and deeply ruminative. She seemed to study him swiftly, broodingly, then her eyes were blind again. She went.

The show was over at last. George saw Lady Bertha safely ensconced in her big Armstrong-Siddely.

"Can I drop you anywhere, George dear?" Aunt Bertha was gracious. She always was after having spent a lot of money on herself.

"No thank you, Aunt Bertha. I've got to

see a man. Quite close." He made seeing a man become a mysterious and slightly indiscreet rite.

Aunt Bertha looked impressed and said no more. She sank back into the brocaded cushions, and was whirled away by the grace of Mr. Armstrong-Siddely.

"Thank heaven!" said George.

He took off his hat devoutly, and then went back to the discreet establishment of Monsieur Lancret. It was a matter for tact. George's



winning way—inherited from the Burnetts of Georgia—and a magnificent tip did the trick. The entrance by which the manikins would leave was indicated to him. He went there and waited. He waited a long time. People passed down the stairs and glanced at him curiously. He waited. And presently Jetta came. She was alone, for which he was devoutly thankful, and quietly dressed in black. Nothing of the thousand-guinea chinchilla touch about her. But her face was the same. The faintly reddened lips, the calm, incurious eyes.

George took off his hat.

She said very seriously, "I did not expect to find you here."

"I said I'd wait," said George.

He was rather stupid. Poor George. And he was blushing, which made him seem a frightful baby, in spite of the Norman nose.

"Is it too late for tea?" he said. "It's a bit early for dinner. We might go and dine at a grill-room, though. What d'you think? I'm infernally hungry, aren't you?"

He grinned down at her—not so far down, for Jetta was a tall woman.

"I don't know you," said Jetta.

"Of course you don't. All the more fun. Come on," said George in his sing-songy Southern voice. And Jetta came. Perhaps she was obedient to the arrogant cock of that overbearing nose. Perhaps she was hungry. Manikins are not paid well, even the manikins of Monsieur Lancrét. Perhaps she liked the look of George. Anyway, Jetta came.

OVER dinner they became confidential. Jetta, it seemed, was not French.

"I suppose one might call me Russian, but contrary to most people from that country, I do not say I am a princess. No, I come from the people, M'sieu."

"Why do you say you suppose one might call you Russian?" asked George.

"Because my father was a Russian sailor, but my mother was half Chinese. A droll mixture, you think, yes?"

That accounted, then, for the flat Mongolian look about that white face. There was a certain look about the eyes too. That Oriental impassiveness . . .

"How did Lancrét get hold of you?"

"Oh—Lancrét. Paris, you know—I drifted to Paris when I was little more than a child—"

"You must have had an odd life, Jetta Cyvinski"—for she had told him her name.

She said yes, she had had an odd life.

"There have been men in it?"

Her eyes were blind again. She stared past him, fingering the stem of her wine-glass. George waited.

"Oh, men . . ." A shrug, a whole volume spoken by those expressive eyes and hands and shoulders. The mouth, one fancied, was a little weary.

"But of course there have been men. Else how did you end in Paris? And you are beautiful, Jetta."

"That," said Jetta calmly, "is a lie. I am an ugly woman."

She looked at him so straightly, so superbly assured of herself. George did not know another woman who would have said that in that way. And the funny part of it was that it was true. Jetta was ugly, yet George was fascinated by her. She was so queerly unlike the girls one met at dances and Lords' and Ranclagh. That sort of girl, George supposed, would think her odd.

He wondered what would happen if Jetta came in close contact with them, with his sort of people. It would be an amusing if dangerous experiment to try . . .

"You are looking so grave," said Jetta.

He liked her voice, which pronounced the words in a lisping foreign way which made them seem oddly attractive.

"Do you know," he said, "I thought you had black hair, and it's red."

Jetta smiled and blinked. "If you get to know me better, my friend," she said, "you will find that I am always the unexpected."



### ① Is your scalp oily?

Shampoo the hair once each week, using the following treatment: Rub a tablespoonful of Wildroot Taroleum into the scalp with your finger tips. Apply warm water, and let the snowy, antiseptic lather absorb the oily dirt. Rinse thoroughly, and follow with cold water. When dry, massage the scalp with Wildroot Quinine Hair Dress.

## When hair is beautiful - BEWARE - say Nature's 3 warning signals

EVEN the most beautiful hair may be doomed to destruction. Beneath the beauty of today—the scalp warns you of baldness tomorrow. Hair experts say that a perfectly healthy scalp is hard to find. No head is safe—but most scalp troubles can be avoided—if you start soon enough.

Fortunately, Nature has provided 3 warning signals to tell you that your scalp needs care.

1. If your scalp is too oily—beware!
2. If your scalp is very dry—beware!
3. If you find dandruff—beware!

Once you discover which of these conditions threatens your hair—you can adopt one of the three treatments, shown here, to keep the scalp healthy and the hair beautiful.

Wildroot Hair Tonic plays a large part

in such methods. Used alone, its chief purpose is to clean and condition the scalp—to make the hair lustrous—and to remove dandruff. Put a bottle on the bathroom shelf, where you can use it frequently.

Two special combinations of Wildroot products are suited to combat the dangerous conditions of excessive oil—and over-dryness.

Read the three simple rules. All druggists carry Wildroot preparations.

### ② Is your scalp dry?

Once every other week, give yourself this treatment: Remove dandruff from scalp by applying Wildroot Hair Tonic. Then gently massage a tablespoonful of Wildroot Taroleum into the scalp. Cover your head with a hot towel for five minutes. With more Taroleum and warm water, shampoo the hair. Rinse well, and follow with cold water.

### ③ Have you found dandruff?

Two or three times a week (in severe cases, every day), apply Wildroot Hair Tonic to the scalp. This should be done in the most thorough manner, parting the hair so as to reach every spot on the scalp—and massaging gently with the fingers. Finish by dressing the hair with the tonic, one strand at a time.

WILDROOT CO., INC., BUFFALO, N. Y.

# WILDROOT

## HAIR TONIC





The only superfluous hair remedy which has the distinction of having been "officially decided to be effective."

(New York World—Oct. 28, 1924)

"By simply applying ZIP and easily removing it, the roots are eliminated as if by magic, and in this way the growth is destroyed." "These statements are not false," says Hon. Edward M. Averill, Trial Examiner for the Federal Trade Commission, who heard the testimony in the official investigation of ZIP.

### Quick as a Wink

you can free yourself of superfluous hair. And remember, you are not merely removing surface hair—you actually lift out the roots with the hairs, gently and painlessly and in this way destroy the growth. The process seems almost miraculous, but my eighteen years of success in giving treatments with ZIP and the thousands of women who are now using it prove that ZIP is the scientifically correct way to destroy the growth.

### Lasting Results

Mere surface hair removers give only temporary relief and any method which burns away or rubs away surface hair is very apt to irritate the skin and promote heavier growths. Such methods have the same action as singeing or shaving, throwing the strength back into the roots. Use ZIP once, and you will never resort to ordinary depilatories.

FOR SALE EVERYWHERE—Guaranteed Treatment or Free Demonstration at My Salon

*Madame Berthe*  
Specialist

562 Fifth Ave. (Ent. on 46th St.) New York

MADAME BERTHE, Specialist

Dept. 781, 562 Fifth Ave., New York City

Please send me FREE BOOK, "Beauty's Greatest Secret," telling how to be beautiful and explaining the three types of superfluous hair; also a free sample of your Massage and Cleansing Cream, guaranteed not to grow hair.

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Please print your name

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City or State \_\_\_\_\_

CREATIONS JORDEN NEW YORK

Now it would have been all right if George had left it there, if he had let the pleasant little episode close where and when it was right and proper for it so to do. But what must George do but fall in love with this woman Jetta, and he fell in love as men of his type do—that being violently, stubbornly, and the least little bit heavily. For George had inherited the Ranksome mouth, but quite missed the Ranksome genius for making love with the most delightful indiscreetness and not meaning a word of it. George meant it. George was deeply serious. He was that most indecent of all things—a philanderer with no sense of humor.

And having outraged so far his sense of the fitness of things he carried the ridiculous affair a step further by marrying Jetta.

IF JETTA had stopped to think she would not have married him, but she did not stop. Jetta loved George. Jetta had often loved men before, but never with that peculiar intensity of feeling. Her other passion that came nearest to that she had for George was for a German-Jew financier, and Jetta had loved him because he was so gross.

George was twenty-four and not bad-looking. He had kind eyes. Jetta loved him, so Monsieur Lancret went back to Paris with five manikins instead of six.

The day after they were married George and his wife presented themselves on the door-step of Lady Bertha's house in Berkeley Square. Lady Bertha was having tea by herself, marooned on a little desert island of sofa in a vast ocean of shining parquet floor.

"My dear Georgie," she said.

"Hello, Aunt Bertha!" said George. "May I present you to my wife?"

Jetta stared, and her mouth was a little insolent.

"Good heavens," cried Aunt Bertha, "it's the gal from that man What's-his-name's dress shop!" She seemed to crumple a bit, to crease like an old coat. "A Waring!" she said. Her voice rose to a wail. "A Waring!" She was like one of those burning-eyed, wailing old women out of the Old Testament. "Georgie, I feel ill. I think I'm going to be sick."

She thought correctly. George rang for her maid, and went away.

On the stairs, "Pig!" said Jetta. "Old—old devil!"

George said gloomily: "That's just about torn it! Aunt Bertha has the money, you know. Of course, she may come round—"

"Yes, it looks like it, doesn't it?" sneered Jetta.

She looked at him almost as if she hated him.

The news spread like lightning round the family, eliciting an indignant quiver even from the most far-spread tentacles of it. Things like that might happen in other families—witness young Lord Surtrees and his little Follies chorus girl!—but not among the Waring. Their marriages had been dull marriages, but anyway they had gone towards regilding the slightly tarnished Waring arms. And now George, heir to the title but the poorest of the lot of them, had married some one without position, without money, and a foreigner into the bargain! Mansells of Wroxall, thin-lipped Ranksomes, and Warings of Waring Hall gathered in solemn conclave and shut George into the outer darkness.

"Swine!" said Jetta. "Dirty swine!" She was very tender with her little boy George. He was younger than she, and so stupid, poor darling. Jetta loved him magnificently. She sometimes frightened him with the quality and ardor of her love. She was not content to take his love for granted—she wanted him to show it. She was fierce and insatiable in her constant demand. And sometimes she was cruel. Her rages, like her loves, were violent. Happily they did not occur often.

Then, just at the height of everything, Old Lord Waring took it into his head to slip gracefully away to another world.

The old man had always loved a practical joke, and this was the best one he had ever

played. Jetta Cyvinski was now Lady Waring.

Of course that made a difference. That made a decided difference. George was the head of the family now, and one could not quarrel with George's wife. So they effected a reconciliation, gracefully enough, and Jetta was spoken of as "George's delightful Russian wife—so charming—have you seen her?" Jetta might have created something of a new vogue in London if they had stayed on there, but George could not afford it. There was the estate down in Berkshire—a large and unprofitable one which had dwindled steadily until nothing was left of it but a farm or two, the park, and Waring Hall. Jetta wanted George to sell it.

"Moldy old place!" said Jetta. "Br-r-r—it makes me to shiver!"

But George loved the house, though it was dark and inconvenient and rather damp. There was hunting near-by, rough shooting, fairly good fishing. George was happy.

"You will be too," he told Jetta. "The people round here are charming. My cousins, the Mansells, live at Wroxall, only five miles away, you know."

"Oh, mon dieu!" said Jetta.

The family made much of Jetta, although their kindness was tinged with patronage. "My dear Jetta," they called her. Young Bertie Mansell fell in love with her, which amused her for a bit, but she was hopelessly bored. "The County" was very kind and quite impossibly dreary. George and Jetta entertained a little, but their dinner parties and dances were terribly dull. George taught Jetta to ride, but she could not get over an unreasoning dread of horses. The first time she hunted she took a bad toss and broke her collar-bone. When they went to pick her up her language was foul. She did not hunt again.

George—poor George, so like his grandfather, the stupid, kindly Anthony Waring—was still very much in love with her. He wished of course, that she was a bit more like his own sort of people. There were girls he met out hunting or at the neighboring houses—if only Jetta would model herself after them! But Jetta Waring remained Jetta Cyvinski. Sometimes she would fly into jealous rages, and taunt him with being in love with this girl and that girl. There was one in especial, Marjorie Gay, a long slim creature of eighteen or so, with grave, lovely eyes and an impudent mouth. George had known Marjorie all her life, and been rather fond of her once. He was angry when Jetta called her names—Russian names, so he could not understand them, but he knew the expression on Jetta's face.

"Ah, bah, the miserable little white-faced creature!" screamed Jetta.

"For heaven's sake be quiet. Do you want the servants to hear you?" asked George, which was just what an Englishman of his sort would say.

He was furiously angry, and in anger his face could take on a curiously set, white look. Jetta stopped screaming and was violently penitent. If George would not forgive her she would die, she said.

"I love you so—I love you so—I shall die! I shall die!"

"All right," said George, "I forgive you. Now go up-stairs and wash your face."

But at the moment he could not bring himself to kiss her.

AT WARING HALL their son was born. He was a small, delicate baby, with Jetta's eyes and the look of a fretful old man on his absurd mottled face. Jetta was fiercely tender with him, jealous of letting anyone else touch him, jealous of George's share in him. "He's mine," she said, "mine!" and looked at George defiantly. She looked ill and old, but there was something rather pathetic in her eyes. They were very happy together. "You do love me—you do love me, don't you?" she whispered, and was strangely gentle with him.

The baby was an odd, grave baby. He looked at George and Jetta thoughtfully, as if



## Sure Way to Get Rid of Dandruff

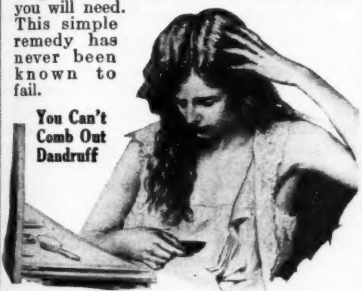
There is one sure way that never fails to remove dandruff completely, and that is to dissolve it. Then you destroy it entirely. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and two or three more applications will completely dissolve and entirely destroy every single sign and trace of it, no matter how much dandruff you may have.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop instantly, and your hair will be lustrous, glossy, silky and soft, and look and feel a hundred times better.

You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store, and a four ounce bottle is all you will need. This simple remedy has never been known to fail.

You Can't Comb Out Dandruff



## LIQUID ARVON



## How did your Garters look this morning?

Nothing is so hard to forgive as your own forgetfulness. But in the matter of fresh, clean Boston Garters at least are glad to lend a hand by reminding you—do you not need a fresh, clean, new pair today, sir?

George Frost Company, Boston  
also makers of  
Velvet Grip Hose Supporters for  
Women, Misses and Children

asking himself about them. Jetta sang to him in Russian and made croony noises. She was contented because of the baby, and her flat, pale face wore a new and gracious tranquillity.

In the winter the baby died.

George got a bit quieter, a bit slower, that was all, but Jetta was inconsolable. She was mad with misery for a little while, then relapsed into a mood of savage, brooding sullenness. She threatened to run away.

"Why should I stay here? You don't want me—you don't even love me any more. Your people don't understand me—none of you do! Oh, *mon dieu*, I shall go mad!"

Then she saw his face, and cried a little.

"Poor George, poor George."

**M**ONTHS went on. Aunt Bertha came to stay and Jetta was abominably rude to her, so that Aunt Bertha departed with great swiftness, saying that the damp was bad for her neuritis. Jetta quarreled with everybody. She opened the local fête, and came home and stamped on her bouquet of carnations.

"Beasts! Beasts! It's Lady Waring this, Lady Waring that, and all the time they laugh at me, they hate me! Dull, stupid old hypocrites! Oh, how I hate them all! The same with the servants—milady, milady, and they mock me behind my back. How I hate this wet, cold country of yours, George! I ask you 'May we holiday at Deauville? May we go abroad?' and you say always 'No money, no money.' Oh, I wish I were in Paris! I tell you that this life is killing me—"

George said nothing. He hated Jetta when she talked loudly and looked ugly. Poor Jetta, an alien in the county, an alien among the Waringes, an alien with her own husband. He realized dully that nothing would make her one of their sort, nothing would change her from Jetta Cyvinski into Jetta Waring. He was sorry for her, vaguely, yet sorry for himself too. His life with her was hell. She had tired of him inevitably—two years was longer than Jetta had ever remained faithful to a man before—and she let him know it.

Jetta was a bored woman, and a bored woman can be crueler than anything on this earth. She missed the old life. One was paid badly, she told him, and it was tiring work, but there were crowds, beautiful clothes to wear, music and life and movement. Here there was stagnation. And the clothes! One wore tweeds, one wore brogues, and when it rained, which seemed to be always, one wore a Burberry. Jetta, of the rouged ears and the flair for wearing chic clothes, in a Burberry!

Some one took the Smith-Tracys' house for the hunting season. An American man, a bachelor, very well off. He had made a fortune out of patent shirt studs or something. George liked him, but Jetta was contemptuous.

"Ah, bah, the gray little man," she said.

The American's name was Trevor Austin. He had a certain cold admiration for the unusual, and an eye for a hard bargain. He entertained magnificently. There was a meet at his house on Boxing Day and a big ball in the evening. He danced a good deal with Lady Waring, though not too much to make it conspicuous. Cautiousness was the gray little man's strong suit.

"Oh, he has the money, that Austin," said Jetta discontentedly. She looked at George under her eyelashes, biting her finger-nails. "I want some new clothes," she said.

She had expected the usual answer. George was not mean, but he simply did not have much money—the estate ate such a large hole in their income. To her surprise, however, he said she could get some new clothes and might care for a few day's shopping in town.

Jetta was delighted—almost pathetically delighted—and departed in high feather. When she came home she was more like her old self, gracious to people, and positively charming to George. His admiration was not enough, though—there must be other men, or else she would be bored and savage again. There was Trevor Austin. Jetta's attitude



## Your hair— Keep it smooth, in place all day

**H**OW does your hair look an hour—two hours after you've brushed it? All out of place—mussed—every which way?

That used to be the daily experience of most men. Women's hair, too, used to fly up soon after being carefully arranged.

And the hair is so conspicuous!

But today you see smoother, healthier, better kept hair—wherever you go. Millions have discovered the secret:—just a quick touch of Stacomb on slightly moistened hair.

Now your hair will stay in place, exactly as you want it. Not greasy and shiny as the old pomades made it. Not slick for an hour and then wilder than ever, as water used to leave it. But naturally and beautifully smooth. Stacomb also tends to prevent dandruff.

Use Stacomb tomorrow morning and look your best all day!

You can get Stacomb at any drug or department store—in jars and tubes (or the new Liquid Stacomb).

Readers in Canada should address Standard Laboratories, Ltd., 727 King St., West, Toronto, Ont., Dept. D-17.

## Stacomb

KEEPS THE HAIR IN PLACE

## Free Offer



Standard Laboratories, Inc. Dept. D-17  
113 West 18th Street, New York City

Please send me, free of charge, a generous sample tube of Stacomb.

Name .....

Address .....



# I Have Found Out How to Get Rid of Superfluous Hair Completely

## Here's the Secret

I had become utterly discouraged with a heavy growth of hair on my face and lip. I had tried every sort of depilatory and electrolysis, and even a razor. But I couldn't get rid of it.



Then I found a satisfactory method. I found a simple means by which I removed the hair completely, and most wonderful to relate, it keeps the hair removed. My face is now as smooth as a baby's; not only free from superfluous hair, but from pimples and blemishes. I have explained this method to thousands of women who have had the same experience with it that I had, and I will explain it to you if you also have superfluous hair. It isn't like anything you have ever used. It is not a powder, paste, wax or liquid, not a razor, not electricity. It causes no itching or burning and leaves no scars. As

easy to use as your comb or brush.

## Send for Free Book

A book that tells just how this method gets rid of superfluous hair is free upon request. Don't send a penny—just a letter or post card. Address Annette Lanzette, 68 W. Washington Street, Dept. 1202, Chicago, Illinois.



## How to care for Dull Hair

You cannot expect hair which is naturally devoid of lustre to look brilliant or exceptionally bright after an ordinary shampoo. You must use a shampoo that is different—a shampoo that will add real beauty to your hair—GOLDEN GLINT Shampoo. This shampoo will make your hair look so much prettier, so much more attractive, that you will just love to fuss with it. In addition to the clean freshness any good shampoo gives, it offers something unusual, something new, something more than a promise. This "something" is a secret you'll discover with your first Golden Glint Shampoo. 25c a package at toilet counters or direct. J. W. Koni Co., 614 Rainier Ave., Seattle, Wash.

## Golden Glint SHAMPOO

towards him was curiously blended of contempt and respect. She saw a fair amount of him at Waring Hall, and at his own place. He took her for drives in his car once or twice. George was glad. Jetta would come in from these drives good-tempered and gracious, though she declared that she loathed "that little Austin." He was so secret, she said.

"How d'you mean, secret? I think he's a nice sort of chap," said George.

Jetta said nothing, but her silence told him that he was a fool.

ONE day she came in after she had been with Austin, snuggled in furs, her face glowing and excited.

"Had a good time?" asked George.

"He's in love with me, that man," said Jetta, and burst out laughing. "It's droll, isn't it? I never guessed—that secret, gray little Austin . . ."

"Oh, stuff!" said George amiably. "Don't be an idiot, Jetta. You think every man's in love with you."

Jetta frowned, and her face grew heavy.

"Ah, that's all you care, isn't it? You trust me, don't you? Oh, if only you weren't so slow, if you were jealous; if you flew into a rage! But no, you sit there, you smile, you say, 'Stuff!' I tell you that I'm not like you. Nothing in the world will make me like you or your people. There are you Waring's—so!—and here am I, Jetta Cyvinski—so! You do what you've been taught to do, and I do what my impulses tell me to do. Nothing will alter me—nothing—"

She was screaming now in that harsh voice George loathed.

"Oh, for heaven's sake, Jetta," said George wearily.

Their scenes usually ended this way.

George came in one evening rather late. He was tired and hungry. There would be just time to change . . . The butler was in the hall. "Where's her ladyship, do you know, Bryce?"

"Her ladyship has gone out, my lord."

"Gone out? Where?"

"She went off about two hours ago in Mr. Austin's car, my lord."

George thought it over slowly. The servant was watching him curiously. He said, "Oh. All right, Bryce."

He went up-stairs to Jetta's room. She had gone. Clothes were strewn about the room in incredible confusion. She had left a letter for

him. Three sheets of paper scribbled over in Jetta's abominable handwriting. George cleared a chair and sat down to read it.

"I am going away with Trevor Austin. If I stay down here any longer I shall go mad. You don't understand me, George, and you don't want me. Trevor wants me. He has money, and can give me the things I want. We are going abroad—I never want to see England again. I am sorry, George . . ."

There was more of it. George did not read it. A bit of a sentence caught his eye. "After the baby died." Yes, the baby had been an odd, thoughtful baby, and had had Jetta's eyes, and had died, which was a pity. His brain felt a bit numbed. He couldn't even feel grief. Heavy, he felt, and a little ill . . .

He went down-stairs.

"Lady Bertha Waring on the phone, my lord."

Aunt Bertha was staying with the Mansells. She would be upset to hear about Jetta.

"Hello," said George.

"Oh, George dear, is that you? Is Jetta there?"

"No, she's not here," said George.

"Oh, what a pity! I wondered if she'd care to come up and stay with me for a while? I'd be delighted if she would."

George grinned mechanically. Poor old Aunt Bertha, determined to give the hatchet a decent burial.

"I know how dear Jetta loves dress, so we might do some shopping together. There's a dress show on Monday—Lancet's, to be exact. Jetta might like to go with me, and you too perhaps, Georgie dear. Such happy associations—"

George hung up the receiver, and began to cry. He was very young . . .

GEORGE is quite happy now. He has married again—a Marjorie Gay type of girl this time—and Jetta is never spoken of in the family. I don't know if he ever remembers her.

As for Jetta, she left Austin after a bit, and became a manikin again. You can see her if you go to Paris in the salons of Monsieur Lancet. If George ever goes she will stare at him with blind, bland eyes, bending a little at the knees as she walks. The violins will wail, and she will drift away in her brocades and furs to change her dress, and go out to dinner with a man—not George. And she will be quite happy too.

## The Girl with the Pay-roll (Continued from page 83)

there, gazing raptly at the rejuvenated coupé. "I guess I'll call it Violet," she had decided.

The neighbors watching her had exchanged views on the subject of her acquisition. They did not approve of Violet.

The only person connected in any way with Ann who had no comment to make on Violet was her father. He had been dead for five years. Perhaps, in the sphere he now inhabited he understood all and so was privy to the secret Ann had pledged herself to keep and which, in all Linford, only three persons shared.

One of these three was Old Eph; the other two, like Ann, owed him something and so they kept it carefully. And yet—

IN BOSTON on that same drenched Friday the thirteenth when Ann and Violet skidded into Dicky's life, if not his heart, three men were holding what business men call a conference. The difference was that these three discussed neither golf nor bootleggers, but business. They were variously, and more or less descriptively, known as Lefty Red, Louie the Dope and the Chelsea Cyclone. The business they were discussing concerned Old Eph's pay-roll.

From the time he had started out for himself, back in the 'eighties, Old Eph had himself carried his weekly pay-roll from the bank to

his factory every Saturday morning. In the 'eighties it had not been much, but in the years between it had grown until it had mounted to sixteen thousand dollars—a sizable sum to thrust in a leather bag and carry abroad unarmed.

Nevertheless, Old Eph had seen no reason why he shouldn't. He had read of pay-roll robberies but he had an idea that he was immune. Many so-called hard-headed business men have ideas like that.

Even the hardest head, however, cannot resist the impact of a new idea with a black-jack behind it. The black-jack had struck Old Eph back in April. When he came to, the leather bag and its contents were gone and he was the recipient of Linford's sympathy. Sympathy, that is, tinged with ribald comment.

The prevailing opinion was that Old Eph would recover from the blow on his head but he never would get over the blow his bank-roll had sustained. And, in fact, it was the loss of his pay-roll that Old Eph had minded most. New skin would grow on his head, but sixteen thousand dollars didn't grow on any bush he had ever met up with. The protection of his pay-roll became a mania with him.

Even so he wasn't, as he assured his wife, crazy enough to pay the rate the insurance companies quoted him.



Why experiment if your skin is beginning to age—if there are tired lines and wrinkles—if the complexion is sallow, blemished? You can be sure! You can start your complexion on the road to new youth and beauty at once.



See what happens when you follow the famous Susanna Cocroft home treatment. Sleep in the astonishing silken mask—and wake up with a new complexion! You will be delighted when you see the remarkable change after just one night.

## New Rejuvenating Silk Mask Worn While You Sleep— Brings New Beauty Overnight

Amazing! A simple, inexpensive treatment—yet you wake up with practically a new complexion. Just wear this sheer, specially-treated mask one night and see what happens. See how the tired lines and wrinkles begin to vanish, the blemishes clear away, the complexion become smooth, fresh, radiant.

NO matter what methods you may have tried before, no matter how badly blemished, how sallow, how wrinkled your complexion may be—this astonishing new method will achieve a transformation overnight.

Here is a scientifically correct silken mask, so treated that it actually rejuvenates the complexion while you sleep—a mask that is at work every instant during the night purifying the pores, reviving the starved skin cells, lifting and toning the sagging muscles, making the skin soft, clear, smooth. A simple, silken mask that you scarcely know you have on, yet in one night it acts to give you a new complexion for the old!

Nothing quite like this marvelous mask has ever been known before. It is based on an entirely new principle of beauty culture. Anatomically designed and perfected by Susanna Cocroft, famous health specialist—based upon her years of experience, and upon her unusual knowledge of anatomy of the structure of the skin and the face.

### The Skintone Mask Treatment for

- clearing the complexion
- giving color to the cheeks
- firming sagging muscles
- filling out scrawny hollows
- lifting double chin
- building graceful neck
- removing tired lines and wrinkles
- closing enlarged pores
- resting tired eyes
- correcting excessive dryness
- correcting excessive oiliness
- whitening the skin

—AND—

The dainty mask is washable and can always be kept fresh and effective

Now you can quickly acquire a lovely, flawless complexion at little cost and with little trouble—acquire it—and keep it so.

### What It Is and How It Works

The Susanna Cocroft Re-

juvenating Skintone Face Mask does for your complexion what gloves worn over cold-cream do for your hands overnight. You know how soft and white your hands are in the morning after you have creamed them and slept with the gloves on. The new mask works on the same principle, except that the stimulating tonic cleans the face pores, and the special nourishing cream tones the skin and tissues. The silk of the mask is so sheer and porous that the tiny cells breathe through it.

Combined with this remarkable mask is the Susanna Cocroft treatment for beauty and youth. The secret complete is yours.

You just follow the simple directions, slip on the mask—and fall asleep. Let your mirror tell the story in the morning!

Here's what happens: The soft, sheer silken mask, which has unusual medicated properties, not only stimulates natural circulation, but acts to smooth away tired lines and to make the skin soft, glowing, elastic. The nourishing cream and tonic with which the mask is treated stimulates the natural functioning of the skin, helping to throw off all waste, all poisons and impurities in a natural way.

All night, as you sleep, the tiny cells breathe through the porous mask, and are nursed back to blooming health. Muscles are rejuvenated. The face is restored to youthful contour. The tiny eye muscles and with them the eyes are rested and thereby strengthened. Minute by minute through the night the skin is cleansed, purified, stimulated—and in the morning

### SUSANNA COCROFT Famous Health Authority

For years Susanna Cocroft has been in the forefront of the great movement for the physical and mental betterment of women. She has been recognized by the U. S. Government as an authority on women's health problems. She has written two bulletins for the U. S. Bureau of Education, and her helpful writings have many times appeared in magazines. Through her books, courses and treatments she has personally helped over 110,000 women. Often asked by her health pupils for advice on improving their appearance, she made a thorough study of this subject, and has brought out many successful scientific treatments for the skin. Her crowning achievement is this wonderful new home method—as effective as a \$100 course of beauty treatments—which you give yourself at home at a cost of only a few cents a treatment.

your skin is velvet-like in its smoothness, clear, fresh, radiant!

Send for Interesting  
Book and Special Offer

Discover what you really can do with your complexion! Find out about this new method that gives youth and beauty to the skin quickly, inexpensively, overnight. Learn all about the extraordinary Susanna Cocroft Face Mask. Let us send you today, entirely without obligation to you, our interesting illustrated booklet that tells you everything about the mask—how it works with the special tonic and nourishing cream, how it acts to cleanse the pores, lift sagging muscles, smooth away tired lines, restore youthful contour to cheeks, chin, throat.

This information is yours for the asking. May we send it? Mail the coupon NOW, before you forget. Remember, there's no obligation of any sort. We'll be glad to send it.

THOMPSON-BARLOW CO., Inc.

Dept. F-783

126-136 W. 31st St., New York City

THOMPSON-BARLOW CO., Inc., Dept. F-783,  
126-136 W. 31st St., New York City.

I am interested. You may send me your interesting illustrated booklet concerning the Susanna Cocroft Skintone Face Mask and how it works, and also details of your special Package Offer. It is thoroughly understood that this is a request for free information only, and that it does not obligate me in any way whatever.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....



## No Reason Now for Gray Hair

**Remarkable Clean, Colorless  
Liquid Quickly Restores  
Original Shade**

A few years ago gray hair had to be endured, or mussy, inefficient dyes were used, which gave the hair a "colored" or streaked, uneven appearance. Now you can simply apply the clean, colorless liquid, known as Kolor-Bak, to your hair and quickly restore its former shade and natural appearance. Results often appear in a week. Hundreds of thousands of people have used it.

It is simply amazing to see how quickly Kolor-Bak restores the original shade, no matter what it was—brown, black, auburn, blonde—and the hair takes on new "life" and beauty.

Kolor-Bak also banishes dandruff and itching scalp, stops falling hair and gives it renewed vitality. It is not sticky, greasy or mussy. It is as easy to use as water.

### Ask Your Dealer

So popular is Kolor-Bak because of its merit that it is sold everywhere. Ask any druggist or toilet supply dealer. No need to furnish a sample of your hair as the one clean, colorless liquid is for any gray hair regardless of former shade. If Kolor-Bak does not bring the desired results, your money will be instantly refunded.

# Kolor-Bak

**Banishes Gray Hair**

**Dealers Everywhere Sell Kolor-Bak with  
Money-Back Guarantee**

### "My Hair Was Quite Gray"

"Only a short time ago my hair was quite gray. It was falling out. My scalp itched and dandruff appeared. Kolor-Bak stopped the itching, dandruff and falling. Most wonderful of all, however, is that my hair is its original shade. I look 10 years younger."  
(A typical letter)

So Linford had gasped when, the Saturday after he had been robbed, Old Eph with bandaged head walked from the First—and only—National Bank of Linford carrying the new leather bag which replaced the old one. The only apparent departure from his former practise was that now the Linford police force accompanied him in full uniform.

The police force's name was Chief. He had other names, but these had been submerged beneath his title. Even his wife called him Chief. He was an institution, like the fat men's race at the County Fair.

"The crack Old Eph got must have affected his reason," was Linford's verdict.

None of which worried Old Eph at all. The joke, as he saw it, would be on whoever tried to rob him.

"Now what I plan to do," Old Eph had explained to Ann, "is to have Eb Sears get the pay-roll every Saturday morning when he gets change for the day. It will be all ready for him, wrapped up like an ordinary bundle. You get it with the other stuff you need for the office at his store—you can order your supplies so there will be several bundles Saturday—and bring it along with you in the car with nobody the wiser. See?"

Ann had said she did. But what she had seen was the car she was to get.

"I'll go to the bank and get what everybody thinks is the pay-roll, but it will be only silver for change," continued Old Eph. "That's the plan; what do you think of it?"

"I think it's too wonderful for words," she had replied with eyes glowing.

BUT again she was thinking not of the plan but of the car. To get Violet she would have agreed to transport not only the pay-roll but the crown jewels of England as well. And besides, as Old Eph had pointed out, there was no danger anyway, because nobody would ever suspect that she was carrying the pay-roll. This to Ann had seemed indisputable. How could anyone suspect?

No one in Linford had. The report that had come to the Chelsea Cyclone's cauliflower ears—Chelsea had once been a prize-fighter—and put his bashed nose on scent was that Eph still carried the pay-roll himself. This Lefty Red and Louie the Dope had doubted.

"That guy's been stung once and it don't stand to reason he'd do a thing like that," Lefty had said positively. "It ain't even worth investigating."

But Chelsea had decided otherwise. On the Saturday before June the seventh, that is—he had visited Linford. He had seen Eb Sears emerge from the bank and cross the street. He had not been interested. Small stuff, he believed. Later he had seen Ann and Violet appear and go into Eb Sears's shop. He was conscious of a certain tenseness in her manner of which she herself was unaware. But it was not until Violet had come to a stop at the factory entrance, at the other end of Main Street, that an idea had struck him.

"The skirt's got the coin," he had gasped. A hunch, perhaps—but he was willing to bet his shirt on it!

Ann had seen Chelsea. She had had to pass within a few feet of him. And he was an awful looking creature to pass while carrying almost sixteen thousand dollars. But she had promptly forgotten him until—

"I don't know what the world is coming to," her mother had remarked when Ann had arrived home that night. "First they hold up Mr. Smith and rob him in broad daylight and now they've held up an automobile over in Eastboro and got away with another pay-roll."

"Another pay-roll robbery?" Ann had gasped.

"It's in the paper—read it while I set the table."

Ann had read it. The thieves referred to as "auto bandits" in the head-lines had driven into Eastboro in a big touring-car which had been parked in a side street. As the pay-roll car had appeared, the touring-car had emerged

and swung across the road in front of it as if about to turn around. The driver of the pay-roll car had, necessarily, slackened his pace. An armed guard sat beside him, his eyes intent on the car ahead.

At that instant two men previously stationed at either side of the street had jumped on the running board of the pay-roll car. One of these had promptly shot the armed guard dead. The other had black-jacked the chauffeur, who was now in the hospital with a fractured skull, not expected to live. The street had been crowded. But before anybody could move, the bandits who had jumped the pay-roll car had seized the pay-roll, joined their companions in the big touring-car and made their escape.

Of the bandits, so the newspaper reported, no adequate description had been obtained, but the police were looking for a man who had been observed around Eastboro the Saturday before, probably reconnoitering.

To Ann there had come, at that point, the memory of a man with a bashed nose and a cauliflower ear. And he had been watching the bank—

When she slipped up to bed, she found she could not go off to sleep. It was one of the nights when Morpheus refused to be wooed; plainly he had some other girl on the string. In spite of herself Ann kept seeing visions of Main Street, of a Saturday morning. She saw it as it was normally, with a sprinkling of cars lining it and, plodding down its length, the old horse-drawn watering cart that functioned there mornings at this time of year. And then she saw it with a big car suddenly across it blocking the way of Violet. It occurred to her then that it must be awfully unpleasant to get your head shot off.

The one thing that didn't occur to her was to go to Old Eph and tell him that he could have Violet back and welcome; that she was, in short, scared. Because she wasn't scared. At least not that much scared. Only—if a car did block the road . . .

THE Sunday after the Eastboro robbery had dawned fair and clear. Next door Tommy Davis was solemnly watering the street in front of his house. Tommy was seventeen. He had a flivver with a sport body on it. When he wasn't under this, absorbed in its mechanism, he was usually in it defying either speed laws or the laws of physics.

The neighbors said he'd be brought home dead yet. But the neighbors were nothing in Tommy's young life. He had seen cars skid in the movies and been moved to experimentation. Now it was his proud boast he could skid his flivver forty ways and bring it to a stop on a ten cent piece.

Nevertheless, Tommy, like Paderewski, believed that genius is a matter of daily practise. When the conditions were not favorable for practise he made them so. After he had the pavement well soaked he produced his flivver and made it do its daily dozen.

"If Tommy was a son of mine I'd teach him to skid!" Ann's mother had remarked grimly.

Ann might have retorted that Tommy needed no teaching. But she said nothing. To her mother, that is. To Tommy, as soon as her mother had withdrawn, she did address herself. At once.

"Can you skid the car around—so that it will be going in the opposite direction?" she had demanded breathlessly.

"Huh—that's A B C stuff. Just watch me!" Tommy had commanded.

Ann had. Then, "Show me how to do it," she had begged.

"Want to break your neck?" Tommy had suggested scornfully. But being masculine he could not withhold the information. "Of course," he had added, "it takes some nerve—and a lot of practise."

Ann had refused to admit that she lacked the nerve. As for the practise, it had rained the following Monday and she had promptly made a beginning. This had proved disastrous but Ann was not to be deterred. And so on

Frida  
again  
won  
he h  
tingly  
skid  
Bu  
that  
the S  
to inv  
Chels  
No  
She w  
not I  
Violet  
An  
"Is  
sively  
Left  
man's  
Dicky  
back  
front  
The  
Main  
Her e  
Sears  
her sp  
bashed  
to be  
This  
agin  
out of  
"Th  
Lefty  
We co  
my wo  
"W  
promi  
"W  
croak  
Chels  
person  
"Th  
No  
Dicky  
trim b  
with h  
cigaret  
It w  
he had  
and w  
way th  
patrol  
young  
Dicky  
the fac  
connect  
No o  
Old Ep  
like all  
provide  
Either  
in the o  
mornin  
believe  
possess  
Dicky's  
went to  
Ann pa  
to turn  
"Tha  
"certain  
if she t  
This  
Dicky  
of her  
Ann fav  
chusett  
save fo  
himself  
feminin  
hungry  
heels or  
of Ann  
Even  
persona  
merged  
in him  
the sup



Friday the thirteenth she had ventured forth again and displayed progress that should have won her commendiums from Dicky. But all he had given her was a scolding and, unwittingly, a suggestion, which was that one could skid on dry pavements.

But there was, of course, no chance to try that before another Saturday rolled around—the Saturday which brought Lefty to Linford to investigate for himself the value of the hunch Chelsea was willing to bet his shirt on.

No one noticed Lefty. Least of all Ann. She was looking for somebody else. This was not Dicky Duer, who passed her as she and Violet came down Main Street.

Ann ignored Dicky. Lefty did not. "Is he on the job?" he wondered apprehensively.

Lefty had no desire to cross a state patrolman's path. He breathed more easily when Dicky passed out of sight. Then his eyes came back to Ann just as Violet came to a stop in front of Sears's news-stand.

The watering cart, as usual, had sprinkled Main Street. Ann could have skidded easily. Her effort was not to. As she emerged from Sears's news-stand and continued on her way her spirits began to soar. The man with the bashed nose and cauliflower ear was nowhere to be seen.

This convinced her that she had been imagining things. But Chelsea hadn't passed out of her life—yet.

"That's what I told you," he was to remind Lefty. "The skirt's got it—just as I said. We could have nailed it today if you had taken my word for it."

"We'll have it next Saturday, anyway," promised Lefty grimly.

"What are you going to do with the skirt—croak her or just bean her?" demanded the Chelsea Cyclone with professional rather than personal interest.

"I'll attend to her," replied Lefty.

Now while Lefty was planning all this Dicky was taking his ease. His legs in their trim black puttees were thrust up before him with his heels on a table. He was smoking a cigaret, contemplative, not forbidden.

It would be nice to be able to pretend that he had observed Lefty in Linford that morning and was putting two and two together in a way that proved that he was not only a state patrolman but a remarkably keen and clever young detective as well. But truth forbids. Dicky had not even seen Lefty. This despite the fact that Dicky, too, was in Linford in connection with Old Eph's pay-roll.

No one had asked the State Patrol to protect Old Eph's pay-roll. But the State Patrol, like all police units, is an arm of that special providence that is supposed to watch over fools. Either Dicky or one of his fellows was always in the office when Old Eph started his Saturday morning pilgrimage. They had no reason to believe that the pay-roll was not in Old Eph's possession. This morning Old Eph had been Dicky's assignment. But Old Eph never went to the bank until ten and at nine, when Ann passed through, Dicky had felt privileged to turn his roving eye on her.

"That bus of hers," he had soliloquized, "certainly goes everywhere she does. I wonder if she takes it to bed with her."

This implied fresh criticism. Actually Dicky was, in spite of his private impressions of her mental capacity, inclined to regard Ann favorably. A state patrolman in Massachusetts is on call twenty-four hours a day, save for two days a month, which he has to himself. This does not leave much time for feminine contacts. Perhaps Dicky was getting hungry for these. Anyway, as he sat with his heels on the table, he was certainly thinking of Ann.

Even he could not have told when or why personal and professional interest suddenly merged. But as he pictured Ann, something in him quickened suddenly to the memory of the suppressed excitement Ann had seemed to

## NEW Youth-Giving Belt Reduces Waistline - Quickly

Instantly makes you look inches thinner and years younger and actually massages away fat every second while you wear it!

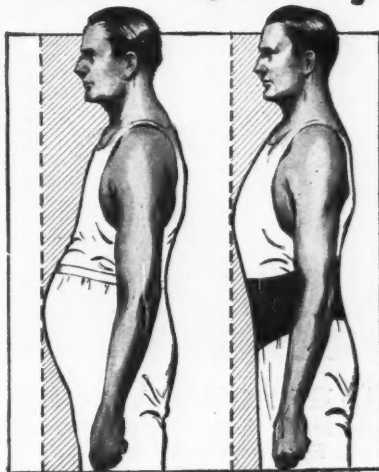
HERE'S a new easy way to get rid of that bulky, useless, disfiguring fat without any effort on your part! A new kind of belt has been perfected which actually takes off fat in an easy, gentle way—just like an expert masseur! The moment you put on this new self-massaging belt your waist is instantly reduced from 2 to 4 inches! At the same time all your stomach disorders, constipation, backaches and shortness of breath generally disappear as the sagging internal organs are put back in normal place. You are filled with a wonderful new energy, and look and feel 10 to 15 years younger!

### Reduce the Way Athletes Do

The Weil Reducing Belt is made of specially prepared and scientifically fitted rubber. It is so constructed that, as you wear it, every breath you take and every move you make imparts a constant gentle automatic massage to every inch of the abdomen. It works for you every second, day and night, and reduces much more rapidly than ordinary massage.

The Weil Belt is made of the same kind of

As shown below, every move of your body walking, climbing stairs, merely breathing as you rise causes the Weil Belt to massage your abdomen. It is working for you every second.



scientifically treated rubber that is used by hundreds of professional athletes and jockeys, because it not only reduces quickly but at the same time preserves their strength. It is highly indorsed for its healthful principles by physicians everywhere. Satisfaction guaranteed or your money instantly refunded without question.

### SPECIAL TRIAL OFFER

Write at once for full description and details of the Special 10-day Trial Offer being made to The Weil Company, 193 Hill Street, New Haven, Conn.

THE WEIL COMPANY,  
193 Hill Street, New Haven, Conn.

Gentlemen: Please send me without obligation, complete description of the Weil Scientific Reducing Belt and also your special 10-day Trial Offer.

Name .....

Address .....

City .....

State .....

## New Way to Restore Youth and Perfect Figure

You are only as old as you feel and look. To be young you must keep your figure and complexion youthful. You must have more than just ordinary health, you must be superbly healthy. You cannot afford to be sickly, run down, weak. You cannot afford to let your figure grow old. You cannot afford to let your complexion be marred by pimples, blotches or wrinkles. Beauty of face and form is your birthright. Youth is your greatest charm. And you can have what you want! Annette Kellermann, world-famous as "the perfectly formed woman," has devised a simple new method which made her the ideal of sculptors. Thousands of women have used her secret with amazing results. You can too. Prove it in your own home on 10 days' trial. No drugs or medicines. Write for free book describing Miss Kellermann's new way to health, youth and a perfect figure. Annette Kellermann, Inc., Dept. 173, 225 West 39th St., New York.



## A Fortune At Your Fingertips

Millions are spent annually for advertising designs and illustrations. If you like to draw, develop your talent—turn your spare hours into money through the practical, result-getting Federal home-study course. It has exclusive lessons from nationally known artists, and gives you individual, personal criticisms of lessons. Send in stamps for "YOUR FUTURE," a beautiful 56-page book with full information and showing students' work. State age and present occupation.

Federal School of Com'l Designing, 208 Federal Schools Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn.

## \$2 Brings This Genuine DIAMOND RING

**SIMPLY send \$2.00 for the most sensational, price-smashing diamond ring offer ever made.** A perfectly cut, guaranteed, blue white, fiery diamond is set in an 18 Karat white gold cup; 1 1/2 Karat size. Latest design, hand engraved mounting.

### TEN DAYS' TRIAL

We take all chances—if you are not satisfied at the end of ten days for any reason whatsoever, return the diamond ring to us and your deposit will be refunded to you. Send only \$2.00, and receive this genuine steel blue white diamond ring in a handsome gift box charges paid. A legal guarantee bond accompanies each ring. After ten days' trial pay balance \$2.46 a month for 12 months. Price only \$79.50.

## NO RED TAPE—NO DELAY

Order Now! This offer is limited. It may never appear again. Don't delay. Just send \$2.00 as a deposit. If you wish to return the diamond ring after trial, your deposit will be refunded.

### FREE BOOK OF GEMS

Most complete Jewelry Catalog ever issued of Diamonds, Watches and Jewelry—newest designs at lowest prices.

A full year to pay on everything you order from our TWO MILLION DOLLAR STOCK.

Address Dept. 1235. Est. 1895

ROYAL DIAMOND & WATCH CO.

35 Maiden Lane - New York



## Fame and Glory

came to me, through these beauty aids

By Edna Wallace Hopper

I MADE myself a famous beauty and the rage. I have lived for 40 years a glorious career. Now I remain at my height—as young and beautiful as ever. The envy of thousands who see me daily on the stage.

All that because I searched the world for aids to youth and beauty. I found the best that science offered. Then all the later, better helps.

Now those supreme helps are at every woman's call. All toilet counters have them. In four preparations are combined 52 matchless ingredients.

Learn what these helps do for women. You owe that to yourself.

### My Youth Cream

My Youth Cream is a remarkable creation, combining many factors. It contains products of both lemon and strawberry. Also all the best helps science gave me to foster and protect the skin.

It comes in two types—cold cream and vanishing. I use it as a night cream, also daytimes as a powder base. Never is my skin without it. My velvet complexion shows what that cream can do.

The cost is 60c per jar. Also in 35c tubes.

### My Facial Youth

Is a liquid cleanser which I also owe to France. Great beauty experts the world over now advise this formula, but their price is too high for most women.

It contains no animal, no vegetable fat. The skin cannot absorb it. So it cleans to the depths, then departs. My Facial Youth will bring you new conceptions of what a clean skin means. The cost is 75c.

### White Youth Clay

A new-type clay, white, refined and dainty. Vastly different from the crude and muddy clays so many have employed.

It purges the skin of all that clogs and mars it. Removes the causes of blackheads and blemishes. Brings a rosy afterglow which amazes and delights. Combats all lines and wrinkles, reduces enlarged pores.

No girl or woman can afford to omit it. It multiplies beauty. My White Youth Clay costs 50c and \$1.

### My Hair Youth

The cause of my luxuriant hair, thick and silky, finer far than 40 years ago. I have never had falling hair, dandruff or a touch of gray.

A concentrated product combining many ingredients. I apply it with an eyedropper directly to the scalp. It tones and stimulates. No man or woman will omit it when they see what Hair Youth does. The cost is 50c and \$1 with eyedropper.

### My Face Powders

They are supreme creations. No face powders you have used can compare. Any face powder branded Edna Wallace Hopper is exquisite. They come in two types. One is a heavy, clinging, cold cream powder, in square box, \$1.00. That is the type I like best. The other is light and fluffy, in round box, 50c.

All toilet counters supply Edna Wallace Hopper's beauty helps. If you send the coupon I will mail you a sample of any one you choose. Also my Beauty Book. Clip coupon now.

## Your Choice Free

Mark sample desired. Mail to Edna Wallace Hopper, Inc., 536 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Ill. 719-AC

White Youth Clay  
Facial Youth

Youth Cream  
Hair Youth

Name.....  
Address.....

radiate that morning. The same quality that the Chelsea Cyclone and Lefty had marked and interpreted.

Now Dicky's heels came down from the table with a bang. "I'll bet my shield she's carrying the pay-roll," he assured himself. To which, after several minutes during which he busied himself with putting two and two together with an impetuosity that should have made anywhere from five to twenty, but which did, actually, achieve four, he added: "Good Lord. If that's it, she's sure one game kid!"

None of the increased respect for Ann this implied was to be marked in his manner the next time he passed her, however. This was the following Monday. As their eyes met she saw in his that which left her puzzled. It was as if they said: "Oh, what I know about you!"

Of course Ann couldn't understand that. And so misconstrued it. "He's the freshest thing!" she thought, indignantly, and involuntarily expressed her righteous anger by stepping on the gas until Violet was traveling at a prohibited thirty-three.

This Dicky promptly took official cognition of, turning and starting in pursuit. Ann heard him coming and checked her pace, but he stopped her just the same.

"No person," he quoted, "may operate a motor vehicle in Massachusetts at a speed greater than is reasonable and proper, and faster than twenty miles an hour for a distance of a quarter of a mile in sparsely settled districts and fifteen in thickly settled districts is considered *prima facie* evidence of what is unreasonable." This was from the official rules. He might have added, from the same source: "But the disposition of authorities is to permit a fair rate of speed on boulevards that are free of intersecting roads and curves." This he had no intention of doing.

"I'd like to see you drive at twenty miles an hour," retorted Ann, with what the female of the species considers impeccable logic.

"I aim to please—keep behind me."

And off he went, at twenty miles an hour. Ann followed him perforce. But how she hated him! They covered almost two miles, Ann very conscious of the glances cast at her by other motorists. She felt like a captive following a Roman conqueror's chariot. Finally he stopped and so did she.

"You have seen me drive twenty miles an hour—let me see you do so hereafter," he counseled.

To that Ann, simply seething, made no reply. She registered utter disdain. But Dicky, so far from being impressed, apparently forgot he was an officer and certainly proved that he was no gentleman.

"If," he remarked, "you are in the habit of using your nose to express contempt—as you are now using it—I would suggest that you powder it occasionally."

AFTER which he rode off, at nearer forty miles an hour than the twenty he prescribed for her, depriving her even of the privilege of the last word. This would have been beyond her anyway. She was speechless with rage.

Nevertheless, the next time they met, which was the Friday night preceding the Saturday on which Lefty Red had promised action, Violet was progressing at a decorous twenty miles an hour. But Dicky stopped her just the same.

"I suppose you're going to tell me that I should have been driving fifteen miles an hour this time," she suggested with biting sarcasm.

He was not bitten.

"No—you're improving along that line. But your headlights are illegal."

"You're just trying to be hateful," she flashed.

"And that's gratitude," he remarked. "This is the third time I've had a chance to put you into court. I've been mild and kind while you have been rebellious and refractory. I marvel at my patience."

"Why don't you pick on somebody else?" she demanded hotly.

## Cosmopolitan for March, 1925

"I perform my duty as I see it," he replied. "And—I think somebody ought to keep an eye on you."

Ann gave him a swift, involuntary glance. Could he mean—

"Please see that your headlights are properly focused," he added quickly.

One might have believed he was going to let it go at that. One, that is, who did not know him as well as Ann. Of course he had some final insult to fling and her eyes dared him to fling it.

"I had," he remarked with a grin, "no intention of making further comments on your personal appearance. But inasmuch as you seem to expect something along that line I'll say that your nose is certainly powdered tonight. Has it ever occurred to you that there is such a thing as a proper medium?"

"It has occurred to me," she replied with great dignity, "that some one should report you to your superiors."

"I dare you to," said he with a grin.

He had her there, too. Ann realized one couldn't ask to have a state patrolman disciplined for speaking of a lack or superfluity of powder on one's nose without being ridiculous.

One thing is certain, however. Ann had been more occupied that week with the thought of Dicky and his impudence than with the thought of pay-roll robbers.

EVEN when she drove into Main Street the next morning Dicky was more actively in her thoughts than the pay-roll. Main Street presented its usual Saturday morning aspect—sunshine and mild traffic and a swirl of dust that was being attended to by the watering cart's phlegmatic advance. The business section had been watered and Ann, stopping at Eb Sears's news-stand, applied her brakes warily to avoid a kid.

Eb gave her his customary wink as he handed over several packages, with the larger one containing the pay-roll among them. "Using a lot of typewriter paper these days," he remarked, this being his idea of wit.

Ann placed the packages in Violet and started Violet's engine. As she passed the bank, Chief gave her a nod. He was standing there, chewing the cud of his reflections and a post-prandial toothpick.

Ann returned his nod. And then—

From a side street, just ahead, a touring car emerged. There was but one man in it—the driver. To the casual eye it suggested no menace. Chief certainly regarded it unmoved, even when it apparently stalled, blocking Violet's advance.

But Ann! Her heart seemed to have stopped. She glanced first right and then left. On the curb stood a man with a bashed nose and funny looking ear. On the other side of the street stood another man.

They were both of them, she saw, poised to spring. They—they were actually springing.

Ann gritted her pretty teeth and slammed on her brakes. Violet responded gallantly. This was a little game Violet remembered well. If Ann chose to play it in Main Street with Chief looking on, that was her business. Violet's business was to skid. If anybody got in Violet's way that was their business—and misfortune.

That it was the Chelsea Cyclone's misfortune, no one could doubt. Chelsea proved quicker on his feet in that spring than Lefty Red and as a result Violet's left rear wheel fouled him. Anyways it hit him below the belt and landed him back in the gutter. There he lay, somewhat dazed. In fact, it was his impression that some referee ought to be counting ten along about now. Lefty was more fortunate. He had time to jump back onto the curbstone before Violet got around to him. He was not sure what Violet's next move was to be—or his.

At that point Chief, having all but swallowed his toothpick, came to life.

"Hi!" he shouted.

This Chief v had seen narrow criminal to him. Could t deterred. The a certainly absolute "Hi!" indignat Ann d ding not chosen t obscure wrestled bered to gave a toward Violet imate. C but sat curb, sk ing out, could go. Now C a baby. acquaint this—kne It was hi The on Violet w was thirt than his At tha cycle. "Go ar her—she Instead began to all this w

F OR DI apparent whom Vi poked thi 'with the serviceabl right han Lefty digest thi on his mi In the r on his mo and somev at the tou landed or motor-cyc sure. Thi to bother The dri To the la presented steel brace Chief to te This left to. He r ring after Dicky lan for his rev "And th later gave assistance. But tha exact lang "Say, y "stop gasp sidewalk t all in." There w men, both to bring th fore, used body who persuasion some oblig with a bro Lefty wa In the r



This was addressed to Ann who, so far as Chief was concerned, was the culprit. He had seen her knock down one pedestrian and narrowly miss another. That these were criminals, contemplating crime, never occurred to him. Was he not present in uniform? Could they not see him? And thereby be deterred?

The answer to the first two questions was certainly yes. The answer to the last was absolutely no.

"Hi!" shouted Chief again, with growing indignation.

Ann didn't even hear him. Violet was skidding not wisely but too well. Ann's hat had chosen this instant to slip down and totally obscure the vision of one eye. But she still wrestled with Violet's wheel. Then she remembered to take her foot off the brake. Violet gave a last skid and headed approximately toward home. Ann gave Violet the gas.

Violet's direction, however, was only approximate. Chief, retreating so hastily that he all but sat down, saw Violet carom against the curb, skid once more and then, straightening out, start up Main Street as fast as she could go.

Now Chief had known Ann ever since she was a baby. But so far as he was concerned auld acquaintance could not permit her to act like this—knocking down and then speeding away. It was his duty to take her into custody.

The only thing that prevented him was that Violet was making forty miles an hour, which was thirty-nine and a half miles an hour faster than his best speed.

At that point Dicky appeared on his motorcycle.

"Go and get her!" shouted Chief. "I want her—she knocked a man down—"

Instead, Dicky hurtled on past. And Chief began to blink his eyes, wondering if perhaps all this wasn't a crazy dream.

For Dicky proceeded to commit obvious and apparently unwarranted assault on the man whom Violet had so narrowly missed. Dicky poked this individual plump in the stomach with the butt of the short but extremely servicable billy that he was carrying in his right hand.

Lefty promptly sat down, the better to digest this. And whatever he may have had on his mind, he had his hands on his stomach.

In the meantime Dicky, executing a tailspin on his motor-cycle—the description is Chief's and somewhat impressionistic—lunged straight at the touring car, climbed up over its side and landed on the driver's head. Whether the motor-cycle was still with him Chief was not sure. Things were happening too fast for him to bother about details.

The driver of the car was Louie the Dope. To the latter, as a mark of respect, Dicky presented a crack on the head and a pair of steel bracelets all in shorter time than it took Chief to tell it afterwards.

This left the Chelsea Cyclone to be attended to. He, realizing that he was not in the prize ring after all, was sitting up and taking notice. Dicky landed on him just as he was reaching for his revolver.

"And then," according to the report Chief later gave his wife, "he called upon me for assistance."

But that was a liberal translation of Dicky's exact language.

"Say, you big stiff," Dicky had shouted, "stop gasping for air and nail that guy on the sidewalk there. Don't be afraid of him—he's all in."

There was no doubt of that. State patrolmen, both as officials and individuals, prefer to bring their men in alive. Dicky had, therefore, used his billy instead of his Colt. Anybody who doubts the efficiency of this form of persuasion can be convinced by permitting some obliging friend to poke him in the stomach with a broom handle.

Lefty wasn't dead—he only wished he was. In the meantime Ann and Violet had gone

**SEND NO MONEY—Just your foot measurement. Make this test at our risk.**



## Stop Foot Pains in 10 minutes

"I SUFFERED from foot pains for years. I could hardly stand or walk. Dancing was impossible. Then I tried a pair of Jung Arch Braces. Now my feet never hurt me. I can walk all day, dance all night. Enjoy all the pleasures of vigorous outdoor life, and forget I have feet. There is more spring and youth in my step than ever before." This is what scores have told us who have tried this new guaranteed way to foot comfort.

### A New Scientific Discovery

No matter how much you are on your feet, no matter how your feet or legs ache, the Jung Arch Brace brings you sure relief from suffering. If our method fails the test costs you nothing. The cause of foot troubles is weakening of the muscles of the foot from overstrain. That tired, burning, aching sensation after wearing the shoes for a few hours; pains in the toes, ball, instep, arch or heel; dull aches in the ankle, knee or calf of the leg; cramped toes and callouses, sharp pains when stepping on uneven surfaces, all these are due to arch troubles, caused by weakening of the muscles that hold the arch in place. This destroys the balance of the foot. The arches sag. Bones press down on sensitive nerves and blood vessels. Pain and suffering result.

### Almost Instant Relief

The Jung Arch Brace is a band of super-elastic webbing which is worn around the

## JUNG'S ARCH BRACES

### GO INTO BUSINESS FOR YOURSELF

Establish and operate a "New System Specialty Candy Factory" in your community. We furnish everything. Money-making opportunity unlimited. Either men or women. Big Candy Booklet Free. Write for it today. Don't put it off!

W. Hillyer Ragsdale, Drawer 302, East Orange, N. J.

For reliable information about schools and colleges consult

THE COSMOPOLITAN EDUCATIONAL DEPARTMENT  
119 West Fortieth Street, New York City

## Mother Nature—and the Silver-haired

THE heritage of advanced years should not be sickness, constipation, indigestion, biliousness, headaches. That is an old-fashioned idea. In this generation people "grow old gracefully", retaining natural buoyancy, spirit and vigor of health by avoiding defective elimination. The grandmother of NOW dances with the youngest of them. People JUST REFUSE TO GROW OLD—and that's the right idea.

But time takes its inevitable toll. More than ever, then you require the sustaining hand of Mother Nature. Her ways are wise—safe—harmless.

For over thirty years Nature's Remedy [NR Tablets] has helped to keep the flame of health akindle in those who have passed the meridian of life—for it is MOTHER NATURE herself, expressed in terms of vegetable correctives.

NR JUNIORS—Little Nrs. The same Nature's Remedy in one third doses, candy-coated. For children and adults. Send stamp for liberal sample and copy of "Well and Happy."



All Druggists  
Sell The  
Dainty 25c. Box

A. H. LEWIS MED. CO.,  
Dept. 4-C, St. Louis, Mo.



### This Guaranteed Way

instep. It is light, porous, comfortable, yet firm and durable. It is worn, unnoticed, under or over the hosiery.

It holds the arch in place, removes the pressure on the nerves and sensitive blood vessels, and pain vanishes—magically. Soon you can discard the braces.

### Make This Test at Our Risk

Ask your shoe dealer, druggist or chiropodist to fit you with a pair of Jung Arch Braces. Wear them for two weeks. If not relieved, return them to the dealer and he will refund your money.

If your dealer can't supply you, write to us. With a strip of paper half an inch wide, measure around the instep where the front of the band is shown in the diagram. Send this measurement, together with size and width of shoe, and we will mail you a pair to fit you. You pay the postman \$1 and postage for a pair of Jung Arch Braces. For extra large or wide feet, or severe cases, we recommend the Jung Miracle Arch Brace, extra wide. Price \$1.50 and postage. Or send the money and we will prepay postage. Wear them two weeks. If not delighted, return them and we will refund your money. (In Canada, \$1.25 and \$1.75. C. O. D. in U. S. A. only.)

### The Jung Arch Brace Co.

123 Jung Building, Cincinnati, Ohio  
In Canada address Kirkham & Roberts,  
123 Hamilton Trust Bldg., Toronto.

### Write for FREE BOOK

Contains valuable information about foot troubles and their correction. Illustrated with X-Ray views of feet. Write for a FREE copy.

## PISO'S for coughs

Quick Relief! A pleasant effective syrup 35c and 60c sizes.  
And externally, use PISO'S Throat and Chest Salve 35c





# Corns

## Lift Off—No Pain!



Doesn't hurt one bit! Drop a little "Freezone" on an aching corn, instantly that corn stops hurting, then shortly you lift it right off with fingers. Your druggist sells a tiny bottle of "Freezone" for a few cents, sufficient to remove every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, and the foot calluses, without soreness or irritation.

## Don't neglect a Cold

**Dangerous sickness often starts with a cold. Ward off your colds with Musterole before pneumonia starts.**

Musterole is a clean, white ointment made with oil of mustard. It has all the healing properties of the old-fashioned mustard plaster but none of the unpleasant features.

Musterole is not messy to apply and does not blister.

At the first sneeze or snuffle take the little white jar of Musterole from the bathroom shelf and rub the ointment gently over the congested spot.

With a tingling warmth it penetrates the skin and goes right down to the seat of the trouble.

Rheumatism, tonsillitis, lumbago, coughs and colds are all symptoms that call for Musterole.

**To Mothers:** Musterole is also made in milder form for babies and small children. Ask for Children's Musterole.

35c and 65c jars and tubes; hospital size, \$3. The Musterole Co., Cleveland, Ohio



BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER

back home, carrying the pay-roll with them. Ann never knew how she got there. The first thing she knew she was in the garage—very thoroughly in it.

One of Violet's fenders was crumpled as a result of Violet's impact with the curbing and Violet's headlights, she suspected, were probably smashed too. Ann didn't care. She simply let her head drop to her arms as they rested on Violet's steering wheel and shivered.

This, she realized, wouldn't do. She must pull herself together. But she continued to sit just as she was, thankful that her mother had gone away for the day, until suddenly something that sounded like a troop of light artillery going into action aroused her.

ANN stiffened, but did not stir. Dicky left his mount outside and marched into the garage. Ann raised her head and met his eyes. Her nose certainly needed powdering now. But he didn't mention the fact. "You darn little idiot," he said. "So that was why you were practising skidding. Good Lord—"

There he stopped. Ann was blinking rapidly. "I—I'm sorry," she babbled. "But—I think I'm going to cry."

And cry she certainly did. And briefly State Patrolman Richard Curtis Duer stood there as helpless as a man can be at such a time. Then he remembered first aid.

Now first aid is a part of a state patrolman's training. Everything from treating gun wounds to applying tourniquets is included. If Ann had just been saved from drowning, for instance, instead of being engaged in drowning herself in tears, the rules and the regulations of the service would have told Dicky just what to do. As it was, he had to fall back on the final rule, which is, "When in doubt use your best judgment."

Cosmopolitan for March, 1925

Dicky used his best judgment. First he impulsively swept the packages from the seat beside Ann. In spite of her extremity Ann gasped when the biggest hit the floor.

"The pay-roll!" she gasped.

"Damn the pay-roll!" replied Dicky, occupying the spot the pay-roll had vacated.

Then he proceeded to render first aid in a way which might have surprised his superiors. And Ann as well. But then, so many surprising things had happened to Ann that morning that—well:

"Oh!" was all Ann said.

And that was all she could say. For Dicky continued to render first aid according to his best judgment with his arms very tight around her. While sixteen thousand dollars lay ignored on the floor.

And that is how Dicky lost his shield. Lost it because the Massachusetts State Patrol is not only a young man's game but an unmarried man's game as well; lost it because he had suddenly discovered he wanted something else more.

They were married, Dicky and the something-he-wanted-more, in September. They went on a motor trip for their honeymoon. But not in Violet. Dicky said that Ann had taught Violet bad habits. They went in a car of power and price that Dicky's father had just bought for himself and which Dicky blithely borrowed.

"Want me to show you how to skid on dry pavements?" he asked as they passed the spot where she had skidded into his life of a drenched June evening.

Ann shook her head.

"Losing your nerve?" he teased. "You certainly had plenty then."

Ann glanced up at him, her heart in her eyes.

"But that," she murmured, "was—was before you and I were—us!"

## Apple Sauce (Continued from page 71)

personal manager, of course. How would you like to go into the pictures, buddie? Come around and see me sometime and maybe I can fix you up."

"Thanks," says he, "but I am signed with Goldringer just now. My name is Weston. I know a lot about you, Mr. Softer."

"Well, of all people, if it ain't the famous cow-puncher himself!" I says. "Say, I knew you right away—can't you take a little kidding, old man? Ha! ha! That's one on you! Well, I gotta rush now, important business calls me."

Well, naturally I got out of there quick as I could. I wouldn't want the most famous Western-stuff actor on the screen to feel cheap or mortified over anything I done, and besides important business really was pressing me, and the only trouble I had was deciding which business was pressing me the worse.

As the old song goes, "Pack up your troubles in your old kit bag, if they won't all go into your trunk," and that was me all over. Oh, I have lived, all right, and one of the minutes when I done a good part of it was while Mary was forcing me to let her take charge of Billy's salary. And the reason for my silent suffering was on account I had gone into several negotiations before I and her had our little talk, and while I was figuring on handling Billy's money as well as my own. And now the big question was, what to do?

Of course I was getting a grand a week, which looked pretty good when you looked in a hurry. But the same as with many a woman, when you took a closer slant a person could easily discover that it wasn't all real.

To commence with, the rent at the hotel wasn't exactly two bits a night, and then next, there was my car.

Of course when I got Billy this good job acting, why I realized that in my position I couldn't drive him to work in no ordinary car, if only for reasons of publicity, and so I had got this special job Crane-Simplex and arranged to pay for it a hundred a week. Then there was

a stone I had which Mary didn't know nothing about, on account I realized where she probably wouldn't see the business advantage in me wearing it. It was six carats and believe me it was some turnip, set in platinum with a couple rubies. I kept it in my vest when home, and I would slip it on as soon's I started out on the job for the day. A thing like that gives the wearer a lot of confidence, and it can work a lot of confidence too, see?

Well, of course naturally I had to pass out a flock of green flappers in order to get that baby parking space on my finger, but the balance was on time, and it now commenced to look like I'd have to loan it back, all on account of Mary's interfering with my business affairs like she had. I had also opened a few charge accounts down in Los Angeles.

Well, seeing how money was now about as thick on me as hairs on a Mexican Chihuahua dog, why I decided to loosen up the main sparkler in my ring, which I did, and then I left it at the jeweler's to be tightened up, on account I was scared to wear it that way. And my executive ability made me see where, if they had it, they wouldn't bother any about the next instalment. And while I was in the place I looked over a few platinum watches and had one laid aside for me to consider later, and then I drove out to the Golden Gables development, like I had promised Mary I would, and asked for Mr. Snider.

He run out as eager as a pup, and when I seen his smile and realized all the sale of that pink Spanish house meant to him, honest I hadn't the heart to throw him down.

But I kept my word to Mary. I always did believe in being perfectly honest.

"Mr. Snider," I says, coming to the point at once, "I have come to tell you I ain't going to buy the pink house after all. I know I'm practically committed to it, but I can't take it."

Snider's face fell so hard you could pretty near hear it bounce. "Why not, Mr. Softer?" he says, wiping a wet pair of mits on his

handkerchief. "I really think you are making a mistake in letting it go. Values out here are rising rapidly and—"

"But I talked it over with my sister-in-law that keeps house for me," I says, "and we decided it ain't big enough."

"Oh, if that's all the trouble," says the poor young feller, a look of high relief coming into his map, "I've something much bigger and better—a real mansion. It's just been finished and it won't take a minute to run over and look at it. Would you care to go?"

Well, I certainly hate to discourage anybody that's trying to get along in the world, so I says I didn't mind if I went, and we run over, and more abundance! that house was a knock-out. It was a yellow Spanish type, and it was some hot tamale, with a big yard all fenced in with stucco, a swimming pool, palatial rooms, and a grand view of the ocean. All for five thousand dollars. And the rest like rent.

I told Mr. Snider I was very much pleased with the place and would close for it just as soon as my sister-in-law had approved of it. I always did like to be truthful.

"Well, so long, old man," I says in parting. "Any time you want a job in the pictures just drop around to see me."

"Oh, thanks, Mr. Softer," he says, "but with customers like you, I guess I'll stick to real estate!" And then we says good-by real cordial and I got me a little lunch and then went over to the Silvermount to watch Billy work.

WELL, the big blonde dumb Dora that used to throw me out regular in the old days let me in fast enough now, and I walked over to where Billy was on his set, but nobody seemed to realize at first that I was there. That's one of the chief troubles with the pictures—the ones running then don't appreciate the right kinda people. Just take, for example, this afternoon. Not even Billy my own son paid any attention to me but kept right on working on a poverty sequence they was making.

As usual there was a crowd watching Billy work, and among them I seen several people whom I figured would be in right with old man Lieberman, and I watched for a chance to invite them to the annual banquet. One of these in especial was Carstairs, the big director, who was between pictures, as we say on the lot, and I soon made my way over to him, having to push by several people, including that same shabby old feller with the beard which I had complained to the door girl about him hanging around before this. By jostling him out of my way I finally reached Carstairs and asked him could he come as my guest to the banquet. I was inviting only the finest.

"Why, I hadn't thought about the banquet," he says. "Thanks, Softer, I'll try. But I may be out on a desert sequence at the time. We begin shooting 'Sheiks of the Sands' tomorrow." And then he left. He's a awful busy man.

Well, the set where Estelle DeLux was working was being redressed, so she too was watching Billy lick a soup bowl with a enormous spoon, he being a great pet of hers, and she, I may mention, being a great pet of old man Lieberman, on account she's a great box-office getter. So I spoke up.

"Say, girlie," I says in a familiar tone to make her feel like she knew me better, "say, girlie, listen. Won't you be my guest to the annual banquet? I'm getting up a big table of the finest, and I've just asked Carstairs."

"Why, Mr. Softer, I hardly know," she said. "I'd half promised to go with Mabel Harmon. I'm so surprised your asking a stranger like me, but it's very kind indeed of you to think of me! May I let you know a little later?"

Of course I says yes to that. Naturally the girl would be a little startled by me choosing her out of so many, so I left her on account she had hid her mouth with her handkerchief and was shaking with embarrassment. Then by luck who would I run into but Mr. Cohen, a very influential man on our lot, the secretary to Mr. Silvermount. He was talking in a low tone to that old bum with the clothes two



## Are You Keeping Up With Other Women —or letting gray hair make you look old?

Thoughtful women always keep themselves looking years younger than they really are!

Gray hair, however handsome, denotes advancing age.

We all know the advantages of a youthful appearance.

Your hair is your charm. It makes or mars the face. When your hair fades, turns gray and looks streaked, just a few applications of Sage Tea and Sulphur enhances its appearance a hundred-fold.

Don't stay gray! Look young! Either prepare the recipe at home or get from any drug store a bottle of "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound," which is merely the old-time recipe improved by the addition

of other ingredients. Thousands of folks rely upon this ready-to-use preparation, because it darkens the hair beautifully; besides, no one can possibly tell, as it darkens so naturally and evenly.

You simply moisten a sponge or soft brush with it, drawing this through the hair, taking one small strand at a time. By morning the gray hair disappears; after another application or two its natural color is restored and it becomes thick, glossy and lustrous, and you appear years younger.

### WYETH'S Sage and Sulphur

## \$1800 for a Story!

RECENTLY a writer was paid \$1800 for a single short story. Many of our students are earning thousands of dollars annually with their pens. Others are continually selling their work. With our **UNLIMITED PERSONAL** criticism and manuscript sales service you, too, can learn to write stories that will sell! Course endorsed by many eminent writers, including the late Jack London. Over 25,000 publications buying stories today.

WRITE FOR FREE BOOK "The Art of Story Writing," and details of our special offer.

Hoosier Institute Short Story Ft. Wayne, Ind.



You've heard your neighbor praise this wonderful weekly magazine that 3 million people read. Unbiased digest of national and world affairs. Chock full of just the kind of reading you want. Science, politics, travel, fun, fashions, question box, books, health—entertainment and instruction for all. Send 15c (coin or stamp) today for this big paper on trial 13 weeks or \$1 for 1 year (\$2 issues).

PATHFINDER, 586 Langdon Sta., Wash., D. C.

## Art Corner Your Pictures—Album

where you can keep them safe and enjoy them always.

Engel's Art Corners Colors are on sale at Photo Supply and are the only Quick, Easy, Artistic, No Paste, No Fold way to mount Kodak Prints. A dime brings 100 and samples to try. Write ENGEL MFG. CO., 100 Dept. 100, 4711 N. Clark St., Chicago

## Learn Cartooning

At Home—In Your Spare Time from the school that has trained so many successful cartoonists of today earning from \$50 to \$200 and more a week. The Landon Picture Chart Method of teaching makes original drawing easy to learn. Send 6c in stamps for full information and chart to test your ability. Also state age.

THE LANDON SCHOOL 1439 National Bldg., Cleveland, O.



## BECOME A RAILWAY MAIL CLERK

When everybody else is worrying about his job or looking for work, the U. S. Civil Service Employee is earning good, steady pay in a pleasant occupation of his own selection. **EARN \$1600 to \$2300.** Let me train you to pass the U. S. Civil Service Examination with high rating so you can get a position quickest at \$1600 to \$2300 a year, as a Railway Mail Clerk or in Customs, Internal Revenue, Departmental Immigration, Postmaster, Post Office and Rural Branches. I have trained thousands to successfully pass the examination. Money refunded if unsuccessful in securing a position within one year after exams. Examinations coming. Write today. Mail coupon for catalog.

PATTERSON CIVIL SERVICE SCHOOL  
Dept. 73 Rochester, N. Y.

Name.....  
Address.....



## Bright EYES Are a Social Asset

All the world loves the joyous temperament, with its laughing lips and laughing EYES. Popularity comes easily to the woman with clear, bright, vivacious EYES. They ever challenge attention—ever excite admiration.

EYES of alluring-brightness are not fickle Fortune's gift. Rather, they result from proper care. Daily cleansing with **Murine** will keep your EYES free from irritating particles and promote a clear, bright, healthy condition. **Murine** contains no belladonna or other harmful ingredients.

Our illustrated books on "Eye Care" or "Eye Beauty" are FREE on request.

The Murine Company  
Dept. 22, Chicago

**MURINE**  
FOR YOUR  
EYES

**Step into a Big-Pay HOTEL JOB!**

Earn \$2500 to \$10,000 a Year in America's 4th Largest Industry. Hotels, Clubs, Restaurants are crying for trained men and women. 20 weeks of easy spare-time home-training qualifies you—just experience unnecessary. We put you in touch with positions. Big pay, fascinating work, quick advancement. Write for FREE BOOK, "Your Big Opportunity."

Lewis Hotel Training Schools  
Room L-286, Washington, D. C.

**BE AN ARTIST**

WE CAN TEACH YOU DRAWING in your own home during your spare time. Twenty-five years of successful teaching proves our ability. Artists receive large salaries. Write Today for Art Year Book

**SCHOOL OF APPLIED ART**  
ROOM NO. 1 BATTLE CREEK, MI.

**Beauty Of Hair and Skin Preserved By Cuticura**

Soap to Cleanse Ointment to Heal

**BUNIONS**

PEDODYNE, the marvelous new Solvent, banishes Bunions. The pain stops almost instantly. The bunion vanishes as though by magic. THEN YOU WILL HAVE SHAPELY FEET.

**SENT ON TRIAL**

I want you to have relief from Bunions. I want you to know the pleasure of foot comfort. I will gladly arrange to send you a box of Solvent to try. Simply write and say, "I want to try PEDODYNE." Address—

KAY LABORATORIES Dept. A-671  
186 N. La Salle St. Chicago, Illinois

sizes bigger than was required, and after a minute the old feller shuffled away. It certainly was high time, too. It spoils the class of a lot, I always say, letting the rabble in.

Well, more abundance! as soon as Cohen was free I grabbed him and says will he come to the party I was throwing at the annual. "I'm expecting Carstairs and DeLux," I says. "Do try and make it."

"Sure, I'll make it," says he, "excepting only if the boss needs me at the last minute, which you'd understand, of course."

Well, that was all honkey-tonkey, and when I run into Claire Crealman and told her where I'd asked DeLux, Carstairs and Cohen to my table at the banquet and that I'd be delighted for her to join us, why naturally she at once says she couldn't promise, but she'd make every effort. I always could get women to do anything I wanted!

Well, that evening Mary says to me did you go tell young Snider out to Golden Gables that you didn't want the pink Spanish house? And I says yes, sure I did. And then we left the subject drop and I was glad of it, on account I always did like to be truthful. All of which made Mary real sweet for a while, and when she is, well, there is something I crave about that girl—I dunno, but something.

FOR the next couple weeks, having got most all my personal important business out the way, I put in most of my time filling up my banquet list. I had all but two places filled, but nobody was dead certain about coming. Getting up that good-will party certainly had me pretty near exhausted before I was through, on account I had recent got a big piece of news which made me realize where it was now more than ever important I should be on chummy terms with influential folks.

It seems where Billy had worked so good and faithful like I had often told him to, and the director had so little trouble with him, that his picture was gonner be finished all of two weeks' salary sooner than had been expected, and what was even more abundance, they was going to make it the feature of the evening at the annual banquet, cutting out the after-dinner verbal solos and having a private preview of Billy's show.

Well, I'm here to tell you the answer to that cross-word puzzle was that if old man Lieberman was to hear that a bunch of right ones had applauded from my table, it wasn't gonner hurt me none with Billy's contract. Oh, I know people; I have lived!

Well, I found the easiest way to get in touch with the ones I wanted was to stick around the set where Billy was by now fast finishing his job. And pretty near every day, who would be there but this old geezer in the half empty suit and funny looking hat I had noticed being thrown off the lot before. I figured probably he had now got some job around the place, sweeping the paths or something, but I didn't think much about him one way or another until one time I happened to get a good look at him, and it seemed to me like the little old feller had one of the most gentlest, saddest faces I had ever seen in my life, with something real sweet about it too.

Well, as the old song says, "A kind heart is a golden treasure," and so next minute I done a funny kinda thing on the jump before I could stop myself. I and he was standing a little ways off from the rest of the crowd and so, putting my hand in the old nest where the nest-egg is kept, I pulled out four bits and slipped it to the old boy, kinda unobtrusive.

"You look kinda low, buddie," I says, tapping him on the shoulder. "Help yourself to a extra slice of pie tonight on me!"

Well, for a minute the old boy didn't say a word. He wasn't able to, I guess. Then the little wrinkles around his eyes kind of gathered up in a funny way he had and he give me a smile that made me feel real good.

"Thank you!" he says quietly. And then I walked away, twirling a new yellow cane I had just charged to myself down-town in Los,

and as I left the lot I realized where it is just them generous, big-hearted impulses of mine has hampered me all my life. I don't know why I do them silly things sometimes.

Well, the picture was finished soon after that, and over to the laboratory they commenced cutting and titling it. Of course that darn kid of mine wasn't working, and so I left him play around the hotel yard a good deal while I was over to the Silvermount, still on the trail of somebody to fill them two empty chairs. But it was not so easy to find the ones I wanted now that Billy wasn't working no more. The congenial little crowd I had gathered around the young 'un while he was on the set seemed to of all melted away. I didn't even see the old bum I had give the four bits to.

Well, as the old song says, "It's always quietest before the barnstormer gets theirs," and that was the case with us. Here I and that wonder-boy of mine had sweated like a couple slaves, working ourself pretty near to death, and just as we was commencing to rest up a little and play around, why that director of Billy's who was cutting the picture decides where he had to make a re-take of one sequence. So he sends around to the hotel with a hurry call for me to grab the boy and come right over. And me with my shoes off, slaving away at making a list of the ads in the paper where stenographers was wanted, so's I could slip it to Mary in case anything went wrong with the boy's making a next production and she needed the extra work. Much consideration them picture people has! But there wasn't nothing for me to do except say we would be over as quick as possible. The chief drawback to this was that I didn't know where the kid was.

Well, of course when that inconsiderate message come from the studio, I had to put on my shoes and go look for him, but there wasn't a bell-hop or door-man had lamped Billy any place. As a rule he didn't go far, on account he had strict orders from me never to do so alone, and I will say for the little feller he always kept his word. So when I didn't see him no place on the hotel grounds I commenced to get worried, and then the duke that opens the limousines told me he thought Billy was over in the park.

WELL, I jumped in my car and started, my mind all made up just where I was gonner smack him good and plenty for breaking away like I'd told him not to. And the Duke of Door-Knobs had the dope all right. I had hardly drew up at the curb than I seen my son.

He was standing on a bench near the lake, and he wasn't alone, there was a old man with him, and what in the world if the two of them wasn't fairly covered with a flock of pigeons. They was on the old man's shoulder, one was eating out of his hand and the rest was rambling close to his feet making them sentimental sounds like them fool birds do. But that wasn't the worst. The minute I come up in front of them I seen that the man was that old bum which had been hanging around the Silvermount lot, the one I had foolishly given the four bits to, and who had by now been undoubtedly fired. And here was that darn kid of mine right out in public with him, after all my efforts that we should be seen only with influential people!

"Billy Softer, you come right here to me this minute!" I says. "How dare you come over here alone!"

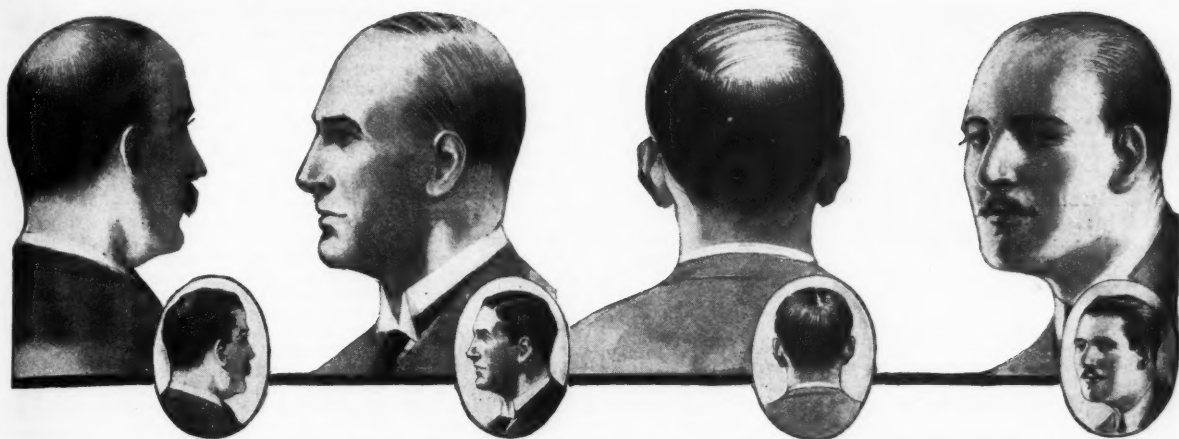
"Oh, hello, pop!" says Billy, jumping down off the bench and scaring the pigeons away. "I didn't come over alone, I come with my friend Reuben."

"Well, you had no business coming with him," I says, furious, "and you're coming right with me and get what you had oughter have!"

"Don't punish the child!" said the old boy in a mild voice. "If anyone has got a fault I should be punished, because I brought him here."

"Well, I don't know how you get that way!" I says. "You keep in your place, my good





# Falling Hair Stopped - New Hair Grown In 30 Days - Or No Cost!

By **ALOIS MERKE**

Founder of Famous Merke Institute  
Fifth Avenue, New York

**SAVE** yourself from baldness! No matter how fast your hair is falling out—no matter how little of it is now left—no matter how many treatments you have tried without results—I have perfected a new scientific system that I absolutely guarantee will give you a new head of hair in 30 days—or the trial costs you nothing!

I have found during many years research and from experience gained in treating thousands of cases of baldness at the Merke Institute, Fifth Avenue, N. Y., that in most cases of loss of hair the roots are not dead—but merely *dormant*.

It is useless and a waste of time and money to try and get down to these under-nourished roots with tonics, massages, crude oil, etc., etc., for such measures only treat the surface of the skin.

But my scientific system involves the application of entirely new principles in stimulating hair growth. It penetrates below the surface of the scalp and gets right to the cause of most hair troubles—the starving dormant roots, and provides not only an efficient way of reviving and invigorating these inactive roots, but of giving them the nourishment they need to grow hair again. And the fine thing about my system is the fact that it is simple and can be used in any home where there is electricity

without the slightest *discomfort* or *inconvenience*.

## Positive Guarantee

Of course there are a few cases of baldness that nothing in the world can cure. Yet so many hundreds of men and women whose hair was coming out almost by "handfuls" have seen their hair grow in again as the shrunken roots acquired new life and vitality that I am willing to let you try my treatment at my risk for 30 days. Then if you are not more than delighted with the new growth of hair produced, write to me immediately. Tell me my system has not done what I said it would. And the 30-day trial won't cost you a cent.

## Free Booklet Tells All

The very fact that you have read this announcement shows that you are anxious about the condition of your hair. So why not investigate? Find out for yourself. That's the only common-sense thing to do. If you will merely fill in and mail the coupon I will gladly send you without cost or obligation a wonderfully interesting booklet which describes in detail my successful system which is growing new hair for thousands all over the country. Clip and mail the coupon today. Allied Merke Institutes, Inc., Dept. 1233, 512 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

## PROOF!

### Results Gratifying

"Ten years ago my hair started falling. I used hair tonics constantly but four years ago I displayed a perfect full moon. I tried everything—but without results. Today, however, thanks to your treatment I have quite a new crop of hair one inch long."—F. H. B., New York.

### Hair About Gone

"My hair has been falling for the last two years and I had hardly any more hair on the front of my head. But since I started using your treatment I am raising a new crop of hair. Your treatment is best I ever saw."—O. J., Northbridge, Mass.

### Falling Hair Checked

"My hair was coming out at an alarming rate but after four or five treatments I noticed this was checked. My hair is coming in thicker and looks and feels full of life and vigor."—W. C., Great Neck, L. I.

### New Hair Growing

"Results are wonderful. My hair has stopped falling out and I can see lots of new hair coming in."—F. D. R., Washington, D. C.

### New Hair on Bald Spots

"I have used Thermocap Treatment for 8 weeks and although the top of my head has been entirely bald for 6 years the results up to the present are gratifying. In fact the entire bald spot is covered with a fine growth of hair."—W. C., Kenmore, Ohio.

### Can't Say Enough For It!

"Am glad to say I can see such great change in my hair. It is growing longer and my head is full of young hair that has made its way through since I have been using Merke Thermocap. I can't say enough for it. It will do everything you claim it to do."—G. G., Texas.

**ALLIED MERKE INSTITUTES, Inc.,**  
Dept. 1233, 512 Fifth Ave., New York City.

Please send me—without cost or obligation—a copy of your book, "The New Way to Grow Hair," describing the Merke System.

Name.....  
(State whether Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

Address.....

City.....State.....

Anna G. Nilsson, ad-  
mired for her beautiful  
eyes.

## Make your Eyes Irresistible by emphasizing the lashes



A SINGLE glance is unforgettable if darted from under long, shadowy lashes. You can have beautiful lashes instantly by darkening them with Winx. It is a waterproof liquid dressing which makes the lashes appear longer and heavier. Winx dries the moment it is applied, clinging so smoothly and evenly that it cannot be detected. Absolutely harmless.

Winx (black or brown) 75c. At drug or department stores.

Write your name and address on a piece of paper and mail it with a dime for a sample of Winx. Another dime brings you a sample of Pert, the rouge of youth. For outlining your eyebrows try Winzette. It is applied with a brush. Complete, 50c.

ROSS COMPANY

240 West 17th Street New York



## Have a Satin-Smooth Hair-Free Skin

Science has finally solved the problem of removing hair pleasantly without discomfort to the skin or complexion. This with NEET, a mild and dainty cream. You merely spread it on and then rinse off with clear water. That's all; the hair will be gone and the skin left refreshingly cool, smooth and white! Old methods, the unwomanly razor and severe chemical preparations, have given way to this remarkable hair-removing cream which is the accepted method of well-groomed women everywhere. 50c at Drug and Department stores or by mail. Money back if it fails to please you. Buy now. MANNING PHAR. CO., 601 OLIVE ST., ST. LOUIS, MO.

TRY IT

**PISO'S**  
for coughs  
Quick Relief! A pleasant effective syrup  
35c and 60c sizes.  
And externally, use PISO'S  
Throat and Chest Salve 35c

**TYPEWRITER**  
PRICES REDUCED -  
ON ALL MAKES  
Free Trial

Big bargains, easy payments on late model Underwoods, Royals, L.C. Smiths, Remingtons, etc.—perfect machines expertly remanufactured by the "Young Process" guaranteed like new for five years. Shipped direct from our factory to you at big savings. Our big illustrated catalog sent free and without obligation to buy. Write for yours today.

Young Typewriter Co. Dept. 3323 654 W. Randolph St., Chicago, Ill.

**CARBONA**  
UNBURNABLE  
Cleaning Fluid  
REMOVES GREASE SPOTS  
Without Injury to Fabric or Color  
20c 30c 60c & 7c. Size Bottles at all Drug Stores



man, and leave my kid alone. Come away, Billy!"

But Billy wouldn't come at once. He actually run over and kissed that old feller on the cheek. "Good-by, Reuben," he says. "I love you no matter if pop is mad!"

"Good-by, my little friend," says the old man. "I love you, too. But you must mind the papa, remember now! Some other day we feed our feathered friends again."

Can you imagine the nerve of that? Of course as soon's I jammed Billy into the car and headed him for the studio, I give him a good bawling out.

"Didn't I tell you to associate only with the best people on the lot?" I says, in finishing.

"Yes, pop, but I did!" says Billy. "Reuben is the very best person on the whole, entire lot. I have been out in the park with him every day since I quit work, and he is awful kind, and he can tell the bestest stories, all about Russia, and wolves, when he was a little boy like me. And he puts candy in his pockets for me, pop, and you oughter see the animals in the park come up to him. Honest, pop, Reuben is the best person over to Silvermount."

Well, when Billy pulled a dumb line like that I simply give up. I figured where on earth is there any use trying to learn a kid something; they ain't got a grain of intelligence half the time. But I also realized where the best thing to do is don't mention this old bum no more, see, and pretty soon the kid will forget about him. But all through the rest of the afternoon, while they was working Billy for the re-take, I was fuming over the way he had mortified me, and then, as the old song says, "To fix the climax on the one that wears it," when I dragged that darn kid home at six o'clock, if Mary wasn't in a landslide of a temper, and all over nothing.

WELL, when it comes to good taste, a lot of people ain't got any except in their mouth, but that was never Mary. Mad as she was, and rampaging up and down our expensive sitting-room, I couldn't help but think how nice she looked in her plain dark clothes—snap and class, she had 'em both!

"Eddie Softer," she says, wild, "didn't you say you told Mr. Snider over to Golden Gables that you was through with that pink house proposition?"

"I sure did," I says, "and I done it, too."

"But you went and practically agreed to take a yellow one instead!" she hollered at me. "A far more expensive, bigger place—when you know there ain't a chance in the world of your getting it!"

"Oh well, I dunno!" I says. "As the old song says, 'Nothing risked, nothing again.'"

"But it's outrageous!" she says. "Don't you realize what the prospect of a commission on that place means to Snider and his girl friend? Ain't you got any consideration for other people's feelings?"

"Of course I have," I says. "That's why I did not turn him down cold like you wanted me to. I had to say something to the feller, didn't I? You don't understand business, Mary, these conversations come up in it all the time, where a coupla guys gets together and talk things over in a big way so's to plan for the future. It's called seeing a prospect."

"Say!" says Mary. "The only prospect you got before you is a nice vacation on the government with free board and lodging, if you don't quit the way you are going on. Oh, I've found out about the charge accounts you been growing in your garden of dreams! But I ain't one-half as mad at you on that account as I am over what you done to young Snider. Here his girl comes to me all smiles and happiness and tells me the only thing standing in the way of him and her getting married is my approval of that darn yellow stucco house, and she's so sure that I'll like it she's commenced ordering her wedding outfit. Oh, Eddie Softer, if only I could tell you what I think of you!"

"There, there, Mary, go ahead and try!"

I says kindly. "Get it off your chest. Maybe it will make you feel better."

"I won't!" she says. "I won't even speak to you, after this. I'll stay in the house on the child's account, but I won't speak to you."

"Well, well, that's too bad," I says. "On account I got a little piece of real pleasant news for you, and an invite besides. To commence with, the kid's picture is gonner be shown at the Annual Motion Picture Banquet instead of speeches, and I want you should accept a seat at my table. I have invited a lot of prominent people."

For a minute I thought where Mary was gonner make good on the silent stuff, but this was too much for her. "Do you actually mean to tell me you've bought a bunch of twenty-dollar tickets for that affair?" she says.

"Of course!" I says.

"And us with every reason to economize!" she says. "No, I will not come to your table or any other. This is the straw the horse died on. It's too much. And I shan't speak to you again, just like I said I wouldn't. I might say something no lady should."

AND with that she did a vacuum through the door, leaving me feeling like a flat tire, the kind all the wind goes out of after the sales, as the old song says. And just as I was standing there on my dignity, that darn kid of mine hadda pipe up.

"Hey, pop," he says, "I wanner go to the banquet. Will you take me, pop? I'll go, if Aunt Mary won't."

Well, of course I had never thought of taking the kid along, but now he spoke of it I at once realized where that would be a good idea—there was publicity in it, and I would make quite a sensation bringing him along.

"Why, all right, son," I says. "Sure you can come—you gotter promise to be a good boy, though, on account I have a lot of friends invited."

"I promise, pop," he says. "Can I bring a friend, too, so's I'll have somebody to play with?"

Well, of course there was that extra ticket I still had left, even after taking Billy. And my executive ability at once made me see where if Billy was to come in late bringing a little chum by the hand, it would be a knock-out for the still cameras and be in all the papers next day. The more ragged and dirty the kid he brought, why the better the publicity would be.

"Why, yes, Billy, you can bring a friend," I says. "One of them poor Groomer kids down the block, or anybody you like. Only don't pick a rich friend—choose somebody that ain't got very good clothes and would appreciate the fine dinner, see?"

I liked to teach the boy them kind ideas, I wanted him to have big-hearted impulses the same as me, see?

Well, as the old song goes, "Silence is golden, but sometimes you'd sell it for a plugged nickel." And for the coupla weeks that stretched to the annual banquet I couldn't help but feel how true them old saws is—no matter how old, they never seem to lose their teeth. On account Mary kept her word about not speaking. It sure hung some crape on my dome, and where in the old days I used to come home afraid she would hen the life out of me, now I come home afraid she wouldn't.

Even the night of the big event she wouldn't speak to me, and when I asked her again wouldn't she change her mind and her clothes and go, all she done was shake her head.

"Well, have your own way," I says. "I got to go over early and make sure I got the most prominent table like was agreed, and be there to receive my guests. I want Billy and his little chum to be late so's they'll be conspicuous and have a big audience. I'll take the car, and you send them along in a taxi."

Well, I had on a new soup and fish and all the trimmings, which I had charged to my account down in Los, and the only part of my appearance I regretted was not having the big sparkle. Just the same I realized I was class

all right when I drove up to the Alexandria and headed for the banquet hall. Oh I have lived!

The bird at the ticket factory hadn't put anything over on me, I seen that as soon as I arrived. My table was at the far end of the center aisle on a kinda raised platform, and nobody couldn't possibly miss seeing it. And once I was satisfied of that, I went to the gate and commenced watching for my guests.

Well, the cheap mob come first, which is only natural at them sort of affairs, and there wasn't nobody among them I would of cared to bow to. But pretty soon I seen one of my big influential people arriving, Miss Estelle DeLux. She come right at me.

"Oh, I'm so sorry, Mr. Softer," she cooed at me. "But I'm afraid I have to sit with Mabel after all. I hope it won't upset your table any. Oh, there she is now—I must run!"

"Oh, I'll excuse you!" I says, polite on account I wouldn't bother whether a cheap dame like that ate with me or not. And then I seen Carstairs, the big director, who I was afraid might of been out on a desert location.

"Well, well, Carstairs!" I says. "Glad you turned up after all."

"Yes," he says, "I'm dining at Benny Silvermount's table. See you later!"

"But I ast you first, old man!" I says.

"Oh, I believe you did," he come back. "Terribly sorry, Softer, that I got my invitations mixed, but Benny's the boss. Afraid I'll have to stick by him. You know how it is!"

Well, by then I did commence to know—that Carstairs thought he had got a invite from a bigger bug than me—but I let him go. The cheap skate, I wouldn't want to be seen out in public with him anyways! But I didn't have long to worry over him on account pretty soon Mr. Cohen, Mr. Silvermount's secretary, run up to me and explained where the boss had insisted he should take a seat over at his table, and naturally, being a business man myself, why I could see his point.

AS THE old song says, "Birds of a feather always show a white one when they have it," and that bunch I had invited to my table certainly did show themselves up this night. Without exception they left me flat on some excuse or another, and I decided right then and there I would quit that gang cold. I would never invite them again, no matter how they run after me. Here I was all by my lonesome, with twelve tickets at twenty dollars a throw and only I and Billy and his kid friend to use 'em. I will admit this had me kinda down for a few minutes. And then all to once my executive ability showed me where my table would be all the more conspicuous and talked over, by the very fact of me entertaining merely two dear little children instead of a bunch of half-baked hams.

Well, the still camera men had stuck by me on account I had told them the kind of entrance Billy was going to make, and when pretty near everybody was seated, they was all set with the flash-lights when I walked up the center aisle and took my place at my table, standing, see, to await the arrival of my wonder-boy. And about two seconds after, he arrive.

And Billy had brought a friend of his, all right, all right! He had brought that old bum Reuben that used to take him out in the park, the one I give the four bits to. They come in the room hand in hand, and everybody turned to look, on account I had arranged a spot should be turned on the kid. Also, I'm here to say that room got a eyefull too, on account Reuben was dressed up in some funny kind of a dress suit that would of fitted two of him. I would of died gladly, and I give a groan and held onto the edge of the table. But nobody seemed to hear me, on account they had all stood up.

Well, I thought, you old bum, when I get you to this table what I will do to you will only be able to be compared to what I will do to that darn kid of mine when I get him home!

But I didn't get no chancet for action. Reuben come right up with that smile on his



## Remove Cold Cream —this new way

ACTRESSES, screen stars—whose complexions are always under close inspection, whose faces are exposed to glaring lights, to heavy make-up constantly—have learned a new secret of keeping a pretty skin.

They know the value of a complexion that all admire. Often it is their chief charm. So they use Kleenex, the sanitary


new velvety-soft tissue, to remove their make-up—cold cream and cosmetics.

Kleenex may now be had at all drug and department stores. Only 25 cents for a month's supply. It is cheaper than towels, and does not cause skin eruptions, pimples and blemishes as even clean towels so often do. Simply use it once and throw it away. Beauty experts advise it—get a box today.

CELLUCOTTON PRODUCTS CO., 166 West Jackson Boulevard, Chicago

# KLEENEX

The Sanitary Cold Cream Remover



**Makes breathing easier**

Luden's Menthol Formula soothes and relieves your nose and throat.

**LU DEN'S** Menthol COUGH DROPS

**We Teach COMMERCIAL ART**

**Meyer Both Company the largest Commercial Art Organization in the World** offers you a practical training, based upon twenty-five years of success. This nationally known organization each year produces and sells to advertisers over 15,000 commercial drawings. This well paid profession equally open to men and women. Home study instruction.

**Get Facts Before You Enroll in Any School**

Ask the Advertising Manager of the leading newspapers in your city, about Meyer Both Company—let them tell you about us. Send four cents in stamps for illustrated book telling of the success of our students.

**MEYER BOTH COMPANY**

Michigan Ave. at 20th St., Dept. 94  
CHICAGO, ILL.

Note—To Art and Engraving Firms: Secure artists among our graduates. Write us.



**Be a Nurse**

Learn in Spare Time at Home  
**Earn \$30-35 a Week**

Every woman should learn. We train Beginners. Practical Nurses, Mothers and Religious Workers by our Fascinating Home-study Method. Leading Chicago System. Endorsed by physicians. Established 25 years.

**Earn While Learning**

If you are over 18 and under 55 years write for illustrated catalog and 52 Sample Lesson Pages with FREE details of Money-back Guarantee and FREE NURSING EQUIPMENT OFFER.

**CHICAGO SCHOOL OF NURSING**  
Ashland Boulevard - Chicago



**2409 BUNGALOW \$1606**

**WE PAY THE FREIGHT**

**\$478 5 ROOMS**

GET us ship you direct from our mill all the materials complete for a Sterling cut-to-fit home. (not portable) and save you four big profits on lumber, hardware, mill-work and labor, besides a proved 20% saving in waste. Substantially built and lasting. Satisfaction Guaranteed or Your Money Back!

**Buying Direct Saves 1/2**

**ABOVE prices include** everything complete—all lumber cut-to-fit (highest grade only), windows, doors, flooring, shingles, lathe, glass, paints, varnish, putty, hardware, molding, cupboards—everything plainly marked and easily assembled according to drawings and directions we furnish.

**\$1606** Home including double walls and floor. **\$478** Five-room house including double walls and floor; for double add \$80.

**International Mill & Timber Co.**  
2041 South Wenden Ave.  
Ray City, Mich.

**FREE CATALOG** with many other beautiful homes at \$478 to \$4,797—all at big savings. Garages \$73 and up.





## Use Sulphur to Heal Your Skin

For unsightly skin eruptions, rash or blotches on face, neck, arms or body, you do not have to wait for relief from torture or embarrassment, declares a noted skin specialist. Apply a little Mentho-Sulphur and improvement shows next day. Because of its germ destroying properties, nothing has ever been found to take the place of this sulphur preparation. The moment you apply it healing begins. Only those who have had unsightly skin troubles can know the delight this Mentho-Sulphur brings. Even fiery, itching eczema is dried right up. Get a jar of Rowles Mentho-Sulphur from your druggist and use it like cold cream.

### FREE SAMPLE

Send coupon for sample of Rowles Mentho Sulphur

Whitehall Pharmacal Co., Dept. J, New York, N. Y.  
Send me free sample of Rowles Mentho Sulphur

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Street \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_

## Big Pay Every Day!

Just take orders for Malloch Hose and Underwear—worn all over the World. No experience needed. Each day you get four big commissions as a deposit paid to the customer, to whom we ship direct. Three other selling methods to choose from!

**Sample Outfit Free!** Together with sure sales plan. We pay all shipping charges and guarantee prompt delivery.

Write! If you hurry, you can have other agents working for you. But don't let someone in your neighborhood get ahead of you. Just say: "Send me your Free Sample Offer and Sure Money Making Sales Plan." Write!

Malloch Knitting Mills, 683 Hastings St., Grand Rapids, Mich.

## \$1 Brings This Genuine DIAMOND

Easy for you to own this beautiful ring or give it as a present. Simply send \$1 to us today.

**10 DAYS TRIAL**

Wear ring 10 days and if you don't agree it is an amazing bargain, return it and we will refund your money. If satisfied pay \$3 a month until \$30 is paid.

**FREE** catalog. Diamonds, Watches, Jewelry, \$10 to \$1000. All on long credit. Wonderful values. Est. 1890 Address Dept. 333

**BAER BROS. Co.**  
6 MAIDEN LANE - NEW YORK

face and stuck out his hand. "Good evening, Mr. Softer," he says. "I am glad you told your little boy he should invite me tonight."

"He told you!" I was commencing, when who would throw herself between us but Estelle DeLux.

"Oh, dear Mr. Lieberman!" she says. "I am so glad you came to the banquet after all! I suppose Mr. Softer and the boy persuaded you after you'd turned us all down? And isn't it nice? I am at Mr. Softer's table, too!"

Well, of course I had suspected all along where there was something distinguished and fine about the old man, so I wasn't really surprised. I was only kinda dazed for a minute.

And I didn't say a word only of welcome neither when Carstairs found he belonged over to my table, and luckily Mr. Cohen and Mr. Silvermount both was able to shake them boroesome people they was with and join our intimate little party. All the others joined up too, and through it all dear old Mr. Lieberman beamed and poured his kind spirit over us all like we was his children. I could see at once where that man had a big, generous heart, the same as me. I only hoped to Gawd he had forgotten the time mine made me give him the four bits. But whatever else might happen, my table certainly was the most conspicuous in the room, just like I had planned all along.

But the real excitement come after dinner, when Billy's picture was shown. It was a piece called "Nicholas Nickleby" but they had changed the title to "The Soul of a Boy" and kept Billy young all the way through. From the very first flash on the silver screen that picture was a knock-out, and everybody in the room realized it, especially dear old Lieberman.

"Mr. Softer," says the fine old gent, "as soon as the last reel is shown I want to see you particular. They got some small private dining-rooms here, and we can go into one for a talk. Meet me at the door after."

Well, of course I at once knew what that meant. Billy was a riot, and I could just about dictate the terms I wished, and believe me I intended to do some dictating!

THE second half of the picture was if possible better than the first, and when the lights went up I had a hard struggle getting away from the good friends that wanted to congratulate me, but I finally turned 'em over to my wonder-boy and joined Mr. Lieberman. We walked in and he shut the door. Then he faced me, and in some funny kinda way he seemed like a different person. His eyes had points of light in 'em I hadn't noticed before. But his voice was soft and gentle.

"Mr. Softer," he commenced, "that is a splendid picture and your boy is a remarkable actor. In time, as Jackie Coogan grows up, he will fill that child's place on the screen, there is no doubt in my mind. I am going to make four pictures a year with him, and I am going to do the right thing by him in a money way."

"Well, Mr. Lieberman," I says, folding my arms and taking a firm stand, "I wouldn't consider less than—"

"I am not interested in your considerations, Mr. Softer!" says he. "You, personally, I don't care for. As for your work on the lot as my friend Billy's personal manager, why, you ain't worth ten cents a week. You are my idea of a good-for-nothing loafer, and it's on the child's account, not on yours, that I am making the offer to do big things for him. I want you to understand that plain."

"Look here, Mr. Lieberman!" I says. "If you think you can get Billy any cheaper by running down my character and business ability, let me tell you right now that I'm onto that game! Anything your kind wants to buy, you try to cheapen first to make a better bargain. But that stuff don't go with me."

"I am only telling you that you are a very foolish young man," says the old boy mildly. "And that you ought to try and learn to work. Work is a grand thing. It is a friend who never fails you if you treat it well. But as I

was going to say, I will increase Billy's salary—what I mean by that is, from now on he will be on a straight yearly basis and will be paid whether he is working or not. And four pictures a year maximum. I don't want his health should be impaired."

"And how about me, Mr. Lieberman?" I says. "I'm only getting a thousand a week. I ought to have the same terms, really."

"You ought to be fired!" he says, a smile coming into his eyes. "But I ain't going to fire you, Softer. The reason is a funny one, too. Do you remember once you gave me half a dollar?"

Well, I'll admit I felt pretty sick at that. I had been praying to Gawd he would forget it. And when I seen he hadn't, I thought, well, this finishes my act, I guess I'm through!

"Softer," he says, putting his hand on my shoulder, "that was a kindly act. It makes me feel that somewhere you have got a decent streak in you, and so you stay with us a while yet. And tomorrow you bring a lawyer and we'll remake my boy's contract!"

Well, of course that was perfectly satisfactory to me. I had guessed all along that the old boy was only kidding when he bawled me out, and that he really did appreciate where we was both alike in our kind hearts.

Well, when I got home that night that darn kid of mine was so sleepy I had to carry him up-stairs. Mary was waiting, and at once she grabbed the young 'un out of my arms. Then she looked at me, her face working hard.

"Aw, go tie up a noodle!" I says. "If you want to ask what happened, go ahead. I won't hold it against you if you speak!"

"Eddie, I've just got to!" she says. "I can't stand it any longer. Was his picture a success? Did Mr. Lieberman like it? Who was there?"

"Calm down, calm down, now!" I says. "I'll tell you everything. The picture is a knock-out—that was universal. And the boy is to be paid from now on whether he works or not. And he's not to be obliged to make over four pictures a year. You see, Mary, as I would have told you before if you had been speaking to me, I arranged to have a very influential crowd at my table. I even had old man Lieberman there. We had a conference, and we arranged the terms on the spot."

"Lieberman himself!" says Mary.

"Yes," I says calmly. "I arranged it all very nicely. And now, Mary, there is a point I want I should bring up at once. It's about that yellow stucco Spanish type house. Of course it's all very fine for the kid to be getting such a big salary and all that. But you gotter remember he's also going to haf to do a lot of work, and he is entitled to a home of his own with a big yard to play in, and it can easy be bought out of his own money—unless, of course, you think different. I don't think a hotel is no fit place for a child to live in."

"I believe you're right on that, Eddie," says she. "For once I agree. I been out and looked at the place, and I will say it's a lovely one. And just think what the commission will mean to young Snider and his girl friend!"

Well, my business head was working way ahead of Mary. On account I realized where as soon as I didn't have no hotel rent to pay, why I could pick up my sparkler and attend to the instalments on my car. I seen clear enough I was gonner have a heavy business week ahead of me.

"Well, thank goodness it's all settled," says Mary, "although I don't somehow believe you done it. And now I must get this sleepy baby to bed!"

The kid roused up as soon's she moved. She sure looked pretty with him in her arms.

"Say, pop," says Billy, "can I go out in the park with old friend Reuben tomorrow?"

"Well, yes, I'll allow you to," I says kindly. "If you promise to take good care of him."

I always do believe in leaving kids choose their friends. They got fine natural instincts. But as for women! Wasn't that a nasty crack from Mary? Well, women never will understand how big business is done; they're too suspicious!

## The Red Lamp

(Continued from page 25)

you, Father William?" And somehow even Jane caught some of the infection of her gaiety. "Ask him about the triangle in a circle," she said.

"What's that?" Edith inquired.

"The triangle in a circle, drawn around you, will keep off demons," I explained gravely.

"Surely you know that?"

"How—convenient!"

"And that the skins of four frogs, killed on a moonless night, will make one invisible if worn as a cap? And that the spirits obey Solomon's Seal—not the plant, of course! And that if you eat a stew of the eyes of a vulture and the ear-tufts of an owl, you will be wise beyond all dreams of wisdom?"

"Who wants to be wise?" said Edith. "But go on. I love to hear you."

"Very well," I agreed, with an eye on Jane, "now take the figure five. Five is the magic number, not seven. We have five fingers, five toes, five senses. There are five points to a star. Perhaps you noticed my wild excitement when my automobile license this year was five fifty-five."

Jane got up, and I saw that my nonsense had had its effect. She was smiling, for the first time in days.

"If you care to go out and look at the house tomorrow, William," she said, "I will go."

And perhaps Edith had sensed a situation she did not understand, for she kissed her, and as I left the room I heard her requesting Jane to bring back with her marketing some frog skins and the ear-tufts of an owl.

So this afternoon things are looking brighter. And yet, at the mere thought of not going to Twin Hollows, of being thrown on the mercies of some Mountain House, or set on a horse in the Far West, I have been frightened almost into a panic. The water-beetle indeed . . .

THE town is very quiet tonight. The annual student exodus is almost over, although still an occasional truck goes by, piled high with trunks. The Lears intend to stay. Sulzer and Mackintyre are off for the Scottish Lakes, and Cameron, I hear, to the Adirondacks, where he spends his summer in a boat, and minus ghosts, I dare say. I have mailed him the picture today and can only hope Jane does not miss it.

One wonders about men like Cameron. Slight, almost negligible, as is my acquaintance with him—I would not know him in a crowd, even now—there is something of the Scottish dourness in him. He neither smokes nor drinks; he lives austere and alone. He has a reputation as a relentless investigator; it was he who exposed the hauntings at the house on Sabbathday Lake, in Massachusetts.

But he is a believer. That is, he believes in conscious survival after death, and I suspect that he has his own small group here. Among them little Pettingill. It would be a humiliating thought, for me, to feel that after I passed over, as they say, little Pettingill might hale me to him, in the light of a red lamp, and request me to lift a table! . . .

Warren Halliday is on the veranda with Edith. I can hear her bubbling laughter, and his quiet, deep voice. After all, I dare say we must make up our minds to lose her sometime, but it hurts. And it will not be soon. He has not a penny to bless himself with, nor has she. I think, if I were very rich, I would provide an endowment fund for lovers.

But something is wrong with our university system. It takes too long to put a man on a wife-supporting basis. Halliday is twenty-six; he lost two years in the war, and he has another year of law. Truly, Edith will need the eyes of a vulture and the ear-tufts of an owl.

"All houses in which men have lived and suffered and died are haunted houses." But then, all houses are haunted. Why, then, did Jock refuse to enter the house at Twin Hollows

## You Cannot Afford to be Gray

PRESENT day hair dressing makes no allowance for Gray Hair. The shingle, the boyish bob, the masculine pompadour, the chic coiffure of closely bound hair, accents gray, faded, streaked or unevenly colored hair. You cannot afford gray hair no matter how you dress your hair because this is the Day of Youth.

It's so easy to keep your hair youthful. Just a little Brownatone combed or brushed through and you have natural looking locks. You can tint gray, faded or bleached hair any color from lightest blonde to the varying shades of brown or black.

Shampoo or bath do not affect the permanency of color. No rubbing off or washing out. Easy to apply, acts quickly, no muss, fuss or day after day procedure. Apply Brownatone once and thereafter only as new hair grows in. Brownatone is safe. It is guaranteed to be harmless to hair, scalp or skin. Millions of bottles used with uniformly gratifying results.

Sold by over 50,000 drug and department stores, or direct if preferred. Two colors: golden to medium brown and dark brown to black. Two sizes, 50c and \$1.50.

THE KENTON PHARMACAL CO.  
1057 Coppin Bldg., Covington, Ky.  
Canada Address, Windsor, Ont.

We recommend NaTone Lemonated Shampoo for washing the hair. At dealers or direct, 50c



GUARANTEED HARMLESS

### BROWNATONE

TINTS GRAY HAIR ANY SHADE

**SPECIAL OFFER!** Trial Bottle for testing will be sent anywhere in plain package (no publicity) on receipt of 10c to cover cost of packing and postage.

## "THE SAWING QUARTETTE"

American  
Legion of  
Wisconsin  
—Paul  
Florine  
Post No. 166

# Play a Saw

With Our Free Course of Instruction You Can  
—Play in 3 Days—

**We positively Guarantee** that you can play our Musical Saw (using both bow and hammer) within three days by following our simple and easy Course of Instruction. The "Musical Saw" is the easiest to play musical instrument ever invented. No knowledge of music or note reading required.

If you have heard our Musical Saw in Vandeville, over the Radio or from Victor Record 18767, Columbia Record 3767 or Vocalion Record 14766, you are familiar with the soft, mellow tones produced from our musical saws.

The "novelty" of producing such beautiful music from "a saw" makes this instrument "THE HIT" on any program entertainment.

**Start A Saw Quartette** in your Lodge, Legion Post or Club. A novelty organization of this kind will be the talk of the town. Put "pep" into your meetings, make it a feature advertising card at your entertainments, parties, etc.

## Send No Money

Simply fill out the coupon and mail today. We send you the special tempered, tenor (solo) Musical Saw. Soft Hammer and complete Course of Instruction C.O.D. \$4.85 plus the postage. Try out the instrument for three days, if not satisfied with the tone or its easiness to play, return and we will refund your money. No strings to this offer. **YOU ARE THE SOLE JUDGE.** You will be the one to furnish the big surprise at your next Club or Lodge meeting. Then, start a Sawing Trio or Quartette. Complete information on this subject will be mailed to you with the instrument.

**MUSSEHL & WESTPHAL  
FT. ATKINSON, WISCONSIN**

**Now Only**  
**\$4.85**

**Musseh & Westphal  
147 W. Water St.  
St. Atkinson, Wis.**

You may send me the Musical Saw, Soft Hammer and Free Course of Instruction. I will deposit with postage \$4.85 plus postage. If not entirely satisfied I will return the shipment within three days and you will refund my money.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_

The cost of our special "Saw Bow" is \$2.25 extra. check here if you wish Bow sent with instrument. ☐

# Beauty

## A Gleamy Mass of Hair

35c "Danderine" does Wonders for  
Any Girl's Hair



Girls! Try this! When combing and dressing your hair, just moisten your hair-brush with a little "Danderine" and brush it through your hair. The effect is startling! You can do your hair up immediately and it will appear twice as thick and heavy—a mass of gleamy hair, sparkling with life and possessing that incomparable softness, freshness and luxuriance.

While beautifying the hair "Danderine" is also toning and stimulating each single hair to grow thick, long and strong. Hair stops falling out and dandruff disappears. Get a bottle of "Danderine" at any drug or toilet counter and just see how healthy and youthful your hair appears after this delightful, refreshing dressing.

## ASTHMA

The assurance of comfortable repose appeals to every sufferer from Asthma.

The popularity of Vapo Cresolene is due to—

Continuous treatment while the patient enjoys undisturbed rest.

Avoidance of internal medication.

Prompt relief. Unquestionable merit.

**Vapo-Cresolene** "Used while you sleep"

Est. 1879

The household remedy for bronchial troubles

Sold by Druggists

Send for descriptive booklet 11B

THE VAPO-CRESOLENE CO.

62 Cortlandt Street, New York  
or Leeming-Miles Building, Montreal, Canada

today, but crawled under the automobile and remained there, a picture of craven terror, until our departure?

This old house where I am writing tonight, undoubtedly it has seen the passing of more than one human soul. Yet Jock moves through it unconcernedly, his stump of a tail proudly upraised, his head unbowed. His attitude tonight, too, is even slightly more flamboyant than usual, as though to testify that although he may have given the impression of terror during the day, we are laboring under a misapprehension. He but sought the shelter of the car for coolness.

"He may see farther into the spectrum than I do," I said to Helena Lear the other day, and she countered:

"Yes. But *what* does he see?"

OLD Thomas met us in Oakville with the keys and we drove out to the house. I sensed in Jane a reluctance to enter, but she fought it back bravely, and we examined it with a view to our own occupancy. It is in excellent condition and repair, although the white covers over the library furniture and in the den behind gave those rooms a rather ghostly appearance. Jane, I saw, gave only a cursory glance into those rooms, and soon after, pleading the chill inside, moved out into the sunlight.

Edith, however, was enchanted with it all, and said so. She danced through the house, shamelessly courting old Thomas, selecting bedrooms for us all, and peering into closets, and I caught up with her at last on the second floor, looking at the boat-house on the beach beyond the marsh.

"What's above it?" she asked. "Rooms?" "When the old sloop was in commission, the captain slept there," I told her.

"How many rooms?"

"Two, I think, and a sort of kitchenette."

"Are they furnished?"

Old Thomas, being appealed to, said they were, and Edith's face assumed that air of mysterious calculation which I have learned to associate with what she calls "an idea." Whatever it was, however, she kept it to herself, and I left her selecting a bedroom for herself, and putting into it sufficient thought to have served a better purpose.

Her surroundings and belongings are very important to her; and yet I believe she is in love with young Halliday, who can, so far as I see, give her neither . . .

It is a curious thing, to go into a house left, as Twin Hollows has been, without change since old Horace died, and not to find him there; his big armchair near the fireplace in the library, his very pens still on the flat-topped desk, which is the only modern piece in the room, the books he was reading still in the desk rack. I had a curious feeling today that if I raised my voice, I would hear the little cough which was so often his preliminary to speech, from the den beyond.

The den too is unchanged. (Note: From an ugly room, the original kitchen of the old house, he had made it a sort of treasure house of early American old pewter, brought over perhaps in ships which had anchored in the very bay outside, of early framed charters and deeds of land, signed by English kings, hung on the walls above the old paneling, which he himself had found somewhere and installed, of quaint chairs, a settle and an old chest, hooked rugs on the floor, and old glass candlesticks.)

I threw back the covering which protected the desk top, and sat down at it. Just there, in all probability, he had been sitting when the fatal attack took place. He may have felt it coming on, but there was no one to call, poor old chap. We had not been overly close, but the thought of him, writing perhaps, or reading, the sudden consciousness that all was not well, an instant of comprehension, and then the end—it got me, rather.

I think he had been reading. Among the other books on the desk was one with a scrap of

paper thrust in it to mark the place, and a pencil line drawn on the margin of the page to mark a paragraph. But it gives me rather a new line on him. I had always thought that his purchase of a house locally reputed to be haunted, a reputation considerably enhanced by the Riggs woman's tenancy, was a rather magnificent gesture of pure Calvinism.

But tonight I am wondering. The marked paragraph is in a book entitled "Eugenia Riggs and the Oakville Phenomena," and I have brought it home with me. It is a creepy sort of thing, and I find myself looking back nervously over my shoulder as I copy it into this record.

"It is to be borne in mind that the room was always subjected to the most careful preliminary examination. Its walls were plastered, and no doors or windows (see photograph) were near the cabinet. As an additional precaution strings of small bells were placed across all possible entrances and exits, which were also closed and locked.

"It is also to be remembered that the medium herself was always willing to be searched, and this was frequently done by Madame B—. This had been done on the night when the hand was distinctly seen by all present, reaching out and touching those nearest on the shoulder, and later making the impression in the pan of soft putty left in the cabinet.

"It is to be borne in mind too, that, except when the controls rapped for no light, there was always sufficient illumination for us to see the medium clearly. A small red lamp was found to offer least disturbance and was customarily used.

"There was occasional fraud, but *there were also genuine phenomena.*"

The last few words are italicized.

So tonight I am wondering. Does one find, as life goes on, that the lonely human spirit revolts at the thought of eternal peace, and craves a belief in action in the life beyond? Would I not myself, for instance, prefer even coming back and obediently lifting little Pettinill's table to the unadulterated society of the saints?

JUNE 23

THERE is a division in my family. Edith has come out with her plan, which is to "spread out," as she puts it, in the main house at Twin Hollows, and to let Warren Halliday spend his vacation at the boat-house!

"Renting it to him, I suppose?" I inquired over my breakfast bacon.

"Renting it?" she said indignantly. "You wouldn't have the nerve to ask money for that tumble-down place, would you? And anyhow, you can't get blood out of a stone."

There is a terrible frankness about Edith at times.

But Jane is as equally determined not to occupy the house at any cost. It was written all over her yesterday, and there is still an ominous set look about her mouth. Between them I am more or less trimming skiff.

If Jane would be more open it would be easier; if she would only come to me and say that she is afraid of the house I think I could reassure her. It may be that that silly photograph is still in her mind.

But why would she not even stay in the house yesterday? She went out into the garden and picked some of its neglected flowers instead.

"It's a pity not to use them," she said, and then looked at me with such a white and pitiful face that I put my arm around her.

"I must have been a very bad husband," I said, "if you think I am going to force you to live here. Who am I," I added, "against you and Jock?"

But she did not smile.

"If you want to come here," she said, making what I felt was a painful concession, "why couldn't we live at the Lodge? It is really quite sweet. And we could rent this."

"Would that be quite moral, under the



circumstances? I'm not asking the circumstances," I added hastily. "I'm simply putting the question."

"We could ask a lower rent."

There is, I sometimes think, a fundamental difference in the ethical views of men and women. To Jane it is quite proper to let a house with what she believes is a most undesirable quality, if she lowers the price. She does not suggest advertising: "One house, furnished, reputed to be haunted." On the contrary, she proposes to entice tenants with a lower rent, and once having got them there, to be able to say, in effect: "What would you? The house is cheap. True, it has certain disadvantages; I am sorry you have been bothered. But you have saved money."

Aside from this viewpoint, however, the idea is sound enough. We can be comfortable at the Lodge. And—let me always be frank in this Journal—I may have my occasional yearnings for adventure, but they have their limitations, and the talk Edith has reported as taking place between old Thomas and herself yesterday after I left them has revealed these limitations to me.

Edith, on the contrary, finds the situation "really thrilling."

"It's a good house, yes'm," said Thomas. "For them as likes it. I wouldn't be caught dead in it at night myself."

"I hope you never will be," said Edith.

"It ain't nothing you can put your finger on," said Thomas. "It's just knocks and raps, and doors opening and closing. But I say that's enough."

"It sounds like plenty," said Edith. "Of course it may be rats."

"It's a right husky rat that'll open a closed door, and I ain't yet seen a rat that could move a chair. Besides, I ain't ever heard that rats are partial to a red light."

"Now see here, Thomas," Edith reports herself as saying, "either you've said too much or you've said too little. What about a red light? Nothing scandalous, I hope!"

Stripped of further trimming, it appears that some two years ago a small red lamp was installed in the den at Twin Hollows, and is still there, Thomas having declined to destroy it for fear of some dire and mysterious vengeance.

"Not for light, as far as I could see, miss," he said. "I never seen him read by it. But put in it was, and the night it first came Annie Cochran said something came into her room and pulled the covers off her bed."

"How—shameless!" said Edith.

"More than that," he went on stolidly, "the furniture was moving through the house all night, and the next morning she found the tea-kettle sitting in the pantry, and tea had been made in the teapot."

"But surely she did not begrudge the poor things their tea, Thomas? It must be thirsty work, moving furniture and chasing about rapping on things."

"She'd left the kettle on the stove, and there it was," he said doggedly.

Like the lady of color who said to the judge that she had "just sort of lost her taste" for her husband, I begin to lose my taste for this red lamp. But one wonders whether its evil reputation is not a survival from the days of Mrs. Riggs, when "a small red lamp was found to offer the least disturbance and was customarily used."

JUNE 24

EDITH has lost, and Jane has won. We shall spend the summer at the Lodge.

But I feel that Jane's victory brings her no particular pleasure; that even to go to the Lodge is a concession she is making against some hidden apprehension. Yet to show just how baseless are most of these things, this morning Clara has been in a low mood, and I heard Jane inquire the reason.

"I dreamed last night that I'd lost a tooth," said Clara. "That's a sign of death, sure, Mrs. Porter!"

Edith, however, has won in one way. Warren Halliday is to have the boat-house.



## How is Your Throat?

Full of soreness and pain—raw and swollen—sending aches all over your head and body?

If this is your throat—then why not make a few improvements?

Absorbine, Jr., that accomplished liniment and capable antiseptic, will remove the germs and rawness, clear out the aches and pains.

It will promote health and comfort, a clear voice and clean taste.

Men who can't afford to be ill use Absorbine, Jr. daily, as a preventive. As a gargle within and a massage on throat muscles, Absorbine, Jr. is most effective. It is stainless and agreeable.

At all druggists', \$1.25, or postpaid  
Liberal trial bottle, 10c, postpaid

W. F. YOUNG, Inc. Springfield, Mass.

## Absorbine Jr.

THE ANTISEPTIC LINIMENT

### Learn Stenography at Home

EARN \$25 TO \$40 A WEEK

**MONEY BACK GUARANTEE**  
SHORTHAND, TYPEWRITING, BOOKKEEPING taught by our advanced home study method, makes you expert in short time. Fits you for private secretary. Earn while you learn. Practice in spare time. We furnish typewriter. Enormous demand for operators. Free employment service. Hundreds successful graduates. Don't start any business course until you get our free scholarship plan. Send for book today. National Business Institute Dept. 110 3902 Sheridan Road, Chicago



### Coughs and Throat Troubles Promptly Relieved

Contain nothing injurious.

JOHN I. BROWN & SON, Boston, Mass.  
H. F. Ritchie & Co. Inc., Sales Agents, New York.



### FOR FAIRS OR EXHIBITIONS

Display all the decorations and the pictures and novelties with

### MOORE PUSH-PINS

Glass Heads—Steel Points

### MOORE PUSH-LESS HANGERS

"The Hanger with the Twist"

Easy to use; won't injure walls

10c Pkts. Everywhere

MOORE PUSH-PIN CO., Philadelphia, Pa.



### Safe Milk

For Infants, Children, Invalids, Nursing Mothers  
Avoid Imitations

### "The Virginian"

7 rooms, hall and bath



## It's Your Last \$500<sup>00</sup> Saving That Counts Most

WHEN you buy a Bennett Home at direct-mill, wholesale prices you save (1) from \$300 to \$1100; (2) months of building time, know (3) a definite cost before you start—Bennett prices are guaranteed complete, absolutely no extras—(4) get best construction and finish and (5) FREE plans.

Bennett advantages give you a far better home than otherwise you would expect your money to secure.

Send for the new Bennett Homes Book with photo illustrations of over 60 charming permanent homes; also 10 garages—free if you live in U. S. east of Indiana and north of Ohio River; elsewhere sent on receipt of \$1.00

BENNETT HOMES,  
133 Main Street, North Tonawanda, N. Y.

Send me Bennett Homes Book, new low prices, and valuable building facts.

Name .....  
No. and St. ....  
Town ..... State .....

## Bennett Homes

Better-Built Ready-Cut

## 60% of Market Price Hundreds of Diamonds



**\$57**  
3/4-1/32  
Ct.  
Try  
Match at  
**\$100**

### Why Pay Full Prices

**Costs Nothing to See**

At our risk we send you any bargain on approval for free examination. You'll be more than satisfied to see when you try to match at 60% more. Hundreds of the loans unpaid must be sold now. Diamonds, jewels, other gems (also watches) of unusual qualities at unusual startlingly low prices based on loan values not the regular market values. Also many bargains from big cash deals direct with European diamond cutters. Diamonds as low as \$50 per Ct. Still more desirable qualities at \$125 per Ct. and upward.



**\$62.45**  
3/4-1/6, 6/4  
Carat

**\$48**  
8 Diamonds  
White Gold  
Setting  
Ring

This 3/4 less 1/32 carat diamond solitaire (absolutely genuine) of snappy, fiery brilliancy at \$57 is just one of hundreds of equally amazing offers in recent diamond bargain list. Never throughout three-quarters of a century have we been able to offer more startling values.

Yet the reason should be clear. This 75-year-old firm through its soundest of policies has an ever growing business. This largest and oldest diamond banking institution of its kind in all the world has the highest rating and over \$1,000,000.00 capital. We have made loans on diamonds, jewels, etc., in excess of \$25,000,000 and still doing an ever increasing loan business.



**\$189**  
1 1/2-1/8  
Ct.  
Blue-White

**\$55**  
2 Ct.  
Show Cluster

### Loan LIST FREE NOW

Edition limited. Don't delay. Write at once for latest bargain bulletin—includes loans unpaid. Entirely different listings—unpaid loans and other special advantage bargains in vast array pictured and described in full detail—exact carat weight, color quality, etc. Diamond bargains with guaranteed cash loan values. Unlimited exchange privileges at price paid up. Get details of Examination Offer. No obligation. List is free. Send postcard or

**Mail Coupon NOW**

**Jos. DeRoy & Sons,**  
Only Opposite Post Office  
1030 DeRoy, Bldg., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Without obligation, send me free, your latest Bargain List of Diamonds, Watches and other jewelry.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

### TEACH YOUR CHILD at Home

by famous Calvert School  
methods

and give him a better education in this way than he can get at most day schools. Write

Calvert School, 4 Chase St.  
Baltimore, Md.



### Eat and Be Well!

A condensed set of health rules—many of which may be easily followed right in your own home, or while traveling. You will find in this little book a wealth of information about food elements and their relation to physical welfare.

**Control Your Weight Without  
Drugs or Tiresome Exercises**  
Effective weight control diets, acid and bland diets, laxative and blood-building diets, and diets used in the correction of various chronic maladies.

The book is for FREE circulation. Not a mail order advertisement. Name and address on card will bring it without cost or obligation.



**HEALTH EXTENSION BUREAU**  
224 Good Health Bldg., Battle Creek, Mich.

We motored out together today, I to look over the Lodge more carefully, and Halliday to inspect his prospective quarters. He is thoroughly likeable, a nice clean-cut young fellow, not too handsome but manly and with a good war record, and badly cut up at his failure to find a job for the summer.

On the way out I told him something of the history of the house, and a little—very little—of Jane's nervousness concerning it.

"Of course," he said, "it's all nonsense. But a surprising number of people are going bugs on it."

"Darned uncomfortable nonsense, too."

"It's not only that, sir. It's dangerous. Imagine what a general conviction of this sort would do? Think of the fellows who find things getting a bit thick for them here, and how quickly they'd hop out of it! Think of the crimes it would cause. And take wars. Nobody would care whether he lived or not. Talk about civilization going! Why, the whole darned populace would go."

In view of that conversation, it was interesting later, that day at the Lodge, to have old Thomas intimate that Uncle Horace had not died a natural death, but had "seen something" which had caused it.

As a matter of fact, he brought out certain rather curious facts, which appear to have been somehow overlooked, or at least considered unimportant, at the inquest.

For instance, Uncle Horace had been writing at his desk when the attack came. His pen was found on the floor. But there was no sign of what he had been writing, save for a mark on the fresh blotter, as if he had blotted something there. The most curious thing, however, according to old Thomas, was the matter of the lights.

When Annie Cochran found him the following morning, on the floor beside his desk, all the lights were out, including his desk lamp.

"But the red lamp was going in the den," said old Thomas. "It didn't make much light, so nobody noticed it until the doctor came. He saw it right off. I leave it to you, what shut off that desk lamp?"

I rather gather from Thomas that the ill-repute of the red lamp has spread over the countryside. The house had a bad reputation to start with, which Mrs. Riggs's tenancy did nothing to redeem, and now comes Annie Cochran and her red lamp, and a fairly poor outlook so far as renting the property is concerned.

There has been, according to Thomas, considerable interest as to whether we will inhabit the house or not, and if ever I saw relief in a man's face it was in his when I announced the decision. As Halliday observes, it would be interesting to know if either Annie Cochran or Thomas has ever heard that red is the best light for so-called psychic phenomena . . .

THE Lodge proves to be weather-proof and in good condition, and the boat-house quite livable, with the addition of a few things from the main house. It will need thorough screening, however, on account of the numerous mosquitoes.

(Note: It is necessary, for the sake of the narrative, to describe the boat-house. It is built up on piles which raise it above tide level, and the dory and canoe belonging to the house are stored in the lower portion of it in winter. The old sloop, however, not in commission for several years, was at this time anchored to a buoy about a hundred yards out in the bay, and showed plainly the buffeting of wind and tide.

Across the salt marsh, from the foot of the lawn, extends a raised wooden runway which led to the boat-house and the beach. This walk also prolongs itself into a sort of ramshackle pier, from which a runway extends to a wooden float. At the time of our visit examination showed the float badly in need of repair, a number of the barrels which supported it having more or less gone to pieces.

It was, as will be seen, while Halliday was

## Cosmopolitan for March, 1925

repairing this float that he made that discovery which was later to see the commencement of my troubles.

All in all, Jane's scheme is practical, although Edith is frankly disappointed.

"I would have looked so sweet on that terrace!" she says, and makes a dreadful face.

I have asked her to say nothing to Jane about old Thomas's ravings, as she calls them. She has agreed, but accuses me of extreme terror, and maintains that I am merely putting the responsibility on Jane.

"You know perfectly well," she says, "that you believe in ghosts. And if you rent that house old Horace ought to come back and haunt you."

But she is secretly pleased. She sees herself in the cottage, in a bungalow apron, presenting a picture of lovely but humble domesticity to young Halliday, and thus forcing his hand. For if I know anything of Edith, she is going to marry him. And if I know anything of Halliday, he is going to marry nobody he cannot support.

It may be an interesting summer . . . Curious about that lamp on the desk, the night the poor old chap passed away. Of course, he might have turned it out and risen to go up-stairs when he felt the attack coming on. But wouldn't he have laid the pen down first? One would do that automatically.

It's a pity the blotting pad has been destroyed.

JUNE 25

THE last, or almost the last word, Uncle Horace wrote the night of his death was "danger."

But how much significance am I to attach to that? We speak of the danger of taking cold, of levity in the lecture room, of combining lobster and ice-cream. To poor old Horace there would have been danger in overexertion; in that sense of the word he was always in danger. But it was not a word he was apt to use lightly.

Yet—what conceivable danger could have threatened him?

This morning, clearing my desk preparatory to our exodus, I resorted to an old trick of mine. I turned over my large desk blotter and presented a fresh and unblemished side to the world. It came to me then that, since the invention of blotters, neatness has been established by this method with a minimum of effort, and that it might have been resorted to by Annie Cochran.

After luncheon I started to Twin Hollows with the back of the car piled high with a varied assortment of breakable toilet articles, a lamp or two, and a certain number of dishes. The Lodge was open, and Annie Cochran vigorously cleaning it, and having deposited my fragile load there, I wandered up to the main house.

Thomas was cutting the lawn, with a mare borrowed for the purpose pulling the old horse mower, and the Oakville constable, Starr, who is also the local carpenter, was replacing old boards with new on the raised walk to the beach. What with the sunlight, the put-put of a two-cycle engine in a passing motor-boat, a flock of knock-about and sloops poised on the water like great butterflies, and the human activities about, the absurdity of abandoning the old house to some unappreciative tenant grew on me.

"Hear you're going to live in the Lodge," said Starr, spitting over the rail.

"Mrs. Porter feels the main house is too large for us."

He eyed me sharply. "Yes," he said. "Pretty big house. Well, I'm in a dollar on it."

"A dollar?"

"I bet you'd never live in it," he said, and there was a furtive gleam of amusement in his eye as he marked a board preparatory to sawing it.

"It's my opinion, Starr," I said, "that you people around here have talked this place into disrepute."

"Maybe we have," he said non-committally.

"Mr. Horace Porter lived there for twenty years."

"And died there," he reminded me.

"Of chronic heart trouble."

"So the doctor says."

"But you don't think so?"

"I know he had got a right forcible knock on the head, too."

"I thought that came from his fall."

"Well, it may have," he said, and signified the end of the conversation by falling to work with his saw. I waited, but he evidently felt he had said enough, and his further speech was guarded in the extreme. He didn't know whether Mr. Porter had been writing or not when it happened. No, he'd been the first to get there, and he had seen no paper.

Asked if he had had any reason, any experience of his own, to make him wager we would not live in the house, he only shook his head. But as I started back he called after me.

"I don't know as there's any truth in it," he said. "But they do say, on still nights, that he's been heard coughing around the place. I ain't ever heard it myself."

So Thomas thinks that Uncle Horace was frightened to death, and Starr intimates that he was murdered, and all this was seething in the minds of these country people a year ago, without its reaching me at all. There had been no inquest; simply, as I recall, Doctor Hayward notifying the Coroner by telephone, and giving organic heart disease as the cause of death.

I was, I admit, startled this morning as I turned back to the main house. But I knew the tendency of small inbred communities to feed on themselves, for lack of outside nutriment, and by the time I had reached the terrace I was putting Starr's statement about a blow in the same class with the peculiar cough heard at night.

I went into the house to find that Annie Cochran had turned the blotter, and that the last word the poor old boy had written had been "danger."

JUNE 26

WE ARE settled tonight in the Lodge, and whatever Edith may say as to its romantic outside appearance, within it is frankly hideous. It is all a cottage should not be. From the old parlor organ down-stairs to beds that dip in the center above, it is atrocious. Yet tonight Jane is a happy woman.

Can it be that women require rest from their possessions, as for instance I do from my dinner clothes? That it gives them the same sense of freedom to don, speaking figuratively, a parlor organ and the cheapest of other furnishings, as it does me to put on my ancient fishing garments?

Or is Jane simply relieved?

I confess that tonight with Larkin's advertisement for the other house before me, I feel not only in the position of a man attempting to sell a gold brick, but that I have a secret hankering for the gold brick myself.

"For rent for the season, large handsomely furnished house on bay three miles from Oakville. Beautiful location. Thirty-two acres, landscaped. Flower and kitchen gardens. Low rental."

Yet I dare say we shall do well enough. After all, there comes a time when ambition ceases to burn, or romance to stir, and the highest cry of the human heart is for peace. Here, I feel, is peace.

I have brought with me those books which all the year I have promised myself to read, so that my small room overflows with them; a spare note-book or two for this Journal, to be filled probably with the weights of fish and the readings of the barometer; Jane for solid affection, Edith for the joy of life, and Jock for companionship.

But the latter I am questioning tonight. Jock has deserted me. He will not occupy the window seat of my room, although his comforter is neatly spread upon it. When I showed it to him he leaped up obediently, then glanced out the window, toward the main house,

emitted a long and melancholy howl, and with an air of firmness not to be gainsaid retired under the bed in Jane's room, which faces toward the highroad. Nor could I later coax him past the main house for a moonlight stroll upon the beach.

He joined me there later, having reached it by some devious route of his own through the marsh, but without enthusiasm.

Later: There has been a wild excitement here, and only now have we quieted down. It is clear that already Clara has heard some of the local talk.

At eleven o'clock we heard wild screams from Clara's attic bedroom, and all three of us arrived there in varying stages of undress. Clara was outside her door, which was closed, and was hysterically shrieking that there was a blue light under her bed.

I opened the door, entered the room, which was dark, and stooped down. There was a blue light there, luminous and spectral, and my very scalp prickled. I think, had it not been for the women outside, I would have howled like a dog. And the worst of it was that it had an eye, a large staring eye that gazed at me with all the concentrated malevolence in the world.

It was a moment before I could say in an unshaken voice:

"Turn on the lights, somebody."

There was a delay until the switch was found, and for that moment the blue light stared at me and I at it. I heard Edith flop down on the floor beside me and give a little yelp, and Clara sniveling outside and saying she would never go into that room again. Never.

Then Jane turned on the lights, and I saw under the bed the large phosphorescent head of a dead fish, brought by Jock from the beach and carefully cached there!

JUNE 27

I HAVE found Uncle Horace's letter, and in a manner so curious that there can be, it seems to me, but two interpretations of it. One is that, somehow, I have had all along a subconscious knowledge of its presence behind the drawer. But I hesitate to accept that. I am orderly by instinct, and when I went over the desk after his death, the merest indication of a paper caught behind the drawer would have sent me after it.

The other explanation is that I received a telepathic message. It came, as I fancy such messages must come, not from outside but from within. I heard nothing; it welled up, above the incoherent and vague wanderings of a mind not definitely in action, in a clear-cut and definite form. "Take out the bottom drawer on the right."

But if I am to accept telepathy, I am to believe that I am not alone in my knowledge of this letter. Yet considering the tone of it, the awful possibility it indicates, who could have such a knowledge and yet keep it to himself?

How did it get behind the drawer? If the brownish smudge on the corner turns out to be blood, and I think it is, then it was placed in the drawer after he died. Annie Cochran and Thomas both deny having seen any paper about. The doctor, perhaps? But would he not have read it first?

It had been crumpled into a ball, and thrown into the drawer, and the subsequent opening of the drawer had pushed it back, out of sight. So much is clear.

But—after he fell!

Suppose—and in the privacy of this Journal I may surely let my imagination wander—suppose then, that some other hand picked up this paper, ignorant of its contents, and in a hurried attempt to put the room to order, flung it into the drawer? Or toward the waste basket beside it, and it fell short? Suppose, in a word, that he was not alone when he died? Suppose that some other hand, again, turned out the desk light and the others, and somehow overlooked the dim red lamp in the next room, or left it to see the way to escape?

I must not let my nerves run away with me. Murder is an ugly word, and after all we have Hayward's verdict of death by heart-failure.



## \$20-a-Week Clerk now Auditor at \$25 a Day

Seven years ago, J. H. Hackney, a Florida man, was employed in a grocery store at \$20 a week.

"Recently," he writes, "the Hackney Audit Company, of which I am president, was employed by the same grocer under contract to make an audit at our regular rate of \$25 a day."

Real progress, that! And how simple his explanation. "Increased efficiency has always meant increased earnings. *Hard work on a LaSalle course in Higher Accountancy will do it.*"

"Within six and a half months after receipt of the first lesson," writes J. B. Lewis, a Missouri man, "your training secured for me a \$25 a month increase in salary, followed by a second \$25 increase three and a half months later—or a total increase of about \$400 before I had mailed the last lesson of the prescribed course."

## You Have the Same Good Opportunity

Is it worth 2c and two minutes of your time to learn in detail of the opportunities that would be yours in the field of Accountancy? Are you really *in earnest* when you say that you want to get ahead?

Then fill out and mail the coupon—there's not the slightest obligation—and read the enthusiastic testimony of men still in their twenties and early thirties who have broken away from the low-pay ranks and today are expert accountants—with incomes ranging from \$3,000 to \$10,000 a year. With these records of achievement we will send you also a copy of "Ten Years' Promotion in One," the story of how one man, after many wanderings, found the shorter pathway to success.

Your start toward a bigger salary is as near you as the point of your pencil. For the sake of a brighter future—ACT.

**LASALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY**  
The World's Largest Business Training Institution  
Dept. 355-HR Chicago, Illinois

Please send me a copy of "Accountancy, the Profession that Pays," also a copy of "Ten Years' Promotion in One," all without obligation to me.

☐ **Higher Accountancy**  
Training for positions as Auditor, Comptroller, Certified Public Accountant, Cost Accountant, etc.

**Other LaSalle Opportunities**

LaSalle opens the way to success in every important field of business. If more interested in one of the fields indicated below, check here:

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Business Management                         | <input type="checkbox"/> Banking and Finance                 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Modern Salesmanship                         | <input type="checkbox"/> Modern Foremanship                  |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Traffic Management                          | <input type="checkbox"/> Production Methods                  |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Railway Station Management                  | <input type="checkbox"/> Personnel and Employment Management |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Law, Degree of LL. B.                       | <input type="checkbox"/> Expert Bookkeeping                  |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Commercial Law                              | <input type="checkbox"/> Business English                    |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Industrial Management                       | <input type="checkbox"/> Commercial Spanish                  |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Efficiency                                  | <input type="checkbox"/> Effective Speaking                  |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Modern Business Correspondence and Practice | <input type="checkbox"/> C. P. A. Coaching                   |

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Present Position \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_





## Luscious Grapes FROM YOUR OWN GARDEN

Super size three year old bearing age vines grown expressly to produce quick results. All plants heavily rooted, hardy Northern grown.

### We Offer Only the Choicest Varieties

Concord, Black	Delaware, Red
Ives, Black	Lucile, Red
Campbells, early, Black	Niagara, White
Brighton, Red	Green Mountain, White

Our beautiful free 32-page catalogue "P" illustrated in colors describes not only "Glenwood Crown" grape plants but all kinds of fruits, berries, evergreens, nut and shade trees, flowering shrubs and ornamentals.

**GLEN BROTHERS, INC.,**  
Nurserymen and Landscape Architects,  
GLENWOOD NURSERY, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

## PATENTS-TRADE MARKS PROTECTED-REGISTERED

A comprehensive, experienced, prompt service for the protection and development of your ideas. Booklet of information, advice and form for disclosing ideas, free on request. RICHARD S. OWEN, 4 Owen Bldg., Washington, D. C., or 41 C Park Row, N. Y. City.



## You Can Have Luxuriant Lashes

Long heavy lashes will make your eyes look deep and luminous. Use Lashlux, a colorless cream, on your lashes to increase their growth. Pat a little into the roots at night—you will be amazed to see how quickly your lashes show the results of this nourishment in a long luxuriant growth.

Lashlux should be used also after powdering to restore the natural oils dried by the powder. Apply it by itself or over Winx, the liquid lash darkener, to give the lashes a beautiful gloss.

There are brown and black Lashlux, too, for those who prefer a light makeup. These, or colorless, 50c.

At drug, department stores or by mail.

ROSS COMPANY  
240 West 17th Street New York

# LASHLUX

means luxuriant lashes

But a sufficient shock, or a blow, might have brought that on. Fright, even, for the poor old chap was frightened when he wrote that letter. Trembling but uncompromising. That was like him.

"I realize fully the unpleasantness of my own situation; even, if you are consistent, its danger. But—"

But what? But in spite of this I shall do as I have threatened, probably.

I am profoundly moved tonight. We did not love one another, but he was old and alone, and menaced by some monstrous wickedness. Just what that wickedness was no one can say, but I fully believe tonight that he died of it . . .

This morning I went with Edith to the main house, she to select some odds and ends for the boat-house, against Halliday's coming, and I to clear out the library desk, to have it moved to the Lodge.

Edith was in high spirits as I unlocked the front door, and was gravely telling Thomas, who accompanied us, that we had seen a blue light under Clara's bed the night before. But he expressed no surprise.

"Plenty of them, folks tell me," he said. "First time I've heard of them in the Lodge, though."

"Oh!" said Edith, slightly daunted. "So there are lights, too."

"Yes'm," he replied. "Annie Cochran, she had one here, used to hang around the shower-bath off the gun-room. And there used to be plenty outside. Fellows setting trawl out in the bay used to see them over the swamp."

"Marsh gas," I suggested.

"Maybe," he said, with his take-it-or-leave-it attitude, and we went into the house.

There Edith and Thomas left me, and I opened the shutters of the library and sat down at the desk. I could hear Edith insisting on seeing the shower-bath off the gun-room. Then their voices died away, and I began to go through the desk once more. All important papers had been taken away after the death, and the drawers contained the usual riff-raff of such depositories, old keys, ancient check-books, their stubs filled in Uncle Horace's neat hand.

Naturally, I was thinking of him. More or less, I was concentrated on him, if this is any comfort to my spiritualistic friends. He had, indeed, when he was stricken, fallen out of the very chair in which I sat and had apparently cut his head badly on the corner of the desk. All this was in my mind, as I closed the last drawer and surveyed the heap of rubbish on the desk.

I SUPPOSE I was subconsciously reconstructing the night of his death, when he had penned that word "danger" which now lay, clearly outlined in reverse, on the blotter. And that when I wandered into the den, looking for a place to store what Lear calls the detritus piled up on the desk, I was still thinking of it. But I cannot feel that my entrance into the room, or my idly switching on the red lamp which stood there, had the slightest connection with the message I seemed to receive: "Take out the bottom drawer on the right."

I have heard people who believe in this sort of thing emphasize the peculiar insistence of the messages, and this was true in this case. I do not recall that there was any question in my mind, either, as to which bottom drawer on the right I was to remove. But I must record here a rather curious incident which my spiritualistic friends would add to the picture as proof positive of its other-earth origin.

Edith came back. I could hear her in the library.

"I've found Annie Cochran's blue light," she called. "A piece of phosphorescent wood. No wonder this neighborhood's haunted!" Then she came into the doorway, with Thomas behind her, and suddenly stopped.

"Why!" she said. "What funny shadows?" "Shadows?"

Then she laughed and ran her fingers across her eyes.

"My error," she said. "When I came in I seemed to see a sort of cloud under the ceiling. It's gone now."

Old Thomas stood by, quietly.

"Lots of folks have seen them shadows," he said. "Some say they're red and some brown. I ain't ever seen them myself, so I can't say." He turned to go. "Maybe it's phosphorescence!" he said, and went away with a sort of hideous silent mirth shaking him.

Behind the drawer I found the letter.

(Note: I made no copy of the letter in the original Journal, so I give it here:

Unfinished letter of Mr. Horace Porter, addressed to some one unknown, and dated the day of his death, June 27 of the preceding year:

I am writing this in great distress of mind, and in what I feel is a righteous anger. It is incredible to me that you cannot see the wickedness of the course you have proposed.

In all earnestness I appeal to you to consider the enormity of the idea. Your failure to comprehend my own attitude to it, however, makes me believe that you may be tempted to go on with it. In that case I shall feel it my duty, not only to go to the police but to warn society in general.

I realize fully the unpleasantness of my own situation, even, if you are consistent, its danger. But—

And there the letter ended.  
The letter had not been finished.)

JUNE 28

I SLEPT very little last night, and this morning made an excuse to go up to town with the letter. Larkin had telephoned me that he had had an inquiry on the house through Cameron, and this gave me a pretext. Jane at first wished to go with me, but Edith coaxed her into helping with the rooms over the boat-house, and I finally got away.

Larkin is impressed with the letter, but does not necessarily see its connection with Uncle Horace's death.

"After all," he said, "you've got your medical man's statement that he died of heart-failure. Suppose he was scared to death—that isn't a crime in law. And you've got to remember the old gentleman was pretty much of a pepper pot. He attacked me almost as violently as that once for my politics!"

"He didn't threaten you with the police, did he?"

"No. He recommended a sanitarium, I think. You haven't an idea who it's meant for, you say?"

"Not the slightest. He hadn't any friends, intimates, so far as I know. The Livingstones, very decent people with a big place about six miles from him, his doctor, and myself—that's about all."

"Enormity of the idea," he read again. "Of course that might be a new poison gas, or this thing the press as always scaring up, the death ray. Some fellow with a bee in his bonnet, you may be sure."

"That wouldn't imply danger to himself."

"Any fellow with a bee in his bonnet is dangerous," he said, and gave me back the letter.

"Of course," he went on, "you've made a nice point about the stain on the corner. If it's blood, it's hardly likely he got up again and put it where you found it. But I think you'll find the servant there, what's her name, picked it up in her excitement and threw it into the drawer. People don't always know what they do at such times. However, if you like, I'll have that stain tested and see what it is."

I tore off the corner, and left him putting it carefully into an envelope. He glanced up as I prepared to go.

"What's this I hear about your keeping off demons by drawing some sort of a cabalistic design around yourself?" he asked. "You'd better let me in on it; I need a refuge now and then."

Cos  
Wh  
eterna  
he ba  
travel  
New  
with h  
with h  
virile  
And  
an emi  
"Re  
"and t  
peaca  
the ten  
haunte  
quitos  
He l  
propert  
day aft  
We h  
very c  
brough  
daught  
red-che  
and ba  
than ci  
"Suro  
aren't a  
"Not  
shivers.  
her statu  
there h  
The h  
Edith h  
one or  
possessi  
Jane  
sits on  
see her  
other h  
do I. I  
does not  
have ad  
faire.  
But s  
tures of  
she put  
"I ha  
lately,"  
Edith do  
The r  
lowed e  
Jane int  
evening.  
And so  
generally  
of Edith  
early, pr  
retiring i  
I make  
is, I thin  
At ten  
looks to  
out the g  
a half-ho  
looks for  
the door,  
Behind t  
Later:  
to shock  
black jap  
she uses  
pictures,  
house and  
"But I  
"I am  
house, W  
lution. "  
and you c  
or somet  
She has  
Helena L  
and it car  
the eye.  
her bugat  
JANE is  
be, althou  
print or t  
It is v

Which proves that a man may shout the eternal virtues and be unheard forever, but if he babble nonsense in a wilderness it will travel around the world.

Nevertheless, I am the better for the talk with him. I have been too closely consorting with my women kind, probably; the most virile man can become effeminized in time. And Larkin's attitude as to renting the house is an eminently sane one.

"Rent it without saying anything," he said, "and ten to one whoever takes it will have a peaceable summer. But do as you suggest, tell the tenant the place has the reputation of being haunted, and ghosts will be as thick as mosquitoes from the start."

He has asked for some photographs of the property, and I have promised them for the day after tomorrow . . .

We have settled down into our routine here very comfortably. Our eggs and milk are brought each morning by a buxom farmer's daughter, one Maggie Morrison, a sturdy red-cheeked girl who drives in a small truck, and backs and turns before the Lodge rather than circle around the main house.

"Surely," I said to her yesterday, "you aren't afraid of the place in daylight?"

"Not afraid," she said, "but it gives me the shivers." And weakened that somewhat by her statement that she never liked a place where there had been a death.

The boat-house is ready for young Halliday. Edith has put in it a great deal of love and one or two of my most treasured personal possessions.

Jane is very serene. Now and then, as she sits on our small veranda with her tapestry, I see her raise her eyes and glance toward the other house, but she does not mention it, nor do I. I notice that, like Maggie Morrison, she does not go very near to it, but she appears to have adopted successfully an attitude of *laissez faire*.

But she absolutely refused to take the pictures of the house Larkin asks for. Not that she put it like that.

"I haven't had any luck with the camera lately," she said. "You take them, or let Edith do it."

The result of the collaboration, which followed early this afternoon, is still in doubt. Jane intends to develop and print them this evening.

And so our life goes on. We retire early, I generally slightly scented from the cold cream of Edith's good night kiss. Clara, too, goes up early, probably looking under her bed before retiring into it. And Jane sits and sews while I make my nightly entry in this Journal; she is, I think, both jealous and suspicious of it.

At ten o'clock or so we let Jock out, and he looks toward the main house and then turns out the gates and into the highroad, where for a half-hour or so he chases rabbits and possibly looks for a bear. At ten-thirty he scratches at the door, and we admit him and go up to bed. Behind the drain-pipe! . . .

Later: I have just had a surprise amounting to shock. Jane finds she has forgotten the black japanned lantern with a red slide which she uses in the mysterious rites of developing pictures, and suggests that we go to the other house and use the red lamp there.

"But I can bring it here."

"I am through being silly about the other house, William," she says with an air of resolution. "Anyhow, the pantry there is better, and you can sit in the kitchen. Bring a book or something."

She has, poor Jane, very much the air of Helena Lear's kitten, the day Jock cornered it and it came out resolutely and looked him in the eye. In effect, Jane is going out to meet her bugaboo and stare it down.

JUNE 29

JANE is in bed today, and I am not all I might be, although I managed to get an indifferent print or two to Larkin this morning.

It is well enough for cold-blooded and

nerveless individuals to speak of fear as a survival of that time when, in our savage state, we were surrounded by enemies, dangers, and a thousand portents in skies we could not comprehend; and to insist that when knowledge comes in at the door, fear and superstition fly out of the window.

It is only in his head that man is heroic; in the pit of his stomach he is always a coward.

Yet, stripped of its trimmings—the empty, echoing house, its reputation, and my own private thoughts about its possible tragedy—the incident loses much of its terror; is capable, indeed, of a quite normal explanation.

That is, that Jane either saw some one outside the pantry window, or was the victim of a subjective image of her own producing . . . To put the affair in consecutive shape.

At eleven o'clock I had moved the red lamp from the den in the other house to the pantry and there connected it. I also lighted the kitchen, and established myself there with "The Life and Times of Cavour," a book which I considered safe and sufficiently unexciting under the circumstances.

Jane seemed to be going very well beyond the pantry door, and after a time I ceased the reassuring whistling with which I had been affirming my continued presence within call, and grew absorbed in my book.

It must have been eleven-fifteen when she called out to me sharply to know where a cold wind was coming from, and although I felt no such air I closed the kitchen door. It was within a couple of minutes of that, or thereabouts, that I suddenly heard her give a low moan, and the next instant there was the crash of a falling body.

When I opened the pantry door I found her in a dead faint, underneath the window. When she revived, she maintained that she had seen Uncle Horace.

HER statement runs about as follows: She had not felt particularly uneasy on entering the house, "although I had expected to," she admits. Nor at the beginning of operations in the pantry.

The cold air, however, had had a peculiar quality to it; it "froze" her, she says; she felt rigid with it.

And it continued after she heard me close the kitchen door.

This wind, she says, was not only so cold that she called to me, but she had an impression that it was coming from somewhere near at hand, and she seemed to see the curtains blowing out at the window. The lower sash was down, as she could tell by the reflection of the red lamp in it, but she went to the window to see if the upper sash had for some reason been lowered.

With the darkness outside, the glass had become a sort of mirror, and she said her own figure in it startled her for a moment. She stood staring at it, when she realized that she was not alone in the room.

Clearly reflected, behind and over her right shoulder, was a face.

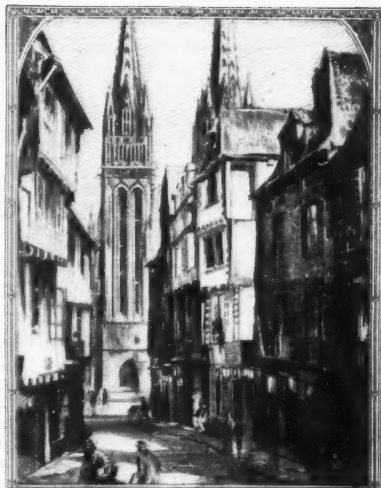
It disappeared almost instantly, and I have my own private doubts about her recognition of it as Uncle Horace, which I believe is *post facto*. But I am obliged to admit that Jane saw something, either outside the window and looking in, or the creation of her own excited fancy.

As soon as I could leave her I went outside, but I could find no one there, and this morning I find that my own footprints under the window have entirely obliterated anything else that may have been there.

Jane herself believes it was Uncle Horace, but I cannot find that she received anything more than an indistinct impression of a face. She rather startled me this morning, however, by asking me if I had ever thought that Uncle Horace had not died a natural death.

"Why in the world should I think such a thing?"

But pressed for an explanation she merely said she had heard that the spirits of those who have died violent deaths are more likely to



### The spirit of France begins when you pass Sandy Hook

IF you could take a little grey cobble-stoned corner of old Tours, and could carry it through the air to America, would you have France?

No. France isn't brick and stone. It's alive—human. France is French people, living—shaping inanimate things to the French pattern.

That's why French Line boats are France afloat. When you walk up the gangplank, you're in France . . . You can book round trip passage for \$162, tourist class, with individual cabins.

## French Line

19 State Street, New York  
Agencies in Principal Cities of the United States

# EUROPE

Attractive Tours—\$540 and up

36 Days and Longer. Frequent Sailings—Most Complete Itineraries Italy, Spain, Switzerland, France, Belgium, Holland, England, Germany, Mediterranean and Continental Countries.

Official Agents All Steamship Lines

One of the oldest Travel Organizations in the world. 50 years of satisfactory experience with the traveling public and permanent offices in Europe assure our clients many advantages. Our Tours have no equal—the personal attention we give each Tour guarantees the best of service throughout. Send for "Book A."

**FRANK TOURIST CO.**

542 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

219 So. 15th St., Philadelphia

582 Market St., San Francisco. At Bank of America, Los Angeles.

(Est. 1875)

Paris

Calro

London

**NORWAY AND WESTERN MEDITERRANEAN CRUISE JULY 1. SPECIALLY CHARTERED CUNARD "LANCASTRIA." 35 DAYS. \$650 UP.**  
1925. ROUND THE WORLD. JAN 20. SUPERB S. S. LACONIA. 128 DAYS INCLUDING PEKING: \$1250 UP.  
MEDITERRANEAN, JAN. 25. 62 DAYS. \$600 UP.  
GOOD SUMMER TOURS TO EUROPE

FRANK C. CLARK, Times Building, New York

This coupon will bring you  
**FREE of charge our booklet,**  
"How to See Europe  
at Moderate Cost"

DON'T fail to see it before you decide on your European trip. Gates Tours are planned and managed by skilled experts with over 30 years of successful experience.

Mail this Coupon today!

GATES TOURS—Dept. C-3,  
225 Fifth Ave., New York



# Go!

**B**BROADEN your horizon! Get a new viewpoint. Change the scene. Buy a safe travel bond that pays more than 6% for life and let the days at sea solve the greatest six letter word known to cross-word puzzles—**HEALTH.**

But just where shall you go? Probably England and Scotland, the first irresistible goal of European travelers; almost as surely you'll want to see the battlefields of France; and Paris—city of every traveler's dream; then on to Switzerland the tourists' wonderland—stupendous mountains and charming lakes dotted with chalets and picturesque hamlets; or perhaps you'll hear sunny Italy's call with its unequalled palaces and temples of art and world-known cities: Rome, Florence, Venice—each a revelation of beauty. Or you may want to add Holland, Belgium or Germany, characteristic and fascinating worlds in themselves.

At any rate our brochure "That Trip to Europe" (Number 6) tells briefly of the travel treasures of Europe.

It gives you practicable information on steamship tickets, passports, money and exchange, baggage, tips, motoring abroad, expenses. It also includes a list of steamship lines to Europe.



10c  
With Travel Map

Or, you can order a complete set of thirteen Travel Booklets for only 80 cents.

## ANSWERS TO CROSS WORLD PUZZLE (See February Issue)

### Horizontal

1. Cosmopolitans
9. Are
10. Moo
11. Loons
13. Eve
14. Bog
15. Ore
17. Ti
18. El
19. Av
20. It
22. C. P.
23. B. C.

25. Erne
27. Moe
28. Ague
30. Io
31. S. S.
32. N. S.
34. Ar
35. Eh
37. Pa
39. Traveling
43. Too
45. R. I.
46. In
47. Ode
49. Leaflet.

### Vertical

1. Cam
2. Or
3. Service
4. Problems
5. Lingayen
6. America
7. N. O.
8. Son
12. Oo
13. Et
16. Et
21. Orient

24. Europe
26. No
29. Ga
31. Share
33. Spine
35. Er
36. Le
38. An
39. To
40. Via
41. Lill
42. Go
44. Ob
48. Do

## COSMOPOLITAN MAGAZINE CRUISE

**C**RUISE the Caribbean! Leave New York March 7, 1925.

23 Days—All expenses, \$350.

For particulars write COSMOPOLITAN TRAVEL SERVICE or United Fruit Company or any Tourist Agency. Free booklet upon request.

## Write for These Booklets:

### Special Cosmopolitan Magazine Cruise Booklet

6. *That Trip to Europe*, 10c.  
Two New Cruise Brochures

12. *Around the World Cruising*, 10c

13. *Mediterranean Cruising*, 10c

By D. E. LORENZ, PhD.

1. South America and Central America, 4c.
2. Southern Europe and the Mediterranean, 4c.
3. The Pacific Coast and the Great Southwest, 4c.
4. The Orient, 4c.
5. Florida, Bermuda and the West Indies, 4c.
7. The Canadian Rockies and Northwest National Parks, 6c.

8. National Parks of Colorado and California, 6c.

9. The Great Lakes and St. Lawrence Valley, 6c.

10. New England and Adirondacks, 6c.

11. New York and Surrounding Resorts, 6c

### Cosmopolitan Travel Service.

119 West 40th Street, New York City

Enclosed find.....cents in stamps. Please send me booklets Nos..... (If you care to give the following additional information it will help us to help you.)

I plan to travel in (Names of countries or localities) .....

How Many Going? .....

I will leave (Date) .....

Name .....

Address .....

**COSMOPOLITAN TRAVEL SERVICE**  
119 West 40th Street, New York, N. Y.



appear than of others who have passed peaceably away; that the desire to acquaint the world with the circumstances of the tragedy is overwhelming!

What seems much more likely is that she has caught from me, with that queer gift of hers, some inkling of my own anxiety . . .

Larkin's report from the laboratory shows that the stain on the corner of the letter is blood. One lives and learns. Not only does the report state that it is blood, but that it is human blood. Moreover, that it is about a year old, and that it is the imprint of a human finger, but it is too badly blurred for identification, as it was made while the blood was fresh.

So does science come to the aid of the police today. Truly one lives and learns.

Larkin watched me while I read the report. "You see?" I said. "It is human blood."

"What else did you expect it to be?"

"Still, it shows something."

"Certainly it does," he agreed easily. "It may even show a crime, for all I know. But where do you go from there? That fingerprint is valueless. Say there was a crime—where's your criminal? You can't go through the world rounding up all the individuals society ought to be warned against."

"No," I said, rather feebly. "No, I dare say not."

He went with me to the door of his office, and put his hand on my shoulder.

"Go on out to the country and forget about it," he advised. "You're looking rather shot, Porter. Draw your magic circle or whatever it is about your cottage, and retire inside it! Whatever happened there last year, it's too late to do anything about it now."

He is right. I shall get out my fishing gear tomorrow and perhaps Edith will spare me young Halliday now and then. He is, she said the other day in the inelegant vernacular of present-day youth, "about as psychic as a door-knob."

#### JULY I

I HAVE been brought today, for the first time, into active contact with the feeling of the country people against my house, and especially against the red lamp. It is an amazing situation.

Thomas came to the doorway this morning while I was at breakfast, followed by Starr the constable, who remained somewhat uneasily behind him. It developed that half a dozen sheep, in a meadow beyond Robinson's Point, were found the night before last with their throats cut. The farmer who owned them heard them milling about and ran out, and he declares he saw a dark figure dart out of the field and run into my woods at the head of Robinson's Point.

It appears that the farmer, whose name is Nylie, abandoned the pursuit as soon as he saw where the fugitive was headed, and went back to his dead sheep. They were neatly laid out in a row.

"At what time was all this?" I asked.

"Eleven o'clock, or thereabouts."

"How about a dog?" I asked. "They kill sheep, don't they? Catch them by the throat or something?"

"They don't stab them with a knife. Not around here, anyhow," said Starr.

The ostensible object of the visit was to ask if we had been disturbed that night, and for some reason or other I did not at once connect the situation with Jane's curious experience.

"No," I said. "You'll probably find that Nylie has an enemy somewhere; some hand he has discharged, perhaps."

Starr took himself away very soon after that, but before he left he exchanged a glance with Thomas, and I had a feeling that something lay behind this morning visit. It was not long before Thomas brought it out. It appears that Nylie ran after the figure to the edge of the wood, and there stood hesitating. The woods, I gather, share in the ill-repute of the house. And as he stood there, he said, although everyone knew the house was empty, he distinctly

saw the evil glow of the red lamp from it!

I dare say Jane is right, and my sense of humor is perverted, but I could not resist the opportunity of baiting Thomas. In which I realize now I made a tactical error.

"Really?" I said. "Nylie was certain of that, was he?"

"Saw it as plain as I see you," said Thomas.

"I know you don't believe me—"

"But I do believe you. What about the red lamp?"

"Well," he said, "it's pretty well known about these parts that that lamp ain't healthy. Some say one thing and some say another, but most folks is agreed on that."

"Still, I don't see how it could kill sheep, do you?"

And even now I do not distinctly see the connection. I imagine the local belief is that the lamp exerts some malign influence, possibly even that it liberates some sinister spirit. Not, I imagine, that this ever is put into words. The nearest they come to that is the statement that the lamp is not "healthy," and that "George" has come back.

At least that is all that I can make out of that strange mixture of hysteria, superstitious fears and local mishaps to which Thomas gave birth in the next ten minutes or so. It began with Annie Cochran in the house after the lamp came, and gradually extended into the countryside; cows had mysteriously and prematurely calved; a meteorite had dropped into a field near-by; a fisherman's boat had been found empty in the bay on a quiet day and its owner never seen again; blight, pestilence and death had visited the community, equaled only in its history by the last few months of Mrs. Riggs's occupancy of the house. And the tradition was that Mrs. Riggs had used a red lamp to call her particular spirit.

"George" was his name," said Thomas, "and by and large he gave us a lot of trouble."

"Let me get this, Thomas," I said. "You mean that you think this George has come back?"

"I'm not saying that," he said with his usual caution. "But there's some talk of it."

"And killed those sheep?"

"I'm not saying that either. But there's not a man, woman or child around these parts would have gone into those woods night before last, heading for the big house."

I felt that I had gone far enough, and I proceeded to explain the lighting of the lamp that night. But, although I saw that he believed me readily enough, it did not for a moment alter his attitude toward the red lamp.

"And, as a matter of fact," I concluded, "I think Mrs. Porter actually saw the man Nylie chased, looking in through the pantry window."

"That'll have been George all right," said Thomas, and creaked heavily out of the room . . .

TO LEAVEN the gloom of the morning, Halliday arrived today, in boisterous high spirits, broken with a sort of husky emotion when he saw his quarters.

"It's so darned good of you all," he said, and although the words were to Jane the look was for Edith.

We all escorted him down, Thomas carrying his kit bag, I his overcoat, Jock the newspaper and Warren himself staggering under a box of groceries and the canned goods on which he apparently intends to subsist. He has definitely refused Jane's offer to take his meals at our table.

We stood around, Edith with entire shamelessness, while he unpacked and settled them. Poor little Edith, so frankly in love, so ready to believe that love is enough, and that such things as she has always taken for granted, food and shelter, will automatically follow in its train.

Afterwards we had tea on the narrow veranda over the water, and Halliday examined the old sloop with a professional eye.

"Pretty well out of condition, I'm afraid."



Typical of Old England  
On the London and North Eastern Railway

## A magic thread through Britain

It winds out of London town—this magic "thread"—along a pleasant English countryside teeming with literary and historic traditions; through the wooded hills and green meadows of Middlesex and Hertfordshire; past the land of the Pilgrims, where the American nation was conceived; skirting the enchanted River Ouse; to the famous Norfolk Broads, the Yorkshire Moors and Dales, the Northumberland Fells; into the wild beauty of the Scottish Highlands.

It's the route of the London & North Eastern Railway—"The Cathedral Line"—track of the "Flying Scotsman", shortest and swiftest to Scotland.

If you're going abroad, plan your British tour to follow the magic "thread"—and plan now. Save time and money, and still see everything that matters. Concentrate on the Eastern Counties—the historic side of Britain.

The London & North Eastern Railway's Royal Mail Routes, via Harwich, form the ideal link between England and Continental Europe.

For illustrated booklets and details of special tours for American visitors, communicate with

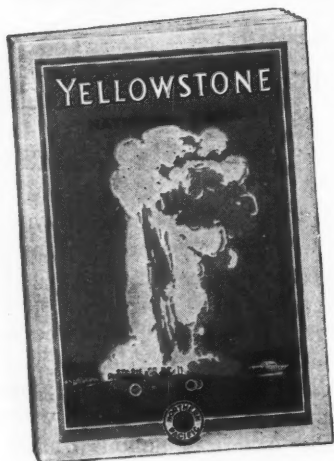
H. J. KETCHAM, GENERAL AGENT  
London & North Eastern Railway  
311 Fifth Avenue, New York



OF ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND

# Free:

## this travel book!



Your ideal vacation  
—Yellowstone Park!



We'll be glad to send you this illustrated story of your trip!

Nowhere can vacation dollars buy more!

# Northern Pacific Ry.

"2000 Miles of Startling Beauty"

Mail this coupon to  
A. B. Smith, 901 Nor. Pac. Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

## MY VACATION TRIP

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

Books or trips I am interested in (✓)

- |   |                                |
|---|--------------------------------|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Yellowstone Park . . . . .             | * Round Trip Fare from Chicago |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Pacific Northwest . . . . .            | \$ 56.50                       |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Rainier Pk. (Seattle—Tacoma) . . . . . | 86.00                          |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Alaska (Skagway) . . . . .             | 176.00                         |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Rocky Mts. (Helena—Butte) . . . . .    | 59.00                          |

\* 1924 fares. 1925 fares may differ slightly. 23d

"Any boat's a good boat, sir," he said with his quick smile. "You shall be the skipper, and I shall be the midshipmite, the bosun tight, and the crew of the what's its name anyhow?"

There followed a prolonged dispute between Edith and the new crew as to a name for the sloop, which was compromised by their announcing that it was to be called "The Cheese."

"Why? It has no holes in it."  
"Because it's to have a skipper in it," said Edith conclusively.

After the women left we sat on the small veranda which surrounds the boat-house on three sides, and smoked. He told me his circumstances; he has exactly enough money to finish his course which will take another year. At the end of that time he is to have a junior partnership in a law firm in Boston.

"But you know what that means, at first," he said. "A sort of sublimated clerical job. It will be a long time before I am—independent."

Before he could marry, was what he meant. And again I thought of my endowment fund for lovers. There are so many funds for preserving human life, and so few to make it worth the preserving.

But I must talk to Edith. It is no use making the boy more unhappy than he is, or breaking down the restraints he is clearly putting on himself.

"I lost two years in the war," he said. "That threw me back, you see."

"I dare say it was not lost."

"No," he agreed. "I suppose a man must gain something by a thing like that, if he survives."

From that to the stories about the main house, and to Thomas's recital this morning, was not a long step, nor from that to the history of the house itself and to Mrs. Riggs, the medium.

"Curious," he said, "how these people rise, prosper and then are found fraudulent, without discrediting the next generation of their kind. Eventually they are all caught out between bases, and the process begins all over again."

But the red lamp interests him. "Some night, sir," he suggested, "you and I might go up there and try rubbing the thing; see if we can evoke the geni . . ."

About eight-thirty tonight I took Jock and walked to Nylie's farm, where the sheep had been killed. I found the field, and wandered idly in. To my surprise, a man with a shotgun rose suddenly from a fence corner and confronted me, and Jock's hair rose as he prepared to spring.

"What do you want here?" he demanded suspiciously.

"Go easy with that gun," I said. "My name's Porter, and I'm out for a stroll. That's all."

He apologized gruffly, while I held Jock by the collar, and even condescended to point out where the dead sheep had been found; but there was certainly no cordiality in his manner, and even a trace of hostility.

MORE sheep were killed last night. The Livingstones have lost a dozen of their blooded stock, and several farmers have suffered.

In each case the method is the same; the sheep are neatly stabbed in the jugular and then as neatly laid out in a row.

We are buying no mutton from the local butcher!

I assured Thomas this morning that I had not lighted the red lamp again, but he did not smile. He is quite capable of believing, I dare say, that I have summoned a demon I cannot control.

But he tells me that a county detective from town, sent by the sheriff, is coming out to look

into the matter. And there is a certain relief in this.

It seems to me that we have to do with some form of religious mania, symbolistic in its manifestation. The sheep is the ancient sacrifice of many faiths.

This belief is strengthened by Thomas's statement that in each case, save the first one, there has been left on a near-by rock or, in one instance, on a fence, a small cabalistic design roughly drawn in chalk . . .

8:00 P. M. I feel like a man who has dreamed of some horrible or grotesque figure, and wakes to find it perched on his bed-post.

The detective sent by Benchley, the sheriff, has just been here, a man named Greenough, a heavy-set individual with a pleasant enough manner and a damnable smile, behind which he conceals a considerable amount of shrewdness.

He had, of course, gathered together the local superstitions, and he was inclined to be facetious concerning my ownership of the red lamp. But he was serious enough about the business that had brought him.

"It's probably psychopathic," he said, "and the psychopath is a poor individual to let loose in any community, especially when he's got a knife."

My own suggestion of religious mania seemed to interest him.

"It's possible," he said. "It's a queer time in the world, Mr. Porter. People seem ready to do anything, think anything, to escape reality. And from that to delusional insanity isn't very far."

I SUPPOSE I looked surprised at that, for he smiled.

"I read a good bit," he said, "and my kind of work is about nine-tenths psychology, anyhow. You've got to know what your criminal was thinking, and then try to think like him. The third degree is nothing but applied psychology." He smiled again. "But that's a long way from sheep killing. Now I'll ask you something. Did you ever hear of a circle, with a triangle inside it?"

I suppose I started, and I had a quick impression that his eyes were on me, shrewdly speculative behind his glasses. But the next moment he had reached into his pocket and drawn out a pencil and an envelope.

"Like this," he said, and drawing the infernal symbol slowly and painstakingly, held it out to me.

To save my life I could not keep my hand steady; the envelope visibly quivered, and I saw his eyes on it.

"What do you mean, hear of it?" I asked. And then it came to me suddenly that that ridiculous statement of mine had somehow got to the fellow's ears, and that he was quietly hoaxing me. "Good Lord!" I said, and groaned. "So you've happened on that too!"

"So you know something about it?" he said quietly, and leaned forward. "Now, do you mind telling me just what it is that you know?"

He had not been hoaxing me. There was a curious significance in his manner, in the way he was looking at me, and it persisted while I told my absurd story. Told it badly, I realize, and haltingly; that I had picked up a book on black magic somewhere or other, and had as promptly forgotten it, save for one or two catch phrases and that infernal symbol of a triangle in a circle; how I had foolishly repeated them to a group of women at a tea party, and now seemed likely never to hear the last of it.

"As I gather, the Lear woman has spread it all over town," I said. "She dabbles in spiritualism, or something, and it seems to have appealed to her imagination."

"It has certainly appealed to somebody's imagination," he said. "That's the mark our friend the sheep killer has been leaving."

*So thrillingly unexpected and so eerie are the events over which "The Red Lamp" sheds its rays that you'll read the next instalment in the grip of delicious terror—even if you read it in broad daylight*

# The Bunk about What You Should Weigh

(Continued from page 73)

and "Uncle Joe" Cannon, giving him a good race. Think of others, still young in their seventies, who begin to get old only as they approach the nineties, and you will find never a fat one among them. Is this a warning to some of you? I hope that it is.

The writer happens to be of the light-weight variety. Doctor Fisk's rule of ten percent below the figures of his ideal build just about strikes me, and at the age of forty-four I weigh exactly what I did at twenty-four. I have always known that this was my right weight because it represented my best athletic condition. I have always retained my interest in running. For years and years I have not hesitated to run through the streets of New York City on my way to the Grand Central station, since the police never stop or notice me, and the people don't know who I am anyway. But mostly I have done my running in the suburbs. I live now about five minutes' walk from my station, but I usually allow myself about two minutes to get my train, and then I run for it. There is no sense of hurry or nervousness about this—it is just a pleasure. I am perhaps the best train catcher in the Westchester Alps.

I have various other activities, all preferred to daily dozens. I love an ax, and chop wood when there is any excuse for doing so. I throw the discus with the youngster. I push a lawn mower and do other things around the place, but I prefer sports. I play tennis when I can. I sometimes do stunts with the children. And I make it my business to walk down-town instead of riding. I am a member of that hundred miles a month club—which includes everyone who does that much hoofing more or less regularly. All of these things keep me at the same right weight.

**B**UT let us look further into the broad experience of the human race, as gathered and translated by the life insurance experts. The substance of the facts is given in a series of three charts presenting the mortality rates of persons above and below average weight.

Figures of course represent facts. But what they mean depends upon how they are interpreted. The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, in its Statistical Bulletin, has emphasized the higher mortality among those who are overweight, pointing out an exception, however, in the case of men below thirty among whom a slight excess weight seems to be favorable. It is more likely that many of these healthy overweighters below thirty represent not surplus fat but extra pounds of muscle.

On the other hand, the higher mortality of those underweight at this early age probably has a close relation to the incidence of tuberculosis, which claims young people chiefly. Some of these light-weights are the unfortunates of low vitality, of whom it had been doubtful that they would ever grow up. But after they once live to the age of thirty—well, how these human greyhounds do manage to stick around.

Now, if you take the next chart, relative to people of forty-five to forty-nine years, you will see how the mortality rates go shooting up among those who are overweight. The most reluctant to die are those twenty pounds under the average weight for that age. Which of course suggests at once that the average of 160 pounds for a five-foot-eighter at that age may not be the normal weight for the majority, but that the hardest-to-kill weight of twenty pounds under that—the New York police minimum—is more likely to be the normal weight for a considerable number.

This conclusion is still further borne out by the third chart, relative to men of fifty-seven to fifty-nine years, with an average weight of 163 pounds for the five-foot-eight folks. You will see that the profits of the undertaker reach their low-water mark when depending upon men of this age who are from twenty to fifty

pounds under the average. And so a new truth appears, if we may call it new.

Just contrary to the theory of the natural increase of weight with advancing years, it becomes clear that if there is any normal weight change it is in the direction of getting lighter. Which indeed might be expected through diminished physical activity and the shrinking of the muscular system. Don't forget that our muscles usually make up over forty percent of our bodily weight.

The other day I saw my cousin E. D., who happens to be one of the overweight type. "Aren't you—er—putting on weight?" I asked.

"Oh, yes," she replied. "I've been doing a lot of hiking with the Girl Scouts. I always gain weight when I take an unusual lot of exercise." She is as healthy as any girl of forty-four you ever saw.

A great many of the people who are too thin, and who think they want to get fat, are not really in need of fat but simply lacking in normal development. What they want is normal beef, not fat. They want not a diet of starch and butter and fat meat, but a program that builds up health and strength. Milk is of value to them not because it is fattening, but because it is a flesh-building food, a nerve food, a blood-making food. Such people need sleep and outdoor life and physical activity.

You should note that army and police examinations are made in the nude, whereas life insurance examinations are made with shoes and most clothing on. A man's shoes usually add one inch to his height, but shoes, trousers and underwear will add five pounds to his weight, so that the tables work out nearly the same. Figure yourself at five feet seven on the army scale, or five feet eight on the life insurance basis, the ordinary chart. And since women now wear low-heel shoes, sometimes only bathing suits, similar allowances must be made. Speaking of women, the trend of evidence shows that the present fashion of slenderness is biologically justified.

Just what should you weigh? You must determine that from a study of your own type. But remember that your best weight is really your maximum health standard. At what weight do you find that you have the most strength, in the sense of energy? Where do you find your greatest fitness for work, your highest bodily comfort, the most endurance?

I have just mentioned some of your requirements if you are too thin. Don't try to get fat. Try to get health. First be examined to be sure that there is nothing organically wrong. Too thin men sometimes gain weight just by giving up tobacco. Why not at least try that famous formula of "walking a mile" for every smoke? That will make you smoke-proof. Eat a balanced diet. You can make it fool-proof if you will include milk, fruit, green food, vegetables, whole wheat bread—and meat only once a day or twice a week. More sleep, fresh air and sunshine. And hoofing a hundred miles a month—at least.

If you are overweight, your big concern should be to keep your chest bigger than your belt line. That's the acid test of a stout man's fitness. If you must reduce, do it mainly by reducing your food, only partly by exercise. Few fat men can stand training like prize-fighters. Don't be afraid of water. Stop and think—how can you make fat out of water? And be sure to walk your hundred a month. Or more. Plus various other exercises.

If you are a naturally big man, then look at William Muldoon, a human mastiff, once the world's greatest wrestler, now in his seventy-ninth or eightieth year and holding his own with the best of them. Showing that the big man has as good a chance to live long as the human greyhound, if he weighs what he should. The evidence is that the slender people predominate. The point is that they live long only if they keep on being that way.



## Your Trip to EUROPE

Whatever your travel requirements may be, the United States Lines can fulfill them exactly.

### First Class

cabins and suites provide the utmost in luxury and comfort. Service and cuisine of surpassing excellence.

### Economy Trips

in "cabin" and second class mean every comfort at low cost.

### Students' Tours

in clean, comfortable and exclusive Tourist Cabin accommodations (formerly third class) cost only \$162 and up for the round trip, New York and Cherbourg.

### Holy Year Tours

to Rome, the "Ideal Route" is via Cherbourg. The ships and special religious festivities are detailed in the book, "Holy Year—Rome—1925."

### Veterans' Tours

for ex-service men and their families: 30 day all-expense trips to France and the Battlefields.

Mail the coupon below today for illustrated literature on one or all of the above features.

## United States Lines

45 Broadway New York City  
Canadian Office: 79 Queen St. W., Toronto  
or your local agent  
Managing Operators for  
**U. S. SHIPPING BOARD**

**U. S. SHIPPING BOARD**  
Infor. Sec. 1203 Wash., D. C.  
Please send without obligation booklets checked.  
☐ Students' Tours ☐ Holy Year Trips  
☐ "New York to Europe"  
☐ Veterans' Tours  
☐ "Economy Trips to Europe."

If I go date will be about

Name

Address



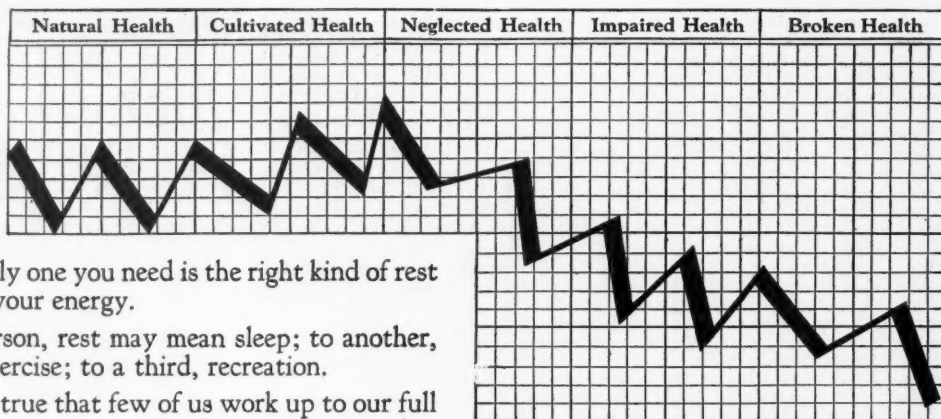
# Pay Yourself Back

**A**RE you tired? It is getting close to the time of year when people talk of feeling "all tired out" and there is much discussion of spring tonics. If you are fatigued and there is nothing organically wrong, the tonic you need and prob-

rest. If hard physical work is making you feel "all in" you may require more hours of sleep than usual even though this may mean temporarily giving up some form of amusement. Perhaps you are not eating the right amount of energy-



This graph shows what happens when more energy is used by wear and tear than is paid back by rest.



ably the only one you need is the right kind of rest to restore your energy.

To one person, rest may mean sleep; to another, physical exercise; to a third, recreation.

While it is true that few of us work up to our full capacity, and much so-called fatigue is imagined or just pure laziness—yet it is also true that many people work far beyond their strength without realizing the danger.

A certain amount of fatigue after exertion is natural, but excessive fatigue is Nature's safety-device for warning that rest is needed. When you are over-tired, your powers of resistance are lowered and you are more susceptible to disease.

What brings about excessive fatigue? Usually overstrain—either physical or mental—and insufficient rest. Because your activity is both of the body and the mind, and one reacts on the other, your fatigue is a close interlacing of physical and mental weariness. Neither can be relieved separately. Emotional disturbances—worry, fear, resentment, discontent and depression also cause fatigue. The tired man is often a worried man, and the worried man is usually a tired man.

If you are over-tired, find the reason and then try to plan your time so that you will have sufficient

making food. If you are a mental worker the kind of rest you probably need is exercise in fresh air. If excessive emotion is making you tired, the right kind of recreation probably will help you.

Remember that excessive fatigue is not a thing to be lightly shrugged away. There is often a direct connection between the first neglected signs of fatigue and a serious breakdown from which recovery is a slow, disheartening process. If you tire too easily and if rest does not put you back in good condition, it is more than likely that your health is affected and needs attention.

Workers—take warning! Pay back the energy that you take out of yourself. As the years mount up, longer and longer periods of rest are necessary to make restoration. The "spring tonic" that you need most likely is just a rearrangement of your hours of work, play and rest, and not medicine.

Employers of labor are coming to find that excessive, unnecessary fatigue is a great source of industrial and economic waste. It entails loss of production and loss of earning power. It is said to be a factor in the occurrence of work accidents and is closely related to the cause or aggravation of most cases of severe sickness.

Many large organizations have learned that physical fatigue can be minimized by careful control of working conditions. An increasingly large number of employees are now working only a reasonable number of hours each week. Machines, tables,

benches, and seating facilities are being constructed to serve the needs and comfort of those who use them. Adequate, proper lighting and good ventilation have been found to be important factors in the battle against the serious consequences of abnormal fatigue.

Tests have shown that in connection with certain occupations output can be increased and fatigue decreased by arranging rest periods. Here in the Home Office of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, our more than 9000 employees have two rest periods, one in the morning

and one in the afternoon. These periods of relaxation have a beneficial effect on both the work and worker.

There are many hours of the day when men and women do not work. The good use of these hours is as important to health as is the right use of working hours. The Metropolitan has published a booklet, "What Would You Do With 36,000,000 Minutes (70 years of life)?" and another on "Industrial Hygiene." Either or both, of these booklets, will be mailed free to those who ask for them.

HALEY FISKE, President.



Published by

**METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY—NEW YORK**  
*Biggest in the World, More Assets, More Policyholders, More Insurance in force, More new Insurance each year*

